THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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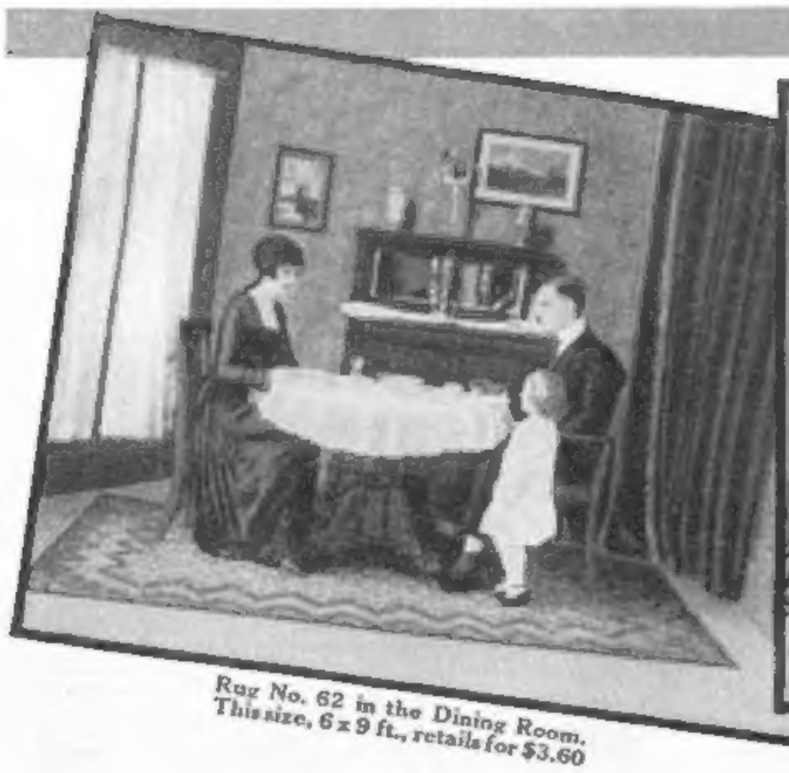
Ma Pettengill and the Song of Songs—By Harry Leon Wilson



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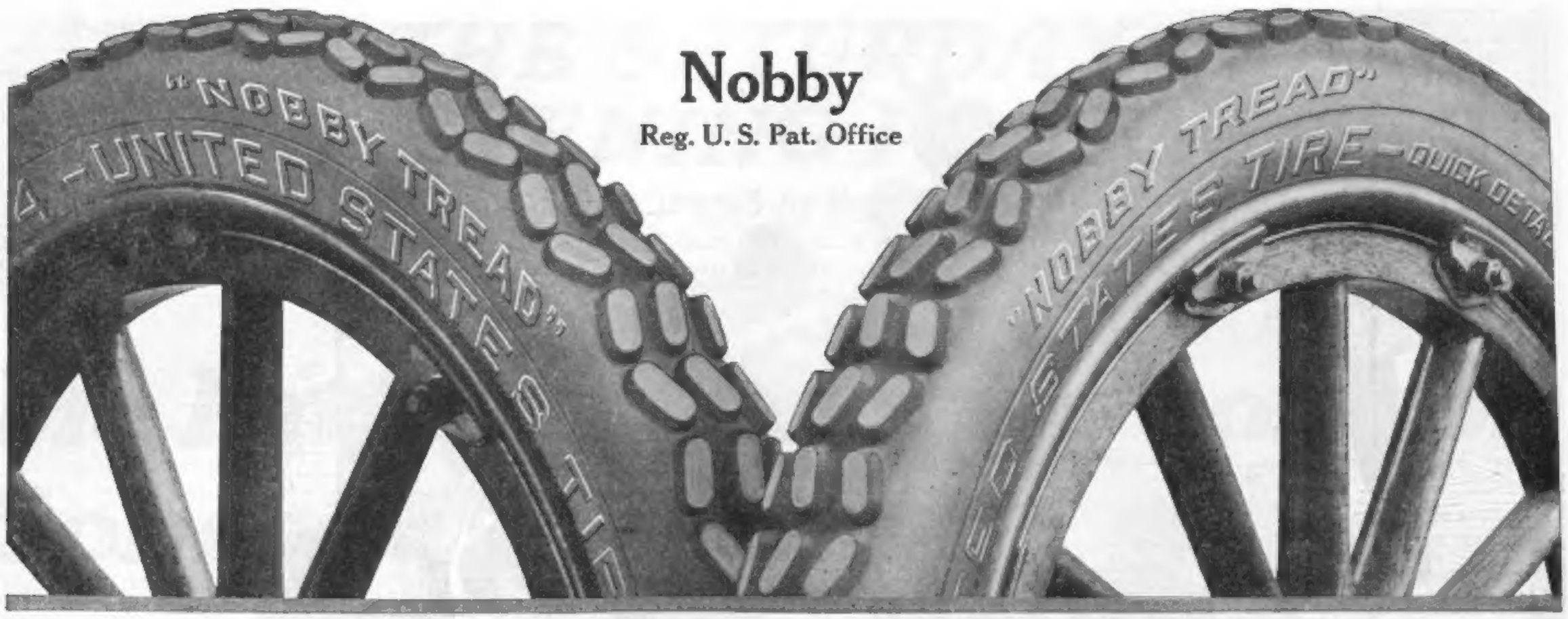

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Ma Pettengill and the Song of Songs

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Chester Just Set There With His Mouth Open, Like Something You See at One of These Here Aquariums"

THE hammock between the two jack pines at the back of the Arrowhead ranch house had lured me to mid-afternoon slumber. The day was hot and the morning had been toilsome—four miles of trout stream, rocky, difficult miles. And my hostess, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill, had ridden off after luncheon to some remote fastness of her domain, leaving me and the place somnolent.

In the shadowed coolness, aching gratefully in many joints, I had plunged into the hammock's Lethe, swooning shamelessly to a benign oblivion. Dreamless it must long have been, for the shadows of ranch house, stable, hay barn, corral and bunk house were long to the east when next I observed them. But I fought to this wakefulness through one of those dreams of a monstrous futility that sometimes madden us from sleep. Through a fearsome gorge a stream wound and in it I hunted one certain giant trout. Savagely it took the fly, but always the line broke when I struck; rather, it dissolved; there would be no resistance. And the giant fish mocked me each time, jeered and flouted me, came brazenly to the surface and derided me with antics weirdly human.

Then, as I persisted, it surprisingly became a musical trout. It whistled, it played a guitar, it sang. How pathetic our mildly amazed acceptance of these miracles in dreams! I was only the more determined to snare a fish that could whistle and sing simultaneously, and accompany itself on a stringed instrument, and was six feet in length. It was that by now and ever growing. It seemed only an attractive novelty and I still believed a brown hackle would suffice. But then I became aware that this trout, to its stringed accompaniment, ever whistled and sang one song with a desperate intentness. That song was The Rosary. The fish had presumed too far. "This," I shrewdly told myself, "is almost certainly a dream." The soundless words were magic. Gorge and stream vanished, the versatile fish faded to blue sky, showing through the green needles of a jack pine It was a sane world again and still, I thought, with the shadows of ranch house, stable, hay barn, corral and bunk house going long to the east. I stretched in the hammock. I tingled with a lazy well-being. The world was still; but was it—quite?

On a bench over by the corral gate crouched Buck Devine, doing something needful to a saddle. And as he wrought he whistled. He whistled The Rosary shrilly and with much feeling. Nor was the world still but for this. From the bunk house came the mellow throbbing of a stringed instrument, the guitar of Sandy Sawtelle, star rider of the Arrowhead, temporarily withdrawn from a career of sprightly endeavor by a sprained ankle and solacing his retirement with music. He was playing The Rosary—very badly indeed, but one knew only too well what he meant. The two performers were distant enough to be no affront to each other. The hammock, less happily, was midway between them.

I sat up with groans. I hated to leave the hammock.

"The trout also sang it," I reminded myself. Followed the voice, a voice from the stable, the cracked, whining tenor of a very aged vassal of the Arrowhead, one Jimmie Time. Jimmie, I gathered, was currying a horse as he sang, for each bar of the ballad was measured by the double thud of a currycomb against the side of a stall. Whistle, guitar and voice now attacked the thing in differing keys and at varying points. Jimmie might be said to prevail. There was a fatuous tenderness in his attack and the thudding currycomb gave it spirit. Nor did he slur any of the affecting words; they clave the air with an unctuous precision:

The ow-wure I spu-hend with thu-hee, dee-yur heart,
(The currycomb: Thud, thud!)
Are as a stru-king of pur-rulls tuh me-e-e,
(The currycomb: Thud, thud!)

Came a dramatic and equally soulful interpolation:

"Whoa, dang you! You would, would you? Whoa-a-a, now!"

Again the melody:

I count them o-vurr, ee-ry one apar-rul,
(Thud, thud!)
My ro-sah-ree—my ro-sah-ree!
(Thud, thud!)

Buck Devine still mouthed his woeful whistle and Sandy Sawtelle valiantly strove for the true and just accord of his five strings. It was no place for a passive soul. I parted swiftly from the hammock and made over the sun-scorched turf for the ranch house. There was shelter and surcease; doors and windows might be closed. The unctuous whine of Jimmie Time pursued me:

Each ow-wur a pur-rull, each pur-rull a prayer,
(Thud, thud!)
Tuh stu-hill a heart in absence wru-hung,
(Thud, thud!)

As I reached the hospitable open door of the living room I observed Lew Wee, Chinese chef of the Arrowhead, engaged in cranking one of those devices with a musical intention which I have somewhere seen advertised. It is an important-looking device in a polished mahogany case, and I recall in the advertisement I saw it was surrounded by a numerous enthralled-looking family in a costly drawing room, while the ghost of Beethoven simpered above it in ineffable benignancy. Something now told me the worst, even as Lew Wee adjusted the needle to the revolving disk. I waited for no more than the opening orchestral strains. It is a leisurely rhythmed cacophony, and I had time to be almost beyond range ere the voice took up a tale I was hearing too often in one day. Even so I distantly perceived it to be a fruity contralto voice with an expert sob.

A hundred yards in front of the ranch house all was holy peace, peace in the stilled air, peace dreaming along the neighboring hills and lying like a benediction over the wide river-flat below me, through which the stream wove a shining course. I exulted in it, from the dangers passed. Then appeared Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill from the fringe of cottonwoods, jolting a tired horse toward me over the flat.

"Come have some tea," she cordially boomed as she passed. I returned uncertainly. Tea? Yes. But—— However, the door would be shut and the Asiatic probably diverted.

As I came again to the rear of the ranch house Mrs. Pettengill, in khaki riding breeches, flannel shirt and the hat of her trade, towered bulkily as an admirable figure of wrath, one hand on her hip, one poising a quirt viciously aloft. By the corral gate Buck Devine drooped cravenly above his damaged saddle; at the door of the bunk house Sandy Sawtelle tottered precariously on one foot, his guitar under his arm, a look of guilty horror on his set face. By the stable door stood the incredibly withered Jimmie Time, shrinking a vast dismay.

"You hear me!" exploded the infuriated chatelaine, and I knew she was repeating the phrase.

"Ain't I got to mend this latigo?" protested Buck Devine piteously.

"You'll go up the gulch beyond the dry fork and mend it, if you whistle that tune again!"

Sandy Sawtelle rumpled his pink hair to further disorder and found a few weak words for his conscious guilt.

"Now, I wasn't aiming to harm anybody, what with my game laig and shet up here like I am ——"

"Well, my Lord! Can't you play a sensible tune then?"

Jimmie Time hereupon behaved craftily. He lifted his head, showing the face of a boy who had somehow got to be seventy years old without ever getting to be more than a boy, and began to whistle softly and innocently—an air of which hardly anything could be definitely said except that it was not The Rosary. It was very flagrantly not The Rosary. His craft availed him not.

"Yes, and you too!" thundered the lady. "You was the worst—you was singing. Didn't I hear you? How many times I got to tell you? First thing you know, you little reprobate ——"

Jimmie Time cowered again. Visibly he took on unbelievable years.

"Yes, ma'am," he whispered.

"Yes, ma'am," meekly echoed the tottering instrumentalist.

"Yes, ma'am," muttered Buck Devine, "not knowing you was anywheres near ——"

"Makes no difference where I be—you hear me!"

Although her back was toward me I felt her glare. The wretches winced. She came a dozen steps toward me, then turned swiftly to glare again. They shuddered, even though she spoke no word. Then she came on, muttering hotly, and together we approached the ranch house. A dozen feet from the door she bounded ahead of me with a cry of baffled rage. I saw why. Lew Wee, unrecking her approach, was cold-bloodedly committing an encore. She sped through the doorway, and I heard Lew Wee's frightened squeal as he sped through another. When I stood in the room she was putting violent hands to the throat of the thing.

"The hours I spend with th——" The throttled note expired in a very dreadful squawk of agony. It was as if foul murder had been done, and done swiftly. The maddened woman faced me with the potentially evil disk clutched in her hands. In a voice that is a notable loss to our revivals of Greek tragedy she declaimed:

"Ain't it the limit?—and the last thing I done was to hide out that record up behind the clock where he couldn't find it!"

In a sudden new alarm and with three long steps she reached the door of the kitchen and flung it open. Through a window thus exposed we beheld the offender. One so seldom thinks of the Chinese as athletes! Lew Wee was well down the flat toward the cottonwoods and still going strong.

"Ain't it the limit?" again demanded his employer. "Gosh all—excuse me, but they got me into such a state. Here I am panting like a tuckered hound. And now I got to make the tea myself. He won't dare come back before suppertime."

It seemed to be not yet an occasion for words from me. I tried for a look of intelligent sympathy. In the kitchen I heard her noisily fill a teakettle with water. She was not herself yet. She still muttered hotly. I moved to the magazine-littered table and affected to be taken with the portrait of a smug-looking prize Holstein on the first page of the Stock Breeders' Gazette.

The volcano presently seethed through the room and entered its own apartment.

Ten minutes later my hostess emerged with recovered aplomb. She had donned a skirt and a flowered blouse, and dusted powder upon and about her sunburned and rather blobby nose. Her crinkly gray hair had been drawn to a knot at the back of her grenadier's head. Her widely set eyes gleamed with the smile of her broad and competent mouth.

"Tea in one minute," she promised more than audibly as she bustled into the kitchen. It really came in five and beside the tray she pleasantly relaxed. The cups were filled and a breach was made upon the cake she had brought. The tea was advertising a sufficient strength, yet she now raised the dynamics of her own portion.

"I'll just spill a hooker of this here Scotch into mine," she said, and then, as she did even so: "My lands! Ain't I the cynical old Kate! And silly! Letting them boys upset me that way with that there fool song." She decanted a saucerful of the reënforced tea and raised it to her pursed lips. "Looking at you!" she murmured cavernously and drank deep. She put the saucer back where nice persons leave theirs at all times. "Say, it was hot over on that bench to-day. I was getting out that bunch of bull calves, and all the time here was old Safety First mumbling round ——"

"She Kind of Gasped and Shivered in Horrible Delight. 'I've Kissed the Cross at Last,' She Muttered"

This was rather promising, but I had resolved differently.

"That song," I insinuated. "Of course there are people ——"

"You bet there are! I'm one of 'em too! What that song's done to me—and to other innocent bystanders in the last couple weeks ——"

She sighed hugely, drank more of the fortified brew—nicely from the cup this time—and fashioned a cigarette from materials at her hand.

In the flame of a lighted match Mrs. Pettengill's eyes sparkled with a kind of savage retrospection. She shrugged it off impatiently.

"I guess you thought I spoke a mite short when you asked about Nettie's wedding yesterday."

It was true. She had turned the friendly inquiry with a rather mystifying abruptness. I murmured politely. She blew twin jets of smoke from the widely separated corners of her generous mouth and then shrewdly narrowed her gaze to some distant point of narration.

"Yes, sir, I says to her, 'Woman's place is the home.' And what you think she come back with? That she was going to be a leader of the New Dawn. Yes, sir, just like that. Five feet one, a hundred and eight pounds in her winter clothes, a confirmed pickle eater—pretty enough, even if she is kind of peaked and spiritual looking—and going to lead the New Dawn.

"Where'd she catch it? My fault, of course, sending her back East to school and letting her visit the W. B. Hemingways, Mrs. H. being the well-known clubwoman like the newspapers always print under her photo in evening dress. That's how she caught it all right.

"I hadn't realized it when she first got back, except she was pale and faraway in the eyes and et pickles heavily at every meal—oh, mustard, dill, sour, sweet, anything that was pickles—and not enough meat and regular victuals. Gaunted she was, but I didn't suspect her mind was contaminated none till I sprung Chester Timmins on her as a good marrying bet. You know Chet, son of old Dave that has the Lazy Eight Ranch over on Pipe Stone—a good, clean boy that'll have the ranch to himself as soon as old Dave dies of meanness, and that can't be long now. It was then she come out delirious about not being the pampered toy of any male—*male*, mind you! It seems when these hussies want to knock man nowadays they call him a male. And she rippled on about the freedom of her soul and her downtrod sisters and this here New Dawn.

"Well, sir, a baby could have pushed me flat with one finger. At first I didn't know no better 'n to argue with her, I was that affrighted. 'Why, Nettie Hosford,' I says, 'to think I've lived to hear my only sister's only child talking in shrieks like that! To think I should have to tell one of my own kin that woman's place is the home. Look at me,' I says—we was down in Red Gap at the time—'pretty soon I'll go up to the ranch and what'll I do there?' I says.

"'Well, listen,' I says, 'to a few of the things I'll be doing: I'll be marking, branding and vaccinating the calves. I'll be classing and turning out the strong cattle on the range. I'll be having the colts rid, breaking mules for haying, oiling and mending the team harness, cutting and hauling posts, tattooing the ears and registering the thoroughbred calves, putting in dams, cleaning ditches, irrigating the flats, setting out the vegetable garden, building fence, swinging new gates, overhauling the haying tools, receiving, marking and branding the new two-year-old bulls, plowing and seeding grain for our work stock and hogs, breaking in new cooks and blacksmiths'—I was so mad I went on till I was winded. 'And that ain't half of it,' I says. 'Woman's work is never done; her place is in the home and she finds so much to do right there that she ain't getting any time to lead a New Dawn. I'll start you easy,' I says; 'learn you to bake a batch of bread or do a tub of washing—something simple—and there's Chet Timmins, waiting to give you a glorious future as wife and mother and helpmeet.'

"She just give me one look as cold as all arctics and says, 'It's repellent'—that's all, just 'repellent.' I see I was up against it. No good talking. Sometimes it comes over me like a flash when not to talk. It does to some women. So I affected a light manner and pretended to laugh it off, just as if I didn't see scandal threatening—think of having it talked about that a niece of my own raising was a leader of the New Dawn!

"'All right,' I says, 'only, of course, Chet Timmins is a good friend and neighbor of mine, even if he is a male, so I hope you won't mind his dropping in now and again from time to time, just to say howdy and eat a meal.' And she flusters me again with her coolness.

"'No,' she says, 'I won't mind, but I know what you're counting on, and it won't do either of you any good. I'm above the appeal of a man's mere presence,' she says, 'for I've thrown off the age-long subjection; but I won't mind his coming. I shall delight to study him. They're all alike, and one specimen is as good as another for that. But neither of you need expect anything,' she says, 'for the wrongs of my sisters have armored me against the grossness of mere sex appeal.' Excuse me for getting off such things, but I'm just telling you how she talked.

"'Oh, shucks!' I says to myself profanely, for all at once I saw she wasn't talking her own real thoughts but stuff she'd picked up from the well-known lady friends of Mrs. W. B. Hemingway. I was mad all right; but the minute I get plumb sure mad I get wily. 'I was just trying you out,' I says. 'Of course you are right!' 'Of course I am,' says she, 'though I hardly expected you to see it, you being so hardened a product of the ancient ideal of slave marriage.'

"At them words it was pretty hard for me to keep on being wily, but I kept all right. I kept beautifully. I just laughed and said we'd have Chet Timmins up for supper, and she laughed and said it would be amusing.

"And it was, or it would have been if it hadn't been so sad and disgusting. Chet, you see, had plumb crumpled

the first time he ever set eyes on her and he'd never been able to uncrumple. He always choked up the minute she'd come into the room, and that night he choked worse'n ever because the little devil started in to lead him on—aiming to show me how she could study a male, I reckon. He couldn't even ask for some more of the creamed potatoes without choking up—with her all the time using her eyes on him, and telling him how a great rough man like him scared 'poor little me.' Chet's tan bleaches out a mite by the end of winter, but she kept his face exactly the shade of that new mahogany sideboard I got, and she told him several times that he ought to go see a throat specialist right off about that choking of his.

"And after supper I'm darned if she didn't lure him out onto the porch in the moonlight, and stand there sad looking and helpless, simply egging him on, mind you, her in one of them little squashy white dresses that she managed to brush against him—all in the way of cold study, mind you. Say, ain't we the lovely tame rattlesnakes when we want to be! And this big husky lummox of a Chester Timmins—him she'd called a male—what does he do but stand safely at a distance of four feet in the grand romantic light of the full moon, and tell her vivaciously all about the new saddle he's having made in Spokane. And even then he not only chokes but he giggles. They do say a strong man in tears is a terrible sight. But a husky man giggling is worse—take it from one who has suffered. And all the time I knew his heart was furnishing enough actual power to run a feed chopper. So did she!

"'The creature is so typical,' she says when the poor cuss had finally stumbled down the front steps. 'He's a real type.' Only she called it 'teep,' having studied the French language among other things. 'He is a teep indeed!' she says.

"I had to admit myself that Chester wasn't any self-starter. I saw he'd have to be cranked by an outsider if he was going to win a place of his own in the New Dawn. And I kept thinking wily, and the next P. M. when Nettie and I was downtown I got my hunch. You know that music store on Fourth Street across from the Boston Cash Emporium. It's kept by C. Wilbur Todd, and out in front in a glass case he had a mechanical banjo that was playing The Rosary with variations when we come by. We stopped a minute to watch the machinery picking the strings and in a flash I says to myself, 'I got it! Eureka, California!' I says, 'it's come to me!'

"Of course that piece don't sound so awful tender when it's done on a banjo with variations, but I'd heard it done right and swell one time and so I says, 'There's the song of songs to bring foolish males and females to their just mating sense.'"

The speaker paused to drain her cup and to fashion another cigarette, her eyes dreaming upon far vistas.

"Ain't it fierce what music does to persons," she resumed. "Right off I remembered the first time I'd heard that piece—in New York City four years ago, in a restaurant after the theater one night, where I'd gone with Mrs. W. B. Hemingway and her husband. A grand, gay place it was, with an orchestra. I picked at some untimely food and sipped a highball—they wouldn't let a lady smoke there—and what interested me was the folks that come in. Folks always do interest me something amazing. Strange ones like that, I mean, where you set and try to figure out all about 'em, what kind of homes they got, and how they act when they ain't in a swell restaurant, and everything. Pretty soon comes a couple to the table next us and, say, they was just plain Mr. and Mrs. Mad. Both of 'em stall-fed. He was a large, shiny lad, with pink jowls barbered to death and wicked looking, like a well-known clubman or villain. The lady was spectacular and cynical, with a cold, thin nose and eyes like a couple of glass marbles. Her hair was several shades off a legal yellow and she was dressed! She would have made handsome loot, believe me—aigrette, bracelets, rings, dog collar, gold-mesh bag, rings, vanity case —— Oh, you could see at a glance that she was one of them Broadway social favorites you read about. And both grouchy, like I said. He scowled till you knew he'd just love to beat a crippled stepchild to death, and she—well, her work wasn't so coarse; she kept her mad down better. She set there as nice and sweet as a pet scorpion.

"'A scrap,' I says to myself, 'and they've only half finished. She's threatened to quit and he, the cowardly dog, has dared her to.' Plain enough. The waiter knew it soon as I did when he come to take their order. Wouldn't speak to each other. Talked through him; fought it out to something different for each one. Couldn't even agree on the same kind of cocktail. Both slamming the waiter—before they fought the order to a finish each had wanted to call the head waiter, only the other one stopped it.

"So I rubbered awhile, trying to figure out why such folks want to finish up their fights in a restaurant, and then I forgot 'em, looking at some other persons that come in. Then the orchestra started this song and I seen a lady was getting up in front to sing it. I admit the piece got me. It got me good. Really, ain't it the gooey mess of heart-throbs when you come right down to it? This lady singer was a good-looking, sad-faced contralto in a low-cut black dress—and how she did get the tears out of them low notes! Oh, I quit looking at people while her chest was oozing out that music. And it got others too. I noticed lots of 'em had stopped eating when I looked round, and there was so much clapping she had to get up and do it all over again. And what you think? In the middle of the second time I look over to these fighters, and darned if they ain't holding hands across the table; and more, she's got a kind of pitiful, crying smile on and he's crying right out—crying into his cold asparagus, plain as day.

"What more would you want to know about the powers of this here piece of music? They both spoke like human beings to the scared waiter when he come back, and the lad left a five-spot on the tray when he paid his check. Some song, yes?

"And all this flashed back on me when Nettie and I stood there watching this cute little banjo. So I says to myself, 'Here, my morbid vestal, is where I put you sane; here's where I hurl an asphyxiating bomb into the trenches of the New Dawn.' Out loud I only says, 'Let's go in and see if Wilbur has got some new records.'

"'Wilbur?' says she, and we went in. Nettie had not met Wilbur.

"I may as well tell you here and now that C. Wilbur Todd is a shrimp. Shrimp I have said and shrimp I always will say. He talks real brightly in his way—he will speak words like an actor or something—but for brains! Say, he always reminds me of the dub friend of the great detective in the magazine stories, the one that goes along to the scene of the crime to ask silly questions and make fool guesses about the guilty one, and never even suspects who done the murder, till the detective tells on the last page when they're all together in the library.

"Sure, that's Wilbur. It would be an ideal position for him. Instead of which he runs this here music store, sells these jitney pianos and phonographs and truck like that. And serious! Honestly, if you seen him coming down the street you'd say, 'There comes one of these here musicians.' Wears long hair and a low collar and a flowing necktie and talks about his technique. Yes, sir, about the technique of working a machinery piano. Gives free recitals in the store every second Saturday afternoon, and to see him set down and pump with his feet, and push levers and pull handles, weaving himself back and forth, tossing his long, silken locks back and looking dreamily off into the distance, you'd think he was a Paderewski. As a matter of fact, I've seen Paderewski play and he don't make a tenth of the fuss Wilbur does. And after this recital I was at one Saturday he comes up to some of us ladies, mopping his pale brow, and he says, 'It does take it out of one! I'm always a nervous wreck after these little affairs of mine.' Would that get you, or would it not?

"So we go in the store and Wilbur looks up from a table he's setting at in the back end.

"'You find me studying some new manuscripts,' he says, pushing back the raven locks from his brow. Say, it was a weary gesture he done it with—sort of languid and world-weary. And what you reckon he meant by studying manuscripts? Why, he had one of these rolls of paper with the music punched into it in holes, and he was studying that line that tells you when to play hard or soft and all like that. Honest, that was it!

"'I always study these manuscripts of the masters conscientiously before I play them,' says he.

"Such is Wilbur. Such he will ever be. So I introduced him to Nettie and asked if he had this here song on a phonograph record. He had. He had it on two records. 'One by a barytone gentleman, and one by a mezzo-soprano,' says Wilbur. I set myself back for both. He also had it with variations on one of these punched rolls. He played that for us. It took him three minutes to get set right at the piano and to dust his fingers with a white silk handkerchief which he wore up his sleeve. And he played with great expression and agony and bending exercises, ever and anon tossing back his rebellious locks and fixing us with a look of pained ecstasy. Of course it sounded better than the banjo, but you got to have the voice with that song if you're meaning to do any crooked work. Nettie was much taken with it even so, and Wilbur played it another way. What he said was that it was another school of interpretation. It seemed to have its points with him, though he favored the first school, he said, because of a certain almost rugged fidelity. He said the other school

(Continued on Page 26)

"And Yet When They Come In I Could See That Chester Had Had Tears in His Eyes From That Song"

"'I Ain't Heard Reason Since That Last Song,' I Says. 'I'm Listening to My Heart'"

ON THE FRENCH FRONT

By Arnold Bennett

WE WERE met at a *poste de commandement* by the officers in charge, who were waiting for us. And later we found that we were always thus met. The highest officer present—general, colonel or commandant—was at every place at our disposition to explain things, and to explain them with that clarity of which the French alone have the secret, and of which a superlative example exists in the official report of the earlier phases of the war, offered to the Anglo-Saxon public through Reuter. Automobiles and chauffeurs abounded for our small party of four. Never once at any moment of the day, whether driving furiously along somewhat deteriorated roads in the car or walking about the land, did I lack a staff officer who produced in me the illusion that he was living solely in order to be of use to me. All details of the excursions were elaborately organized; never once did the organization break down. No pre-Lusitania American correspondent could have been more spoiled by Germans desperately anxious for his good will than I was spoiled by these French, who could not gain my good will because they had the whole of it already.

After the rites of greeting we walked up to the high terrace of a considerable château close by, and France lay before us in a shimmering vast semicircle. In the distance a low range of hills, irregularly wooded; then a river; then woods and spinneys; then vineyards—boundless vineyards which climbed in varying slopes out of the valley almost to our feet. Far to the left was a town with lofty factory chimneys, smokeless. Peasant women were stooping in the vineyards; the whole of the earth seemed to be cultivated and to be yielding bounteously. It was a magnificent summer afternoon. The sun was high, and a few huge purple shadows moved with august deliberation across the brilliant greens. An impression of peace, majesty, grandeur, and of the mild, splendid richness of the soil of France.

"You see that white line on the hills opposite," said an officer, opening a large-scale map.

I guessed it was a level road.

"That is the German trenches," said he. "They are five miles away. Their gun positions are in the woods. Our own trenches are invisible from here."

It constituted a great moment, this first vision of the German trenches. With the thrill came the lancinating thought: "All of France that lies beyond that line, land just like the land on which I am standing, inhabited by people just like the people who are talking to me, is under the insulting tyranny of the invader." And I also thought, as the sense of distance quickened my imagination to realize that these trenches stretched from Ostend to Switzerland and that the creators of them were prosecuting similar enterprises as far northeast as Libau and as far southeast as the confines of Rumania: "The brigands are mad, but they are mad in the grand manner."

We were at the front.

We had driven for twenty miles along a very busy road which was closed to civilians, and along which even staff officers could not travel without murmuring the password to placate the hostile vigilance of sentries. The civil life of the district was in abeyance, proceeding precariously from meal to meal. Aëroplanes woke the sleep. No letter could leave a post-office without a precautionary delay of three days. Telegrams were suspect. To get into a railway station was almost as difficult as to get into paradise. A passport or a safe-conduct was the *sine qua non* of even the restricted liberty which had survived. And yet nowhere did I see a frown nor hear a complaint. Everybody comprehended that the exigencies of the terrific military machine were necessary exigencies. Everybody waited, waited, in confidence and with tranquil smiles.

Farming Under Shell-Fire

ALSO it is misleading to say that civil life was in abeyance. For the elemental basis of its prosperity and its amenities continued just as though the lunatic bullies of Potsdam had never dictated to Vienna the ultimatum for Servia. The earth was yielding fabulously. It was yielding up to within a mile and a half of the German wire entanglements. The peasants would not neglect the earth. Officers remonstrated with them upon their perilous rashness. They replied: "The land must be tilled." Must! When the German artillery begins to fire the blue-clad women sink out of sight amid the foliage. Half an hour after it has ceased they cautiously emerge and resume. One peasant put up an umbrella—but he was a man.

We were veritably at the front. There was, however, not a whisper of war, nor anything visible except the thin, pale line like a striation on the distant hills. Then a far-off sound of thunder is heard. It is a gun. A faint puff of smoke is pointed out to us. Neither the rumble nor the transient cloudlet makes any apparent impression on the placid and wide dignity of the scene. Nevertheless, this is war. And war seems a very vague, casual and negligible thing. We are led about fifty feet to the left, where in a previous phase a shell has indented a huge hole in the earth. The sight of this hole renders war rather less vague and rather less negligible.

Arnold Bennett at Bois de Boulogne

"There are eighty thousand men in front of us," says an officer, indicating the shimmering, empty landscape.

"But where?"

"Interred—in the trenches."

It is incredible.

"And the other interred—the dead?" I ask.

"We never speak of them. But we think of them a good deal."

Still a little closer to war.

The *parc du génie*—engineers' park. We inspected hills of coils of the most formidable barbed wire, far surpassing that of farmers, well contrived to tear to pieces any human being who, having got into its entanglement, should try to get out again. One thought that nothing but steam-chisels would be capable of cutting it. Also stacks of timber for shoring up mines which sappers would dig beneath the enemy's trenches. Also sacks to be filled with earth for improvised entrenching. Also the four-pointed contraptions called *chevaux-de-frise*, which, however you throw them, will always stick a fatal point upward, to impale the horse or man who cannot or will not look where he is going. Even tarred paper for keeping the weather out of trenches or anything else. And all these things in unimagined quantities.

Close by a few German prisoners performing sanitary duties under a guard. They were men in God's image, and they went about on the assumption that all the rest of the war lay before them and that there was a lot of it. A general told us that he had mentioned to them the possibility of an exchange of prisoners, whereupon they had gloomily and pathetically protested. They very sincerely did not want to go back whence they had come, preferring captivity, humiliation and the basest tasks to a share in the great glory of German arms. To me they had a brutalized air—no doubt one minor consequence of military ambition in high places.

Not many minutes away was a hospital—what the French call an *ambulance de première ligne*—contrived out of a factory. This was the hospital nearest to the trenches in that region, and the wounded come to it direct from the dressing stations which lie immediately behind the trenches. When a man falls or men fall the automobile is telephoned for, and it arrives at the appointed rendezvous generally before the stretcher bearers, who may have to walk for twenty or thirty minutes over rough ground. A wounded man may be, and has been, operated upon in this hospital within an hour of his wounding. It is organized on a permanent basis, for cases too serious for removal have, of course, to remain there. Nevertheless, these establishments are, as regards their staff, patients and material, highly mobile. One hospital of two hundred beds was once entirely evacuated within sixty minutes upon a sudden order. We walked through small ward after small ward, storeroom after storeroom, aseptic operating-room and septic operating-room, all odorous with ether, and saw little but resignation—and not much of that, for patients happened to be few. Yet the worn face of the doctor in charge showed that vast labors must have been accomplished in those somber chambers.

In the very large courtyard a tent operating-hospital was established. The white attendants were waiting within in the pallid obscurity among tables, glass jars and instruments. The surgeon's wagon, with hot water and sterilizing apparatus, was waiting without. The canvas organism was a real hospital, and the point about it was that it could move off complete at twenty-five minutes' notice, and set itself up again in any other ordained location in another twenty-five minutes.

Ingenious Lethal Apparatus

ANOTHER short ride, and we were in an aviation park, likewise tented, in the midst of an immense wheat field on the lofty side of a hill. There were six hangars of canvas, each containing an aëroplane and serving as a dormitory; and for each aëroplane a carriage and a motor—for sometimes aëroplanes are wounded and have to travel by road. It takes ninety minutes to dismount an aëroplane. Each corps of an army has one of these *escadrilles*, or teams of aëroplanes, and the army as a whole has an extra one, so that if an army consists of eight corps it possesses fifty-four aëroplanes. I am speaking now of the particular type of aëroplane employed for regulating artillery fire. It was a young noncommissioned officer with a marked Southern accent who explained to us the secret nature of things. He was wearing both the military medal and the Legion of Honor, for he had done wondrous feats in the way of shooting the occupants of *Taubes* in mid-air. He got out one of the machines and exhibited its tricks and its wireless apparatus, and invited us to sit in the seat of the flyer. The weather was quite unsuitable for flying, but setting four men to hold the machine in place, he started the motor and ran it up to two thousand revolutions a minute, creating a draft which bowed the fluttered wheat for many yards behind and blew hats off. And in the middle of this pother he continued to offer lucid and surprising explanations to deafened ears, until his superior officer, excessively smart and looking like a cross between a cavalryman and a yachtsman, arrived on the scene, swinging a cane.

It was natural that after this we should visit some auto-cannons expressly constructed for bringing down aëroplanes. In front of these marvels it was suggested to us that we should neither take photographs nor write down exact descriptions. As regards the latter, the staff officers had reason to be reassured. No living journalist could have reproduced the scientific account of the sighting arrangements given to us in an esoteric yet quite comprehensible language by the high priest of these guns, who was a middle-aged artillery captain. It lasted about twenty minutes. It was complete, final and unchallengeable. At intervals the artillery captain himself admitted that such and such a part of the device was *tres beau*. It was. There was only one word of which I could not grasp the significance in that connection. It was the word *sinus*. It recurred. Several times I determined to ask the captain what he meant us to understand by *sinus;* but I lacked moral courage. I doubt whether in all the lethal apparatus that I saw in France I saw anything quite equal to the demoniac ingenuity of these massive guns. The proof of guns is in the shooting. These guns do not merely aim at *Taubes;* they hit them.

I will not, however, derogate from the importance of the illustrious seventy-five. We saw one of these on an afternoon of much marching up and down hills and among woods, gazing at horses and hot-water douches, baths and barbers' shops, deep dug-outs called Tipperary, and guns of various caliber, including the seventy-five. The seventy-five is a very sympathetic creature, in blue-gray with metallic glints. He is perfectly easy to see when you approach him from behind, but get twenty yards in front of him and he is absolutely indiscoverable. Viewed from

the sky, he is part of the forest. Viewed from behind, he is perceived to be in a wooden hut with rafters in which you can just stand upright.

We beheld the working of the gun by two men, and we beheld the different sorts of shell in their delved compartments. But this was not enough for us. We ventured to suggest that it would be proper to fire a seventy-five for our amusement. The request was instantly granted.

"Time for forty-three hundred meters," said the lieutenant quickly and sternly, and a soldier manipulated the obus.

It was done. It was done with disconcerting rapidity. The shell was put into its place. A soldier pulled a string. Bang! A neat, clean, not too loud bang! The messenger had gone invisibly forth. The prettiest part of the affair was the recoil and automatic swinging back of the gun. Lest the first shell should have failed in its mission, the commandant ordered a second one to be sent, and this time the two artillerymen sat in seats attached on either side to the gun itself.

The seventy-five was enthusiastically praised by every officer present. He is beloved like a favorite sporting dog, and with cause.

At the side of the village street there was a bit of sharply sloping ground, with a ladder thrown on it to make descent easier.

"This way," said one of the officers.

We followed him, and in an instant were in the communication trench. The change was magical in its quickness. At one moment we were on the earth; at the next we were in it. The trench was so narrow that I had to hold my stick in front of me, as there was no room to swing the arms; the chalky sides left traces on the elbows. The floor was for the most part quite dry, but at intervals there were muddy pools nearly ankle deep. The top of the trench was about level with the top of my head, and long grasses or chance cereals, bending down, continually brushed the face. An officer was uplifted for the rest of the day by finding a four-leaved clover at the edge of the trench. The day was warm and the trench was still warmer. Its direction never ceased to change, generally in curves, but now and then by a sharp course. We walked what seemed to be an immense distance, and then came out on to a road which we were instructed to cross two by two, as, like the whole of the region, it was subject to German artillery. Far down this road we could see the outlying village for which we were bound.

A Tour of the Outer Trenches

A NEW descent into the earth. We proceed a few yards, and the trench suddenly divides into three. We do not know which to take. An officer following us does not know which to take. The guiding officer is perhaps thirty yards in front. We call. No answer. We climb out of the trench on to the surface desolation. We can see nothing, nothing whatever but land that is running horribly to waste. Our friends are as invisible as moles. There is not a trace even of their tracks. This is a fine object lesson in the efficacy of trenches. At length an officer returns and saves us. We have to take the trench on the extreme right. Much more hot walking, and a complete loss of the notion of direction.

Then we come out on to another portion of the same road, at the point where a main line of railway crosses it. We are told to run to shelter. In the near distance a German captive balloon sticks motionless against the sky. The main line of railway is a sorrowful sight. Its signal wires hang in festoons. Its rails are rusting. The abandonment of a main line in a civilized country is a thing unknown, a thing contrary to sense, an impossible thing; so that one wonders whether one is not visiting the remains of a civilization dead and definitely closed. Very strange thoughts pass through the mind. That portion of main line cannot be used by the Germans because it is within the French positions, and it cannot be used by the French because it is utterly exposed to German artillery. Thus perhaps ten kilometers of it are left forlorn, to illustrate the imbecile brutality of an invasion.

There is a good deal more trench before we reach the village which forms the head of a salient French line. This village is knocked all to pieces. It is a fearful spectacle. We see a Teddy-bear left on what remains of a flight of stairs, a bedstead buried to the knobs in débris, skeletons of birds in a cage hanging under an eave. The entire place is in the zone of fire, and it has been tremendously bombarded throughout the war. Nevertheless some houses still stand, and seventeen civilians—seven men and ten women—insist on remaining there. I talked to one fat old woman who contended that there was no danger. A few minutes later a shell fell within a hundred yards of her, and it might just as well have fallen on the top of her coif, to prove finally to her the noble reasonableness of war and the reality of the German necessity for expansion.

The village church was laid low. In the roof two thin arches of the groining remain, marvelously. One remembers this freak of balance, and a few poor flowers on the altar. Mass is celebrated in that church every Sunday morning. We spoke with the *curé*, an extremely emaciated priest of middle age; he wore the Legion of Honor. We took to the trenches again, having in the interval been protected by several acres of ruined masonry. About this point geography seemed to end for me. I was in a maze of burrowing, from which the hot sun could be felt but not seen. I saw stenciled signs, such as "*Tranchée de repli*," and signs containing numbers. I saw a sign over a door, "*Guetteur de jour et de nuit*"—watcher by day and by night.

"Anybody in there?"

"Certainly."

The door was opened. In the gloom a pale man stood, rather like a ghost, almost as disconcerting as a ghost, watching. He ignored us and kept on watching.

Then through a hole I had a glimpse of an abandoned road where no man might live, and beyond it a vast wire entanglement. Then we curved, and I was in an open place, a sort of redoubt contrived out of little homes and cattle stables. I heard irregular rifle fire close by, but I could not see who was firing. I was shown the machine-gun chamber, and the blind which hides the aperture for the muzzle was lifted, but only momentarily. I was shown, too, the deep underground refuges to which everybody takes in case of a heavy bombardment. Then we were in the men's quarters, in houses very well protected by advance walls to the north, and at length we saw some groups of men. "*Bonjour, les poilus!*"

This from the commandant himself, with jollity. The commandant had a wonderful smile, which showed bright teeth, and his gestures were almost as quick as those of his lieutenant, whom the regiment had christened The Electric Man.

The soldiers saluted. This salute was so proud, so eager, that it might have brought tears to the eyes. The soldiers stood up very straight, but not at all stiffly. I noticed one man because I could not notice them all. He threw his head back and slightly to one side, and his brown beard stuck out. His eyes sparkled. Every muscle was taut. He seemed to be saying: "My commandant, I know my worth; I am utterly yours; you won't get anything better."

A young officer said to me that these men had in them a wild beast and an angel. It was a good saying, and I wished I had thought of it myself. This regiment had been in this village since the autumn. It had declined to be relieved. It seemed absolutely fresh. One hears that individual valor is about the same in all armies—everywhere very high. Events appear to have justified the assertion. German valor is astounding. I have not seen any German regiment, but I do not believe that there are in any German regiment any men equal to these men. After all, ideas must count, and these men know that they are defending an outraged country.

The regiment was relatively very comfortable. It had plenty of room. It had made a little garden, with little terra-cotta statues. It possessed also a gymnasium ground, where we witnessed some excellent high jumping, and—more surprising—a theater, with stage, dressing-room and women's costumes.

The summit of our excitement was attained when we were led into the first-line trench.

"Is this really the first-line trench?"

"It is."

Well, the first-line trench, very remarkably swept and dusted and spotless, as were all the trenches beyond the communication trench, was not much like a trench. It was like a long wooden gallery. Its sides were of wood; its ceiling was of wood; its floor was of wood. The carpentry, though not expert, was quite neat; and we were told that not a single engineer had ever been in the position, which, nevertheless, is reckoned to be one of the most ingenious on the whole front. The gallery is rather dark, because it is lighted only by the loopholes. These loopholes are about eight inches square and more than eight inches deep, because they must, of course, penetrate the outer earthwork. A couple of inches from the bottom a strong wire is fixed across them. At night the soldier puts his gun under this wire, so that he may not fire too high.

The Outlook From the Loopholes

THE loopholes are probably less than a yard apart, allowing enough space in front of each for a man to move comfortably. Beneath the loopholes runs a wooden platform for the men to stand on. Behind the loopholes, in the ceiling, are large hooks to hang guns on. Many of the loopholes are labeled with men's names, written in a good engrossing hand, and between the loopholes, and level with them, are pinned colored postcards and photographs of women, girls and children. Tucked conveniently away in zinc cases underground are found zinc receptacles for stores of cartridges, powders to be used against gas, grenades and matches.

One gazes through a loophole. Occasional firing can be heard, but it is not in the immediate vicinity. Indeed, all the men we can see have stepped down from the platform in order to allow us to pass freely along it and inspect. Through the loophole can be distinguished a barbed-wire entanglement, then a little waste ground, then the enemy's barbed-wire entanglement and then the German trenches, which are less than half a mile away and stretch round behind us in a semicircle.

"Do not look too long. They have very good glasses."

The hint is taken. It is singular to reflect that just as we are gazing privily at the Germans, so the Germans are gazing privily at us. A mere strip of level earth separates them from us, but that strip is impassable, save at night, when the Frenchmen often creep up to the German wire. There is a terrible air of permanency about the whole affair. Not only the passage of time produces this effect; the telephone wire running along miles of communication trench, the elaborateness of the fighting trenches, the established routine and regularity of existence—all contribute to it.

But the air of permanency is fallacious. The Germans are in France. Every day of slow preparation brings nearer the day when the Germans will not be in France. That is certain. An immense expectancy hangs over the land, enchanting it.

We leave the first-line trench with regret. But we have been in it! I was informed that only one solitary English

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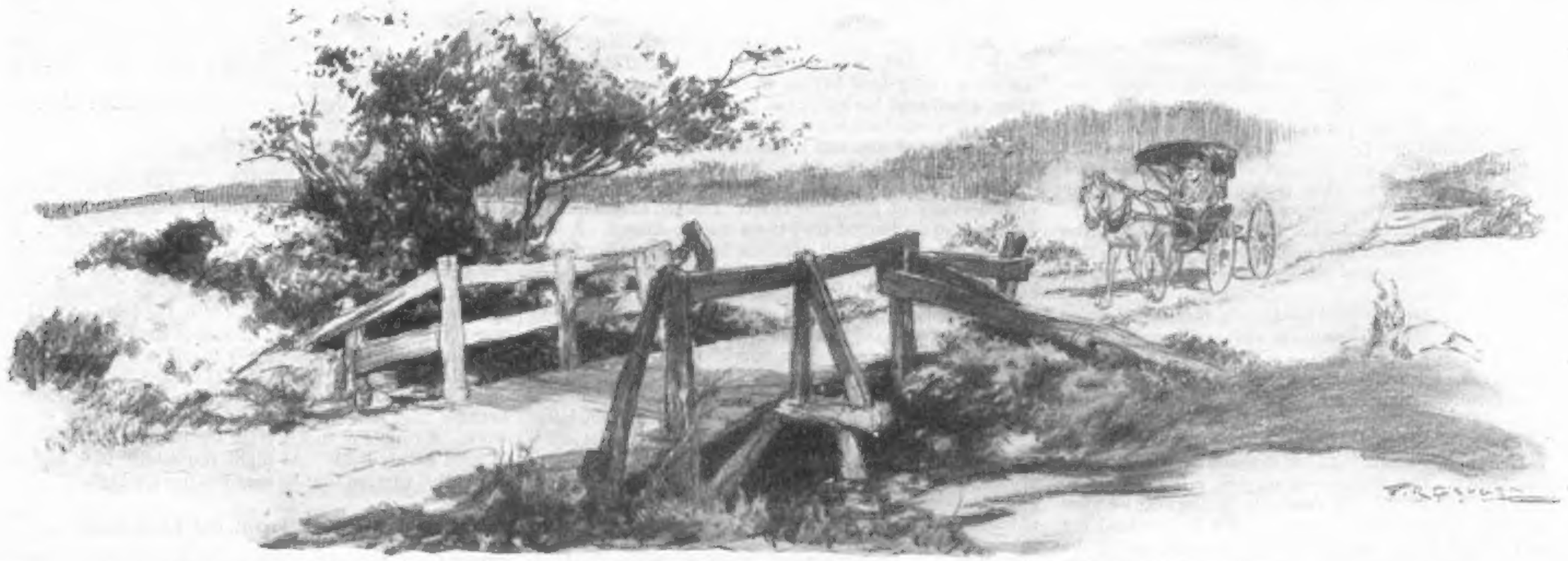
PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Wire Entanglements Put by the French in Front of a Captured German Trench

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Trench Rapidly Built Across an Exploded German Trench

A Blending of the Parables



The Superior Powers of Human Obstinacy Having Triumphed Over Four-Legged Instinct, They Would Proceed

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

NEARLY every week—weather permitting—Judge Priest went to dinner somewhere. To a considerable extent he kept up his political fences going to dinners. Usually it was of a Sunday that he went.

By ten o'clock almost any fair Sunday morning—spring, summer or early fall—Judge Priest's Jeff would have the venerable side-bar buggy washed down, and would be leading forth from her stall the ancient white lady-sheep, with the unmowed fetlocks and the intermittent mane, which the judge, from a spirit of prideful affection and in the face of all visual testimony to the contrary, persisted in regarding as an authentic member of the equine kingdom.

Presently, in their proper combination and alignment, the trio would be stationed at the front gate, thus: Jeff in front, bracing the forward section of the mare-creature; and the buggy behind, its shafts performing a similar office for the other end of this unique quadruped. Down the graveled walk that led from the house, under the water maples and silver-leaf poplars, which arched over to make a shady green tunnel of it, the judge would come, immaculate but rumply in white linens. The judge's linens had a way of getting themselves all rumpled even before he put them on. You might say they were born rumpled.

Beholding his waddlesome approach out of the tail of her eye, the white ruminant would whinny a dignified and conservative welcome. She knew her owner almost as well as he knew her. Then, while Jeff held her head—that is to say, held it up—the old man would heave his frame ponderously in and upward between the dished wheels and settle back into the deep nest of the buggy, with a wheeze to which the agonized rear springs wheezed back an anthemlike refrain.

"All right, Jeff!" the judge would say, bestowing his cotton umbrella and his palm-leaf fan in their proper places, and working a pair of wrinkled buckskin gloves on over his chubby hands. "I won't be back, I reckin, till goin' on six o'clock this evenin', and I probably won't want nothin' then fur supper except a cold snack. So if you and Aunt Dilsey both put out from the house fur the day be shore to leave the front-door key under the front-door mat, where I kin find it in case I should git back sooner'n I expect. And you be here in due time yourse'f, to unhitch. Hear me, boy?"

"Yas, suh," Jeff would respond. "I hears you."

"All right, then!" his employer would command as he gathered up the lines. "Let loose of Mittie May."

Conforming with the accepted ritual of the occasion, Jeff would let loose of Mittie May and step ceremoniously yet briskly aside, as though fearing instant annihilation in the first resistless surge of a desperate, untamable beast. Judge Priest would slap the leathers down on Mittie May's fat back; and Mittie May, sensing the master touch on those reins, would gather her four shaggy legs together with apparent intent of bursting into a mad gallop, and then, ungathering them, step out in her characteristic gentle amble, a gait she never varied under any circumstances. Away they would go, then, with the dust splashing up from under Mittie May's flat and deliberative feet, and the loose rear curtain of the buggy flapping and slapping behind like a slatting sail.

Jeff would stand there watching them until they had faded away in the deeper dust where Clay Street merged, without abrupt transition, into a winding country road; and, knowing the judge was definitely on his way, Jeff would be on his way, too, but in a different direction. Of his own volition Jeff never fared countryward on Sundays. Green fields and running brooks laid no spell of allurement on his nimble fancy. He infinitely preferred metropolitan haunts and pastimes—such, for instance, as promenades along the broken sidewalks of the Plunkett's Hill section and crap games behind the colored undertaker's shop on Locust Street.

The judge's way would be a pleasant way—a peaceful, easy way, marked only by small disputes at each crossroads junction, Mittie May desiring always to take the turn that would bring them back home by the shortest route, and the judge stubborn in his intention of pushing further on. The superior powers of human obstinacy having triumphed over four-legged instinct, they would proceed. Now they would clatter across a wooden bridge spanning a sluggish amber-colored stream, where that impertinent bird, the kingfisher, cackled derisive imitations of the sound given off by the warped axles of the buggy, and the green yonkerpins—which the Yankees, in their ignorance, have called water lilies—spread their wide green pads and their white-and-yellow cusps of bloom on the face of the creek water.

Now they would come to cornfields and tobacco patches that steamed in the sunshine, conceding the season to be summer; or else old, abandoned clearings, grown up rankly in shoemake bushes and pawpaw and persimmon and sassafras. And the pungent scent of the wayside pennyroyal would rise like an incense, saluting their nostrils as they passed, and the grassy furrows of long-harvested grain crops were like the lines of graves on old battlegrounds.

Now they would go into the deep woods; and here the sunlight sifted down through the tree tops, making cathedral aisles among the trunks and dim green cloisters of the thickets; and in small open spaces the yellowing double prongs of the mullein stalks stood up stiff and straightly like two-tined altar candles. Then out of the woods again and along a stretch of blinding hot road, with little gray lizards racing on the decayed fence rails as outriders, and maybe a pair of those old red-head peckerwoods flickering on from snag to snag just ahead, keeping company with the judge, but never quite permitting him to catch up with them.

So, at length; after five miles, or maybe ten, he would come to his destination, which might be a red-brick house set among apple trees on a low hill, or a whitewashed double cabin of logs in a bare place down in the bottoms.

Here, at their journey's end, they would halt, with Mittie May heaving her rotund sides in and out in creditable simulation of a thoroughbred finishing a hard race; and Judge Priest would poke his head out from under the buggy hood and utter the customary hail of "Hello the house!" At that, nine times out of ten—from under the house and from round behind it—would boil a black-and-tan ground swell of flap-eared, bugle-voiced hound dogs, tearing for the gate, with every apparent intention of devouring horse and harness, buggy and driver, without a moment's delay. And behind them, in turn, a shirt-sleeved man would emerge from the shelter of the gallery and hurry down the path toward the fence, berating the belling pack at every step he took:

"You Sounder, you Ring, you Queen—consarn your mangy pelts! Go on back yonder where you belong! You Saucer—come on back here and behave yourself! I bet I take a chunk some of these days and knock your fool head off!"

As the living wave of dogs parted before his advance and his threats, and broke up and turned about and vanished with protesting yelps, the shirt-sleeved one, recognizing Mittie May and the shape of the buggy, would speak a greeting something after this fashion:

"Well, suh—ef it ain't Jedge Priest! Jedge, suh, I certainly am proud to see you out this way. We wus beginnin' to think you'd furgot us—we wus, fur a fact!"

Over his shoulder he would single out one of a cluster of children who magically appeared on the gallery steps, and bid Tennessee or Virgil or Dora-Virginia or Albert Sidney, as the name of the chosen youngster might be, to run and tell their ma that Judge Priest had come to take dinner. For the judge never sent any advance notice of his intention to pay a Sunday visit; neither did he wait for a formal invitation. He just dropped in, being assured of a welcome under any rooftree, great or humble, in his entire judicial district.

Shortly thereafter the judge, having been welcomed in due state, and provision made for Mittie May's stabling and sustenance, would be established on the gallery in the rocking-chair of honor, which was fetched out from the parlor for his better comfort. First, a brimming gourd of fresh spring water would be brought, that he might take the edge off his thirst and flush the dust out of his throat and moisten up his palate; and then would follow a certain ceremonial rite in conjunction with sundry sprigs of young mint and some powdered sugar and outpourings of the red-brown contents of a wicker demijohn.

Very possibly a barefooted and embarrassed namesake would be propelled forward, by parental direction, to shake hands with the guest; for, except old Doctor Sankey, Judge Priest had more children named for him than anybody in our county. And very probably there would come to his ears from somewhere rearward the frenzied clamor of a mighty barnyard commotion—squawkings and cacklings and flutterings—closely followed by the poignant wails of a pair of doomed pullets, which grew fainter and fainter as the captives were borne to the sacrificial block behind the woodpile—certain signs, all these, that if fried chicken had not been included in the scope and plan of Sunday dinner, fried chicken now would be, most assuredly.

When dinner was over, small messengers would be sent up the road and down to spread the word; and various oldsters of the vicinity would leave their own places to forgather in the dooryard of the present host and pass the time of day with Judge Priest. Sooner or later, somehow, the talk would work backward to war times. Overhearing what passed to and fro, a stranger might have been pardoned for supposing that it was only the year before, or at most two years before, when the Yankees came through under Grant; while Forrest's Raid was spoken of as though it had taken place within the current month.

Anchored among the ancients the old judge would sit, doing his share of the talking and more than his share of the listening; and late in the afternoon, when the official watermelon, all dripping and cool, had been brought

forth from the springhouse, and the shadows were beginning to stretch themselves slantwise across the road, as though tired out completely by a hard day's work in the broiling sun, he and Mittie May would jog back toward town, meeting many an acquaintance on the road, but rarely passing one. And the upshot would be that at the next Democratic primary the opposing candidate for circuit judge—if there was any opposing candidate—got powerfully few votes out of that neighborhood.

Such Sunday excursions as these and such a Sunday dinner as this typical one formed a regular part of Judge Priest's weekly routine through at least nine months of the year. If unforeseen events conspired to rob him of his trip to the country he felt the week had not rightly rounded itself out; but once a year he attended a dinner beside which all other dinner occasions were, in his estimation, as nothing at all. With regard to this particular affair, he used to say it took him a week to get primed and ready for it, one whole night to properly enjoy it, and another week to recover from the effects of it. I am speaking now of the anniversary banquet of the survivors of Company B—first and foremost of the home companies—which was and still is held always on a given date and at a given place, respectively, to wit: The evening of the twelfth of May and the dining room of the Richland House.

Company B held the first of its annual dinners at the Richland House away back in '66. That time sixty and more men—young men, mostly, in their mid-twenties and their early thirties—had sat down together to meat and drink, and no less a personage than General Grider had presided—that same Meriwether Grider who, going out in the first year of the war as company commander, came back after the Surrender, bringing with him the skeleton remnants of a battered and a shattered brigade.

General Meriwether Grider has been dead this many a year now. He gave his life for the women and the children when the Belle of the Bends burned up at Cottonwood Bar; and that horror befell so long ago that the present newer generation down our way knows it only as a thing of which those garrulous and tiresome creatures, the older inhabitants, are sometimes moved to speak. But the rules for the regulation and conduct of subsequent banquets which were adopted on that long-ago night, when the general sat at the head of the table, hold good, even though all else in our town has changed.

Of the ardent and youthful sixty-odd who dined with him then, a fading and aging and sorely diminished handful is left. Some in the restless boom days of the eighties moved away to other and brisker communities, and some have marched down the long, lone road that leads to a far country. Yet it abides as a by-law and a precedent that only orthodox members of the original company shall have covers and places provided for them when anniversary night rolls round. The Richland House—always—must be the place of dining; this, too, in spite of the fact that the Richland House has been gnawed by the tooth of time into a shabby old shell, hardly worthy to be named in the same printed column with the smart Hotel Moderne—strictly European plan; rates, three dollars a day and upward—which now figures as our leading hotel.

Near the conclusion of the feast, when the cloth has been cleared of the dishes and only the glasses are left, the roll is called by the acting top-sergeant—cholera having taken off the real top-sergeant in '75. Those who are present answer for themselves, and for those who are absent some other voice answers. And then at the very last, after the story-telling is done, they all stand and drink to Company B—its men, its memories, and its most honorable record.

They tell me that this last May just seven met on the evening of the twelfth to sit beneath the crossed battle-flags in the Richland House dining room, and that everything was over and done with long before eleven o'clock came. But the annual dinner which I especially have in mind to describe here took place on a somewhat more remote twelfth of May, when Company B still might muster better than the strength of a corporal's guard. If I remember correctly, eighteen grizzled survivors were known to be alive that year.

In saying that, though, I would not have you infer that there were no more than eighteen veterans in our town. Why, in those times there must have been two hundred easily. Gideon K. Irons Camp could turn out upward of a hundred members in good standing for any large public occasion; but you understand this was a dinner limited to Company B alone, which restriction barred out a lot of otherwise highly desirable individuals.

It barred out Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, for the sergeant had served with King's Hellhounds; and Captain Shelby Woodward, who belonged to the Orphan Brigade, as you would have learned for yourself at first hand had you ever enjoyed as much as five minutes of uninterrupted conversation with the captain; and Mr. Wolfe Hawley, our leading grocer, who was a gunner in Lyon's Battery—and many another it barred out. Indeed, Father Minor got in only by the skin of his teeth. True enough he was a Company B man at the beginning; but he transferred early to another branch of the service and for most of the four years he rode with Morgan's men.

The committee in charge looked for a full attendance. It was felt that this would be one of the most successful dinners of them all. Certainly it would be by long odds the best advertised. It would seem that the Sunday editor of the Courier-Journal, while digging through his exchanges, came on a preliminary announcement in the columns of the Daily Evening News, which was our home paper; and, sensing a feature story in it, he sent one of his young men down from Louisville to spend two days among us, compiling facts, names and photographs. The young man did a page spread in the Sunday Courier-Journal, thereby unconsciously enriching many family scrapbooks in our town.

This was along toward the middle of April. Following it, one of the Eastern syndicates rewrote the piece and mailed it out to its constituent papers over the country. The Associated Press saw fit to notice it too; and after that the tale got into the boiler-plate shops—which means it got into practically all the smaller weeklies that use patent insides. It must have been a strictly nonnewspaper-reading community of this nation which did not hear that spring about the group of old soldiers who for forty years without a break had held a dinner once a year with no outsiders present, and who were now, for the forty-first time, about to dine again.

Considering this publicity and all, the committee naturally counted on a fairly complete turnout. To be sure, Magistrate Matt Gracey, from out in the country, could not hope to be present except in the spirit, he having been bedridden for years. Garnett Hinton, the youngest enlisted member of Company B, was in feeble health away off yonder in the Panhandle of Texas. It was not reasonable to expect him to make the long trip back home. On the tenth Mr. Napoleon B. Crump was called to Little Rock, Arkansas, where a ne'er-do-well son-in-law had entangled himself in legal difficulties, arising out of a transaction involving a dubious check, with a yet more dubious signature on it. He might get back in time—and then again he might not.

On the other hand, Second Lieutenant Charley Garrett wrote up from his plantation down in Mississippi that he would attend if he had to walk—a mere pleasantry of speech, inasmuch as Lieutenant Garrett had money enough to charter for himself a whole railroad train should he feel so inclined. And, from his little farm in Mims County, Chickasaw Reeves sent word he would be there, too, no matter what happened. The boys could count on him, he promised.

Tallying up twenty-four hours or so ahead of the big night, the arrangements committee, consisting of Doctor Lake, Professor Lycurgus Reese and Mr. Herman Felsburg, made certain of fifteen diners, and possibly sixteen, and gave orders accordingly to the proprietor of the Richland House; but Mr. Nap Crump was detained in Little Rock longer than he had expected, and Judge Priest received from Lieutenant Charley Garrett a telegram reading as follows:

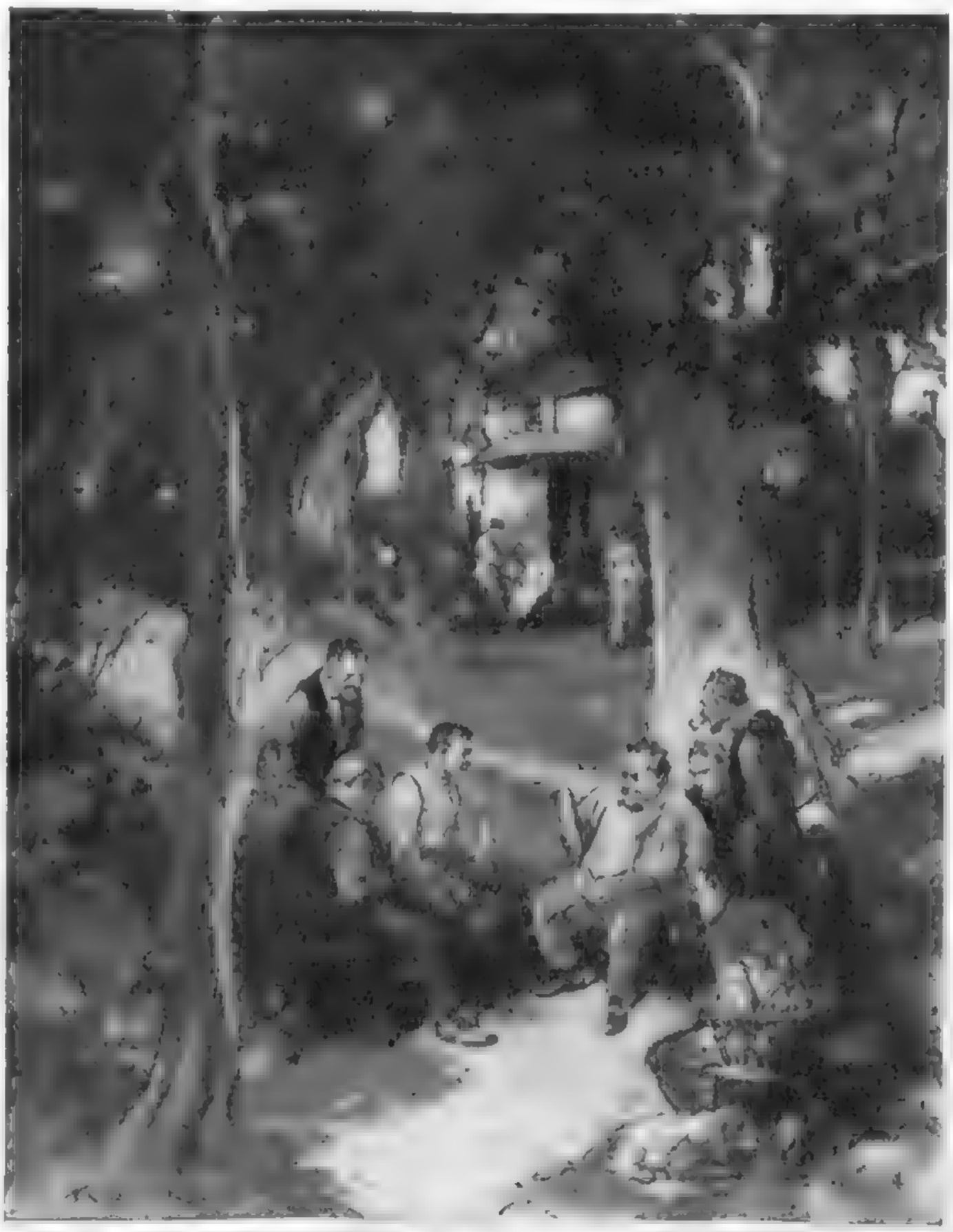
"May the Lord be with you! because I can't. Rheumatism in that game leg of mine,— — — — it!"

The excisions, it developed, were the work of the telegraph company.

Then, right on top of this, another disappointment piled itself—I have reference now to the sudden and painful indisposition of Chickasaw Reeves. Looking remarkably hale and hearty, considering his sixty-eight years, Mr. Reeves arrived in due season on the eleventh, dressed fit to kill in his Sunday best and a turndown celluloid collar and a pair of new shoes of most amazing squeakiness. After visiting, in turn, a considerable number of old friends and sharing, with such of them as were not bigoted, the customary and appropriate libations, he dropped into Sherill's Bar at a late hour of the evening for a nightcap before retiring.

At once his fancy was drawn to a milk punch, the same being a pleasant compound to which he had been introduced an hour or so earlier. This milk punch seemed to call for another, and that one for still another. As the first deep sip of number three creamily saluted his palate, Mr. Reeves' eyes, over the rim of the deep tumbler, fell on the free lunch displayed at the far end of the bar. He was moved to step down that way and investigate.

The milk punches probably would not have mattered—or the cubes of brick cheese, or the pretzels, or the pickled beets and pigs' feet. Mr. Reeves' seasoned and dependable gastric processes were amply competent to triumph over any such commonplace combination of food and



Sooner or Later, Somehow, the Talk Would Work Backward to War Times

"That's Too Bad," Commiserated the Judge. "Was It Somethin' You Et or Somethin' You Drank?"

drink. Undoubtedly his undoing was directly attributable to a considerable number of little slickery fish, belonging, I believe, to the pilchard family—that is to say, they are pilchards while yet they swim and disport themselves hither and yon in their native element; but when caught and brined and spiced and oiled, and put in cans for the export trade, they take on a different name and become, commercially speaking, something else.

Mr. Reeves did not notice them at first. He had sampled one titbit and then another; finally his glance was arrested by a dish of these small and dainty appearing creatures. A tentative nibble at the lubricated tail of a sample specimen reassured him as to the gastronomic excellence of this novelty. He stayed right there until the dish was practically empty. Then, after one more milk punch, he bade the barkeeper good night and departed.

Not until three o'clock the following afternoon was Mr. Reeves able to receive any callers—except only Doctor Lake, whose visits until that hour had been in a professional rather than in a social capacity. Judge Priest, coming by invitation of the sufferer, found Mr. Reeves' room at the hotel to be redolent with the atmospheres of bodily distress. On the bed of affliction over by the window was stretched the form of Mr. Reeves. He was not exactly pale, but he was as pale as a person of Mr. Reeves' habit of life could be and still retain the breath of life.

"Well, Chickasaw, old feller," said Judge Priest, "how goes it? Feelin' a little bit easier than you was, ain't you?"

The invalid groaned emptily before answering in a wan and wasted-away tone.

"Billy," he said, "*ef* you could 'a' saw me 'long 'bout half past two this mornin', when she first come on me, you'd know better'n to ask sech a question as that. First, I wus skeered I wus goin' to die. And then after a spell I wus skeered I wusn't. I reckon there ain't nobody nowheres that ever had as *many* diff'runt kinds of cramps as me an' lived to tell the tale."

"That's too bad," commiserated the judge. "Was it somethin' you et or somethin' you drank?"

"I reckin it wus a kind of a mixture of both," admitted Mr. Reeves. "Billy, did you ever make a habit of imbibin' these here milk punches?"

"Well, not lately," said Judge Priest.

"Well, suh," stated Mr. Reeves, "you'd be surprised to know how tasty they kin make jest plain ordinary cow's milk ef they take and put some good red licker and a little sugar in it, and shake it all up together, and then sift a little nutmaig seasonin' onto it—you would so! But, after you've drunk maybe three-four, I claim you have to be sorter careful 'bout whut you put on top of 'em. I've found that much out.

"I reckon it serves me right, though. A country-jake like me oughter know better'n to come up here out of the sticks and try to gormandize hisse'f on all these here fancy town vittles. It's all right, mebbe, fur you city folks; but my stomach ain't never been educated up to it. Hereafter I'm agoin' to stick to hawg jowl and cawn pone, and things I know 'bout. You hear me—I'm done! I've been cured.

"And specially I've been cured in regards to these here little pzenous fishes that look somethin' like sardeens, and yit they ain't sardeens. I don't know what they call 'em by name; but it certainly oughter be ag'inst the law to leave 'em settin' round on a snack counter where folks kin git to 'em. Two or three of 'em would be dangerous, I claim—and I must 'a' et purty nigh a whole school."

Again Mr. Reeves moaned reminiscently.

"Well, from the way you feel now, does it look like you're goin' to be able to come to the blow-out tonight?" inquired Judge Priest. "That's the main point. The boys are all countin' on you, Chickasaw."

"Billy," bemoaned Mr. Reeves, "I hate it mightily; but even if I wus able to git up—which I ain't—and git my clothes on and git down to the Richland House, I wouldn't be no credit to yore party. From the way I feel now, I don't never agin want to look vittles in the face so long as I live. And, furthermore, ef they should happen to have a mess of them there little greasy minners on the table I know I'd be a disgrace to myse'f right then and there. No, Billy; I reckin I'd better stay right where I am."

Thus it came to pass that, when the members of Company B sat down together in the decorated dining room of the Richland House at eight o'clock that evening, the chair provided for Mr. Chickasaw Reeves made a gap in the line. Judge Priest was installed in the place of honor, where Lieutenant Garrett, by virtue of being ranking surviving officer, would have enthroned himself had it not been for that game leg of his.

From his seat at the head, the judge glanced down the table and decided in his own mind that, despite absentees, everything was very much as it should be. At every plate was a little flag showing, on a red background, a blue St. Andrew's cross bearing thirteen stars. At every plate, also, was a tall and aromatic toddy. Cocktails figured not in the dinner plans of Company B; they never had and they never would.

At the far end from him was old Pres Harper. Once it had been Judge Priest's most painful duty to sentence Pres Harper to serve two years at hard labor in the state prison. To be sure, circumstances, which have been detailed elsewhere, interfered to keep Pres Harper from serving all or any part of his punishment; nevertheless, it was the judge who had sentenced him. Now, catching the judge's eye, old Pres waved his arm at him in a proud and fond greeting.

Father Minor beamingly faced Squire Futrell, whose Southern Methodism was of the most rigid and unbendable type. Professor Reese, principal of the graded school, touched elbows with Jake Smedley, color bearer of the Camp, who just could make out to write his own name. Peter J. Galloway, the lame blacksmith, who most emphatically was Irish, had a caressing arm over the stooped shoulder of Mr. Herman Felsburg, who most emphatically was not. Doctor Lake, his own pet crony in a town where everybody, big and little, was his crony in some degree, sat one seat removed from the judge, with the empty chair of the bedfast Chickasaw Reeves in between them and—so on and so forth.

Even in the matter of the waiters an ancient and a hallowed sentiment ruled. Behind Judge Priest, and swollen out of all his just proportions by pomp of pride and vanity, stood Uncle Zach Mathews, a rosewood-colored person, whose affection for the Cause that was lost had never been questioned—even though Uncle Zach, after confusing military experiences, emerged from the conflict as cook for a mess of Union officers and now drew his regular quarterly pension from a generous Federal Government.

Flanking Uncle Zach, both with napkins draped over their arms, both awaiting the word from him to bring on the first course, were posted—on the right, Tobe Emery, General Grider's one-time body servant; on the left, Uncle Ike Copeland, a fragile, venerable ex-human chattel, who might almost claim to have seen actual service for the Confederacy. No ordinary darkies might come to serve when Company B foregathered at the feast.

Uncle Zach, with large authority, had given the opening order, and at the side tables a pleasing clatter of china had arisen, when Squire Futrell put down his glass and rose, with a startled look on his face.

"Looky here, boys!" he exclaimed. "This won't never do! Did you fellers know there wus thirteen at the table?"

Sure enough, there were!

It has been claimed—perhaps not without color of plausibility—that Southerners are more superstitious than Northerners. Assuredly the Southerners of a generation that is almost gone now uniformly nursed their private beliefs in charms, omens, hoodoos and portents. As babies many of them were nursed, as boys all of them were played with, by members of the most superstitious race next to actors—on the face of creation. An actor of Ethiopian descent should by rights be the most superstitious creature that breathes the air of this planet, and doubtlessly is.

No one laughed at Squire Futrell's alarm over his discovery. Possibly excusing Father Minor, it is probable that all present shared it with him. As for Uncle Zach Mathews and his two assistants, they froze with horror where they had halted, their loaded trays poised on their arms; but they did not freeze absolutely solid—they quivered slightly.

"Law-zee!" gasped Uncle Zach, with his eyeballs rolling. "Dinner can't go no fur'der twell we gits somebody else in or meks somebody leave and go 'way—dat's sartain shore! Whee! We kin all thank Our Maker dat dey ain't been nary bite et yit."

"Amen to dat, Brer Zach!" muttered Ike shakily; and dumbly Tobe Emery nodded, stricken beyond power of speech by the nearness of a barely averted catastrophe fraught with disaster, if not with death itself.

Involuntarily Judge Priest had shoved his chair back; most of the others had done the same thing. He got on his feet with alacrity.

"Boys," he said, "the squire is right—there's thirteen of us. Now whut d'ye reckin we're goin' to do 'bout that?"

The natural suggestion would be that they should send out at once for another person. Three or four offered it together, their voices rising in a babble. Names of individuals who would make congenial table mates were heard. Among others, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby was spoken of; likewise Colonel Cope and Captain Woodward. But Judge Priest shook his head.

"I can't agree with you-all," he set forth. "By the time we sent clean uptown and rousted one of them boys out, the vittles would all be cold."

"Well, Billy," demanded Doctor Lake, "whut are you going to do, then? We can't go ahead this way, can we? Of course I don't believe in all this foolishness about signs myself; but"—he added—"but I must admit to a little personal prejudice against thirteen at the table."

"Listen here, you boys!" said Judge Priest. "Ef we're jest obliged and compelled to break a long-standin' rule of this command—and it looks to me like that's whut we've got to do—let's follow after a precedent that was laid down a mighty long time ago. You-all remember—don't you—how the Good Book tells about the Rich Man that give a feast oncet? And at the last minute the guests he'd invited didn't show up at all—none of 'em. So then he sent out into the highways and byways and scraped together some hongry strangers; and by all accounts they had a purty successful time of it there. When in doubt

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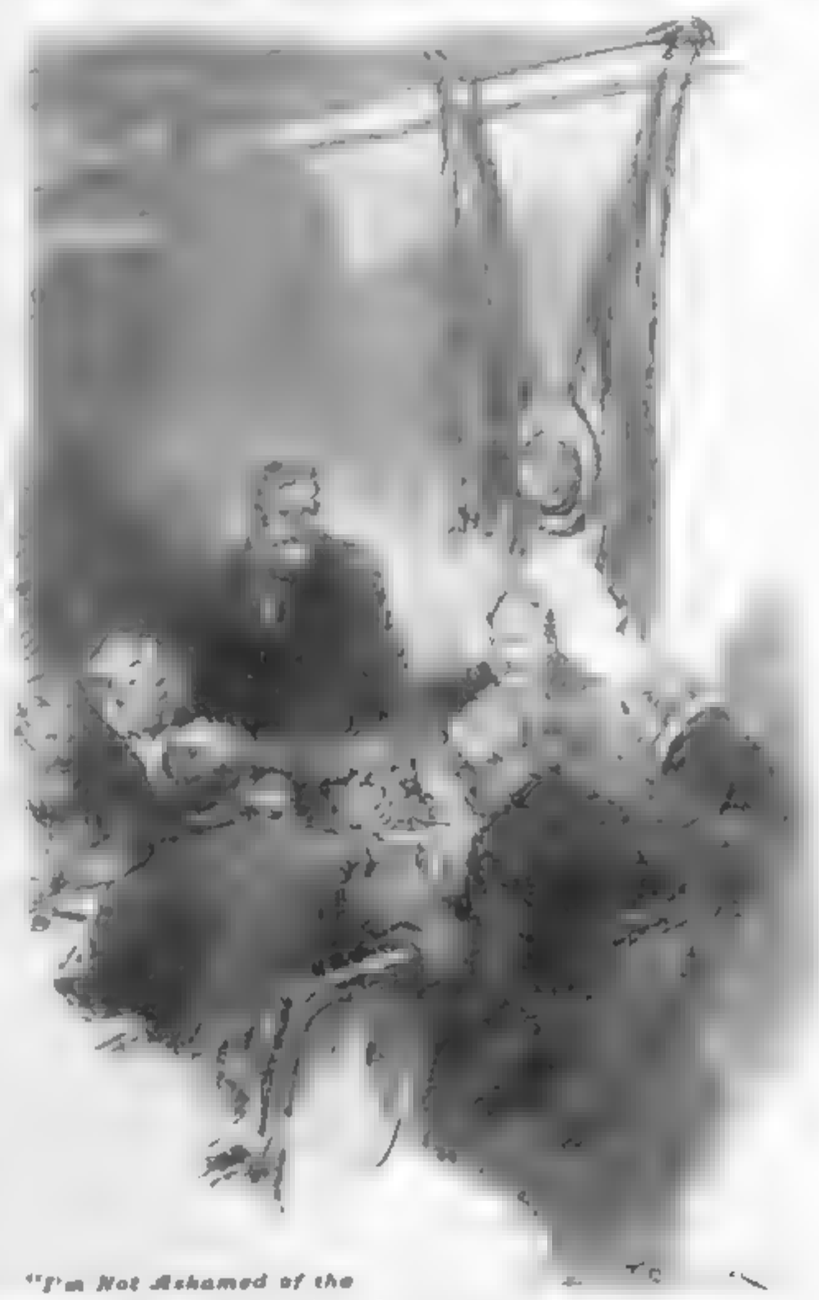


"I'm Not Ashamed of the Part I Played These Last Three Years. I'm Proud of It!"

THE GRAY DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

XII

NEXT morning Keith allayed what little uneasiness his conscience might harbor by remarking as he adjusted his collar:

"Mrs. Morrell is an amusing type, don't you think? She's a bit vulgar, but she seems good-hearted. Wonder what color her hair used to be."

"I suppose they are all right," said Nan. "They are a little rowdy. They gave me a headache."

Illogically rehabilitated in his own self-esteem, Keith went on dressing. He was "on" to Mrs. Morrell; her methods were pretty obvious. He wondered if she thought she had really fooled him. Next time he would be on guard and beat her at her own game. She was not a woman to his taste anyway—he glanced admiringly at Nan's clean profile against the light—but she was full of vitality, she was keen, she was brimming with the joy of life.

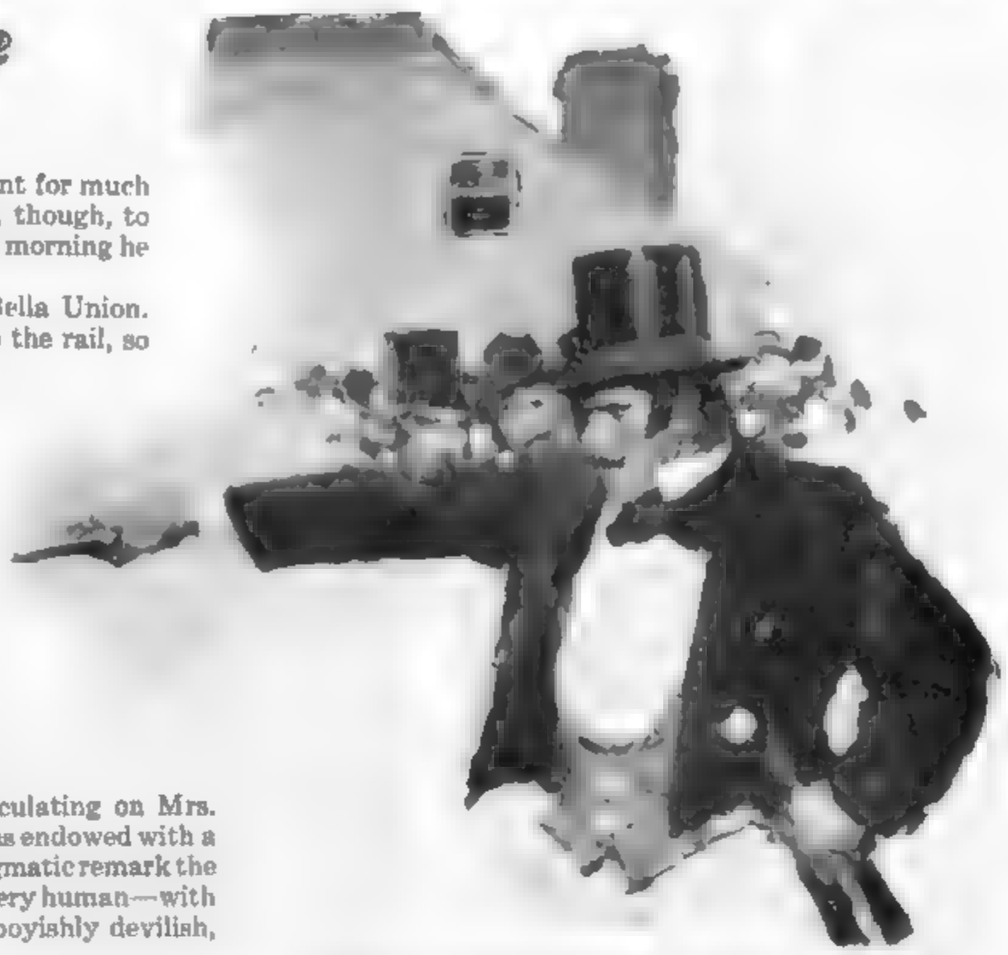
The long drive over the peninsula to the sea and back, the episode of the Spanish people, the rowdy supper party, had one effect, however: they made so decided a break in the routine that Keith found himself thrust quite outside it. He had worked feverishly all the week at about double speed, and in ordinary course would have gone on working feverishly at double speed for another week. Now suddenly the thought was irksome. He did not analyze this; but, characteristically, discovered an irrefutable reason for not going on with it. They rescued Gringo from Sam's care and drove up to the house. On the way Keith said:

"Look here, Nan, do you suppose you and Wing can get on all right this morning? All the heavy work is done. I really ought to be settling the office and getting some lines laid for business."

"Why, of course we can get on, silly," she rejoined. "This isn't your job anyway. Of course you ought to attend to your business."

Keith again consulted Palmer, Cook & Co. The same clerk showed him offices. He was appalled at the rents. Even a miserable little backroom in the obscurer blocks commanded a sum higher than he had anticipated paying. After looking at a dozen he finally decided on a front room in the Merchants Exchange Building. This was one of the most expensive, but Keith was tired of looking. The best is the greatest economy in the long run, he told himself; and with a lawyer new-come, appearances count for much in getting clients. Must get the clients, though, to support this sort of thing! The rest of the morning he spent buying furniture.

About noon he walked back to the Bella Union. His horse and buggy were not hitched to the rail, so he concluded Nan had not yet returned for lunch. Mrs. Sherwood, however, was seated in a rocker at the sunny end of the long veranda. She looked most attractive, her small, smooth head bent over some sort of fancywork. Before she looked up Keith had leisure to note the poise of her head and shoulders, the fine, long lines of her figure and the arched-browed serenity of her eyes. Different type, this, from the full-breasted Morrell; more—more patrician! Rather absurd in view of their respective places in society, but a fact. Keith found himself swiftly speculating on Mrs. Sherwood's origin and experience. She was endowed with a new glamour because of Mrs. Morrell's enigmatic remark the evening before; and also—for Keith was very human—with a new attraction. Feeling vaguely and boyishly devilish, Keith stopped.



Calhoun Bennett, Quick as a Flash, Drew a Small Derringer and Fired

She nodded at him, laying her work aside.

"You are practically invisible," she told him.

"Making ourselves a habitation. Seen Mrs. Keith?"

"No. I don't think she's come in."

Keith hesitated; then:

"I think I'll go up to the house for her."

Mrs. Sherwood nodded, and resumed her work calmly without further remark.

At the house Keith found Nan, her apron on, her hair done up under a dustcap, very busy.

"Noon!" she cried, astonished. "It can't be! But I can't stop now. I think I'll have Wing pick me up a lunch. There's plenty in the house. It's too much bother to clean up."

Keith demurred; then wanted to stay for the pick-up lunch himself. Nan would have none of it. She was full of repressed enthusiasm and eagerness, but she wanted to get rid of him.

"There's not enough. I wouldn't have you round. Go away, that's a good boy! If you'll leave Wing and me entirely alone we'll be ready to move in to-morrow."

"Where's Gringo?" asked Keith, by way of indirect yielding; he had really no desire for a pick-up lunch.

"The little rascal! He started to chew everything in the place, so I tied him in the back yard. He pulls and flops dreadfully. Do you think he'll strangle himself?"

Keith looked out the window. Gringo, all four feet planted, was determinedly straining back against his tether. The collar had pulled forward all the loose skin of his neck, so that his eyes and features were lost in wrinkles.

"He doesn't yap," volunteered Nan.

Keith gave it as his opinion that Gringo would stop short of suicide, commended Gringo's taciturnity and evident perseverance, and departed for the hotel. In the dining room he saw Mrs. Sherwood in a riding habit, eating alone. Keith hesitated, then took the vacant seat opposite. She accorded this permission cordially but without coquetry, remarking that Sherwood often did not get in at noon.

Immediately she turned the conversation to his affairs, inquiring in detail as to how the settling was getting on, when they expected to get in, how they liked the house, whether they had bought all the furniture.

"You remember I directed you to the auctions," she said.

She asked all these questions directly, as a man would, and listened to his replies.

"I suppose you have an office picked out," she surmised.

At his mention of the Merchants Exchange Building she raised her arched eyebrows half humorously.

"You picked out an expensive place."

Keith went over his reasoning, to which she listened with a half smile.

"La! You are So Clever, at Times I'm Really Afraid of You"

"You may be right," she commented. "The reasoning is perfectly sound. But that means you must get the business in order to make it pay. What are your plans?"

He confessed that as yet they were rather vague; there had not been time to do much, he'd been too busy settling.

"The usual thing, I suppose," he added—"get acquainted, hang out a shingle, mix with people, sit down and starve in the traditional manner of young lawyers."

He laughed lightly, but she refused to joke.

"There are a good many lawyers here, and most of them poor ones," she told him. "The difficulty is to stand out above the ruck, to become noticed. You must get to know all classes, of course; but especially those of your own profession, men on the bench. Yes, especially men on the bench; they may help you more than any others."

He seemed to catch a little cynicism in her implied meaning; and experienced a sense of shock on his professional side.

"You don't mean that judges are ——"

"Susceptible to influence?" She finished the sentence for him with an amused little laugh. She studied him for an instant with new interest. "They're human, more human here than anywhere else. Like the rest of us, they respond to kind treatment." She laughed again, but at the sight of his face her own became grave. She checked herself. "Everything is so new out here. In older countries the precedents have all been established. Out here there are practically none. They are being made now, every day, by the present judges. Naturally personal influence might get a hearing for one point of view or the other ——"

"I see what you mean," he agreed, his face clearing.

"Join a good fire company," she advised him. "That is the first thing to do. Each company represents something different, a different class of men."

"Which would you advise?" asked Keith seriously.

"That is a matter for your own judgment. Only investigate well. Meet all the people you can. Know the newspaper men and the big merchants. In your profession you must cultivate men like Terry, Girvin, Shattuck, Gwin. Keep your eyes open. Be bold and use your wits. Above all, make friends. That's it, make friends—everybody, everywhere. Don't despise anybody. You will get plenty of chances." She was sitting erect and her eyes were flashing. Her usual slow, indolent grace had fallen from her; she radiated energy. Her slender figure took on a new appearance of knit strength. "Such chances! My heavens, if I were a man!"

"You'd make a bully man!" cried Keith. Mrs. Morrell, uttering the same wish, had received from him a different reply; but he had forgotten that.

She laughed again, the tension broke, and she sank back into her usual relaxed poise.

"But, thank heaven, I'm not!" said she.

XIII

AFFAIRS for the Keiths passed through another week of what might be called the transition stage. It took them that long to settle down in their new house and into some semblance of a routine—two days to the actual

installation and the evenings full of small matters to arrange. Nan was busy all day long playing with her new toy. Wing Sam was a mixture of delight and despair. Like most women who have led the sheltered life, she had not realized as yet that the customs of her own fraction of one per cent were not immutable. Therefore she tried to model her household exactly on the pattern of those to which she had been accustomed. Wing Sam blandly refused to be molded.

Thus Nan spent all one morning drilling him in the proper etiquette of answering doors. Mindful of John McGlynn's advice she did this by precept, ringing her own doorbell, presenting a card as though calling on herself. Wing Sam's placid exterior changed not. A half hour later the doorbell rang; but no Wing Sam appeared to answer it. It rang again and again, until Nan herself opened the door. On the doorstep stood Wing Sam himself.

"I foolee you too," he announced with huge delight.

Painstakingly Nan conveyed to him that this was neither an amusing game nor a practical joke. Later in the day the doorbell rang again. Nan, hovering near to gauge the result of her training, saw Wing Sam plant himself firmly in the opening.

"You got ticket," he demanded sternly of the delivery man outside. "You no got ticket, you no get in!"

Which, Nan rather hysterically gathered, was what Wing Sam had gained from the calling-card idea.

After that, temporarily as she thought, Nan permitted him to go back to his own method; which, had she known it, was the method of every Chinese servant in California. The visitor found his bell answered by a blandly smiling, friendly Wing Sam, who cheerfully remarked: "Hullo!" It was friendly and it didn't matter; but at that stage of her development Nan was more or less scandalized.

Nan's sense of humor always came to her assistance by evening, and she had many amusing anecdotes to tell Keith, over which both of them laughed consumedly. Gringo added somewhat to the complications in life. He was a fat, rolypoly, soft-boned, ingratiating puppy, with a tail that waved energetically but uncontrolledly. Gringo at times was very naughty and very much in the way. But when exasperation turned to vengeance, he had a way of keeling over on his back, exposing his stomach freely to brutal assault, and casting one calm, china-blue eye upward.

"Can there anywhere exist anyone so hard-hearted as to injure a poor, absolutely defenseless dog?" he inquired, with full confidence in the answer.

The iniquities of Gringo and the eccentricities of Wing Sam, Nan detailed at length, and also her experiences with the natives. She as yet looked on everyone as a native. Only later could she expand to the point of including them in her cosmos of people. Nan was transplanted, and her roots had not yet struck down into the soil. In her shopping peregrinations she was making casual acquaintances; and she had not yet become accustomed to it.

"I bought some darling little casseroles at Phelan's to-day," she said. "The whole Phelan family waited on me. Where do you suppose the women get their perfectly awful clothes? Mrs. Phelan offered to take me to her milliners!" Or: "You know Wilkins, the furniture man, where we got the big armchair? I was in there to-day, and he apologized because his wife hadn't called!"

They went to bed early, because they were both very tired.

Keith also had generally passed an interesting day. Immediately after breakfast he went down to his office and conscientiously sat a while. Sometimes he wrote letters or cast up accounts; but there could not be much of this to do. About ten or eleven o'clock his impatient temperament had had enough of this, so he drifted over to the Monumental engine house. After considerable thought he had decided to join this company. It represented about the class of men with whom he wanted to affiliate, the influential men of the lawyer, Southern-politician, large-business-man types. There were many of these volunteer organizations. Their main purpose was to fight fire; but they served other purposes as well—political, social and financial. David Broderick, for example, already hated and feared, partly owned and financed a company of ward heelers who were introducing and establishing the Tammany type of spoils politics. Casey, later in serious trouble, practically manipulated another.

Time Was Precious, for the Roof Might Give Way Beneath Them

In the Monumental, Keith delighted in Bert Taylor. Bert Taylor in turn delighted in Keith. The little chubby man's enthusiasm for the company, though recognized as most valuable to the company's welfare, had ended by boring most of the company's members.

But Keith was a new listener and avid for information. He had had no notion of how complicated the whole matter could be.

Bert Taylor dissertated sometimes on one phase of the subject, sometimes on another.

"It's drill we need, and the fellows won't drill enough!" was Bert Taylor's constant complaint. "What do they know about hose? They run it out any way it comes, and roll it up anyhow, instead of doing a proper job."

"How should you do it?" asked Keith.

"It ought to be laid right, so there's no bends or sharp angles in it. It should never be laid over heaps of stones, or any kind of uneven surface; for that increases the water resistance. If there are any bends or curves they should be regular and even. The hose ought never to rest against a sharp edge or angle. And when you coil it up you ought to reverse the sides every time, so it will wear even and stretch even. Do they do it? Not unless I stand over them with a club!"

He showed Keith the hose, made of India rubber, a comparatively new thing, for theretofore hose had been made of riveted leather. Bert Taylor made him feel the inside of this hose with his forefinger to test its superlative smoothness.

"Mighty little resistance there!" he cried triumphantly.

The nozzles, all in racks, he handled with almost reverent care.

"These are the boys that cost the money," said Taylor. "If the inside isn't polished like a mirror the water doesn't come smooth. And the least little dent makes the stream ragged and broken. Nothing looks worse, and it isn't so effective on the fire. It ought to be thrown like a solid rod of water. I can't get the boys to realize that the slightest bruise, dent or burr throws the stream in a ragged, feathery form. The result of that is that a lot of water is dissipated and lost."

Keith, who had taken hold of the nozzle rather negligently, returned it with the reverent care due crown jewels.

"How long a stream will it throw?" he asked.

"With thirty men on a side, she's done a hundred and twelve feet high and two hundred and eighteen for distance," said Bert with simple pride.

He picked up the nozzle again.

"See here—here's an invention of my own. Cost money to put it in, too, because every other nozzle on earth is made wrong."

He explained that other nozzles are made so that the thread of the hose screwed into the nozzle, while in his the thread of the nozzle screwed into the hose.

"If there's a leak or a bad connection," explained Bert, "with the old type the water is blown back into the fireman's face and he is blinded. His whole efficiency depends on a close joint. But with my scheme the leak is blown forward, away from the lineman. It's a perfectly sound scheme; but I can't make them see it."

"Sounds reasonable," observed Keith, examining perfunctorily a device to which later he was to owe his life.

Item by item they went over the equipment—the scaling ladders, the jumping sheets, the branch pipes, the suction pipes, the flat roses, standcocks, goosenecks, the dogtails, dam boards, shovels, saws, pole axes, hooks and ropes. From a consideration of them the two branched off to the generalities of fire fighting. Keith learned that the combating of a fire, driving it into a corner and outflanking it was a fine art.

"I say always get in close," said Taylor. "A fire can be put out as well as just drowned out."

It struck Keith as interesting that in a room a stream should always be directed at the top of a fire, so that the water running down helps extinguish the flames below; whereas an attack at the bottom or center merely puts out the immediate blaze, leaving the rest to spread upward or sideways. Taylor put himself on record against fighting fire from the street.

"Don't want a whole lot of water and row," he maintained. "Get into close quarters and make every drop count."

When Bert's enthusiasm palled Keith always found men in the reading room. The engine house was a sort of clearing house for politics, business schemes, personal affairs or differences.

Once a day, also, as part of his job in his profession, Keith went to the courthouse. There he sat in the inclosure reserved for lawyers and listened to the proceedings, his legal mind alert and interested in the technical battles. At no time in the world's history has sheer technicality, unleavened by common sense, been carried farther than in the early California courts. Even in the most law-ridden times elsewhere a certain check has been exercised by public opinion or the pressure of business interests. But here was as yet no public opinion; and business interests, their energies fully taxed by the necessities of a new country, were willing to pay heavily to be let alone. Consequently lawyers were permitted to play out their fascinating game to their hearts' content, and totally without reference to expedience or to the justice of the case. The battles were indeed intensely technical and shadowy. Points within points were fought bitterly. Often for days the real case at issue was forgotten.

Only one of the more obvious instances of technical triumph need be cited: One man killed another on a public street before many witnesses. The indictment was, however, thrown out and he released, because it stated only that the victim was killed by a pistol and failed to specify that his death was due to the discharge of said pistol. The lawyer who evolved this brilliant idea was greatly admired and warmly congratulated.

The wheels of the law ground very slowly. One of the simplest and most effective expedients of defense was delay. A case could be postponed and remanded, often until the witnesses were scattered or influenced. But there were infinite numbers of legal expedients, all most interesting to a man of Keith's profession. His sense of justice was naturally strong and warm; and an appeal to it outside a courtroom or a law office always got an immediate and common-sense response. But inside the law his mind automatically closed; and a case could have only legal aspects.

On the adjournment of court Keith generally drifted over to the El Dorado or the Empire, where he spent an hour or so loafing with some of his numerous acquaintances. He was of the temperament that makes itself quickly popular—the laughing, hearty sort, full of badinage and genuinely liking most men with whom he came

in contact. There was always much joking in the air, but back of it was a certain reserve, a certain wariness, for every second man was a professed fire eater, given to feeling insulted on the slightest of grounds and flying to the duel or the street fight instanter.

This hour was always most pleasant to Keith; nevertheless, he went home about five o'clock in order to enjoy an hour or so of daylight about the place. He performed prodigies of digging in the new garden, constructing terraces, flowerbeds, walks, and the like. While the actual construction work was under way he was greatly interested; but he cared nothing for the finished product or the mere growing of flowers.

Gringo received his share of training, at first to his intense disgust. Twice he refused obedience; and, the matter being pressed, resorted to the simple expedient of retiring from the scene. Keith dropped everything and pursued. Gringo crawled under things, but was followed even to the dustiest and cobwebbiest farther corner under the porch. He tried speed and dodging, but was trailed in all his doublings and twistings at top pace. He tried running straight away over the sandhills, and at first left his horrible master behind, but the horrible master possessed a horrible persistence. Finally he shut his eyes and squatted, expecting instant annihilation; but instead was haled back to the exact scene of his disobedience, and the command was repeated. Nan laughed until the tears came, over the large, warm, red-faced man running after the small, obstinate, scared pup, but Keith refused to joke.

"If he finds he can't get away, no matter what happens, I'll never have to do it again," he panted. "But if he wins out even once, it'll be an awful job."

Gringo tried twice. Then, his faith in his ability to escape completely shattered, he gave up. After that he adored Keith and was always under his feet.

Keith saw nothing of any of the women. Mrs. Sherwood seemed to have dropped from their ken when they left the hotel. Once Keith inquired casually about Mrs. Morrell.

"She's been over twice to see the place," replied Nan.

"We ought to go over there to call," proffered Keith vaguely. But there the matter rested.

XIV

ONE night Keith was awakened by Nan's sitting up suddenly in bed. There came to his struggling consciousness the persistent, steady clangor of many deep bells. Slowly recognition filtered into his mind—the fire bells!

He hastily pulled on some clothes and ran down the front stairs, stumbling over Gringo, who uttered an outraged yelp. From the street he could see a red glow in the sky. At top speed he ran down the street in the direction of the Monumental. In the half darkness he could make out other figures running.

The deep tones of the bells continued to smite his ear, but now in addition he heard the tinkling and clinking of innumerable smaller bells—those on the machines.

He dashed round a corner, to encounter a double line of men, running at full speed, hauling on a long rope attached to an engine. Their mouths were open and they were all yelling. The light engine careened and swayed and bumped. Two men clung to the short steering tongue, trying to guide it. They were thrown violently from side to side, dragged here and there, tripping, hauling, falling across the tongue, but managing to keep the machine from dashing off at a tangent. Above them, high and precarious, swayed the short, stout figure of Bert Taylor. He was in full regalia, leather helmet, heavy leather belt, long-tailed coat, and in his free hand the chased silver speaking trumpet with the red tassels that usually hung on the wall. He was in his glory, dominating the horde. His keen eye, roving everywhere, seeing everything, saw Keith.

"Catch hold!" he roared through the trumpet.

Keith made a flying grab at a vacant place on the line, caught it, was almost jerked from his feet, recovered himself and charged on, yelling like the rest.

But now Bert Taylor began to yell something excitedly. It became evident, from glimpses caught down the side streets, but especially through the many vacant lots, that another engine was paralleling their own course a block away.

"Jump her, boys! Jump her!" shrieked Bert Taylor. "Don't let those Eurekas beat you!"

He danced about on top the water box of the engine, in imminent peril of being jerked from his place, battering his silver trumpet insanely against the brake rods, beseeching, threatening profanely. And profanity at that time was a fine art. Men studied its alliteration, the gorgeousness of its imagery, the blast of its fire. The art has been lost, existing still, in a debased form, only among mule drivers. The men on the rope responded nobly. The roar of their going over the plank road was like hollow thunder. A man dropped out. Next day it was discovered he had broken his leg in a hole.

At tremendous speed they charged through the ring of spectators and drew up, proud and panting, victors by a hundred feet, to receive the plaudits of the multitude. A handsome man on a handsome horse rode up.

"Monumentals on the fire; Eurekas on Cistern Number Twenty," he commanded briefly.

This was Charles Duane, the unpaid fire chief, a likable, efficient man, but too fond of the wrong sort of friends.

Now it became evident to Keith why Bert Taylor had urged them so strongly in the race. The fire was too distant from the water supply to be carried in one length of hose. Therefore, one engine was required to relay to another, pumping the water from the cistern through the hose and into the water box of the other engine. The other engine pumped it from their own water box onto the fire. The latter, of course, was the position of honor.

The Eurekas fell back, grumbling and uttering open threats to wash their rivals. By this they meant that they would pump water into the Monumentals' water box faster than the latter could pump it out, thus overflowing and eternally disgracing them. They dropped their suction hose into the cistern, and one of their number held the end of the main hose over a little trap door in the Monumentals' box. The crews sprang to the long brake handles on either side, and at once the regular thud, thud, thud of the pumps took up its rhythm. The hose writhed and swelled; the light engines quivered. Bert Taylor and the Eureka foreman, Carter by name, walked back and forth as on their quarterdecks, exhorting their men. Relays in uniform, assumed on the spot, stood ready at hand. Nobody in either crew knew or cared anything whatsoever about the fire. As the race became closer, the foremen got more excited, begging their crews to increase the stroke, beating their speaking trumpets into shapeless, battered relics. An astute observer would now have understood one reason why the jewelry stores carried such a variety of fancy speaking trumpets. They were for presentation by grateful owners after the fire had been extinguished; and it was generally necessary to get a new one for each fire.

Keith, acting under previous instructions, promptly seized a helmet and poleax and made his way to the front. The fire had started in one of many flimsy wooden buildings and had rapidly spread to threaten a whole district. Men from the hook-and-ladder companies were already at work on some of the hopeless cases. A fireman or two mounted ladders to the eaves, dragging with them a heavy hook on the end of a long pole. Cutting a small hole with their axes, they hooked on this apparatus and descended. As many firemen and volunteers as could get hold of the pole and the rope attached to it now began to pull.

"Yo! Heave ho!" they cried

The timbers cracked, broke, the whole side of the house came out with a grand and satisfying crash. An inferno of flame was thereby laid open to the streams from the hose lines. It was grand destructive fun for everybody, especially for the boys of all ages, which included in spirit about every male person present. This sort of work was intended, of course, to confine or check the fire within the area already affected, and could accomplish nothing toward saving the structures already alight. The roar of the flames, the hissing of firebrands sucked upward, the crash of timbers, the shrieks of the foremen through their trumpets, the yells of applause or of sarcasm from the crowd, and the thud, thud, thud, thud of numerous brake bars made a fine pandemonium. Everybody, except the owners or tenants of the buildings, was delighted.

Keith, with two others, was instructed to carry the Monumentals' nozzle to the roof of a house not afire Proudly they proceeded to use their scaling ladders. These were a series of short sections, each about six feet long, the tops slightly narrower than the bottoms. By means of slots these could be fitted together. First Keith erected one of these against the wall of the building at an angle, and ascended it, carrying another section across his shoulder. When he reached a certain rung, which was painted red, he thrust his foot through the ladder and against the wall, pushed the ladder away from the wall, and fitted the section he was carrying on to the top of the section on which he was standing. He then hauled up another section and repeated. When the ladder had reached to the eaves he and his companions dragged the squirting, writhing hose up with them, chopped footholds in the roof, and lay flat to look over the ridgepole as over a breastwork. All this to the tune of admiring plaudits and a pleasing glow of heroism. There was a skylight; but they either overlooked or scorned that prosaic expedient

At the other end of the ridgepole Keith made out the dark forms of two men from another company. His own companions, acting under orders, now descended the ladder, leaving him alone.

The next building was a raging furnace, and on it Keith directed the heavy stream from his nozzle. It was great fun. At first the water seemed to have no effect whatever, but after a little it began to win. The flames were beaten back, broken into detachments. Finally Keith got to the point of chasing down small individual outbreaks, driving them into their lairs, drowning them as they crouched. He was wholly interested, and the boy in him, with a shamefaced half

(Continued on Page 37)

"Make Friends—Everybody, Everywhere. Don't Despise Anybody"

AS IS: Buying a Slightly Used Car

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE typical examples of human frailty are two in number—getting married and buying motor cars. At one time or another almost everybody has been guilty of one or of both these offenses. To-day it is almost necessary to be guilty of both if of either. When Gladys leans her aureoled head on your broad shoulder in the arbor and whispers "Yes!" the next thing you hear is "John, do you think we'd better get a Ruat, a Domino or a Battle-ax?"

Our foremothers in the good old days had one buggy and one hired girl. Now their daughters, if they are anything socially, have several maids and at least one car. Personally I have had but one social ambition in my life—I always wanted to own a piece of ground. You can raise a great many radishes on ten feet of ground when you learn to tell a radish from a weed; and I was always ambitious to raise the radishes for my own table, because the kind you buy at groceries are sure to be hollow. I might have owned a radish ranch by now had it not been for our dog, Webster.

Webster is our dog's name because our lease says: "No dogs shall be allowed on the premises except a small lap dog as defined by Webster." When we got Webster he was a small lap dog, not more than eight inches long—he was given to us by a friend who had been presented with a nest of them—and so he qualified under the lease. But he began to grow and has kept it up almost all the time ever since, until now he is so unabridged that there is not room for him and a baby carriage in the elevator at the same time.

A Car to Air Webster

THE owners of our building have often objected to Webster; but our lawyer said they were put on notice when we first carried Webster into the apartment, that he was a lap dog then, and hence must have remained a lap dog, ever since. However, *n'importe*, as we say in Chicago.

I had not noticed that anything was wrong with Webster, but, on the contrary, thought he was looking extraordinarily well. Willy Lou, however, insisted that her doctor had told her that Webster was not long for this world unless he had more exercise. It seems that dogs do not walk any more, but ride in motor cars.

From that time on most of my spare time was employed in reading, not seed catalogues, but automobile lists. I became duly accustomed to the fine pictures of a merry party of well-clad citizens—whom you could almost hear conversing in low, well-modulated tones as they sped onward over the beautifully kept roads—the car carelessly driven by a handsome young man with a firm chin, and occupied as to the rear seat by a beautiful young lady gayly waving her hand at some imaginary individual. At last I resolved to remain no longer outside the picture.

The first day after I had in my dreams figured Webster and the rest of the family in a car of our own, we found the front-door steps occupied by twenty-odd automobile salesmen, each declaring that his was the only car in the world worth having. Before the day was over as many neighbors and friends dropped in, casually remarking that they understood I wished to purchase a car. This is what is technically known as telepathy.

"What you want," said a friend of mine who wears spectacles, "is a Hochheimer. I suppose you intend to drive your own car, and if so you need something that will always be ready to start. This car—it is the one I have myself—is absolutely the best car on the market. In road tests they

So That the Mechanician Might Execute Certain Necessary Adjustments

who looks something like the young man in the automobile pictures. He seems to have a great many cars and spends most of his time inducing his friends to buy cars. I asked him why, and he said it was because he loved company.

"What you want," said Percy Jones to me, "is not a Hochheimer or a Ruat or a Domino, or a Dolores-McGuffy, or any of those cheap and common cars—you want a Battle-ax. That's the only thing with the class. The minute they see you coming down the Avenue in a Battle-ax you get a better rating in the commercial agencies. Really, the man who owns a motor car ought to have a bad rating; but it seems to work the other way about."

"What does the Battle-ax cost?" I inquired faintly of Percy Jones.

"My friend," said he, "what difference does it make what it costs? Nobody ever pays for a car. He pays down only whatever he can afford and then trades it in for another car."

"But doesn't he have to pay for that one either?"

Percy laughed a low ripple of laughter that sounded like the water dancing over the sun-kissed pebbles in some little brooklet—or something of that kind—and replied jauntily:

"Why, no; he doesn't pay for that one either. He trades it in too."

"Oh!" I said. "I begin to see. So that is the way you fix it! But what is the face of the paper that somebody puts up for a Battle-ax at some stage of the game?"

"Well," said Percy, "if you are so particular as that, say sixty-five hundred or seventy-five hundred, according to the color of the upholstering. You might have to put a few things in the car, of course; though, when you get sixty-five hundred dollars' worth of car it ought to be pretty well fixed up. But"—and here he looked at me closely—"I don't suppose you want a really swell car. What you want to do is to start in and get your feet wet gradually. If I were in your place I'd get a slightly used car."

I explained to him that I wanted a plain, simple car, good enough for a dog; and we both concluded that a Battle-ax of the more inexpensive style would be good enough for Webster.

From that time on we began looking for slightly used cars, but found such an embarrassment of riches in the For Sale advertising columns that it was difficult to make any decision. All the dealers said: "We pay more for slightly used cars of our own make than anyone else will pay. We take back more of our cars than anybody else does. None of our cars ever runs more than just a little while; then we take it in again, so that our customers may keep up with the improvements we are making all the time. No stranger should leave the city without one of our slightly used cars."

It was thus I became acquainted with some of the extraordinary features of one of the great industrial phenomena of our day. Percy and I visited that part of our city which is given over to the motor trade—there are some eight miles of trenches where the enemy are firmly dug in. I learned it was even as he had said—no one ever really buys a new car; all he does is to trade in his slightly used car and get another one, which, in turn, he trades in. All my friends explained to me that invariably this was the case; and, also, with a smile that at first I did not understand, they added the same cryptic remark about one's getting one's feet wet a little at a time.

Percy's Nice Little Job

"ONE thing I want to caution you against," said Percy Jones to me as we approached the motor trenches: "Don't ever call your car an 'automobile'—especially with the accent on the last syllable. That gives you away as a beginner and they soak you worse. No one owns an automobile any more—remember, it is always a 'car.' If you go out to your farm in one of them you don't take an automobile out to the farm, but you 'motor down to your place in the country.' You must learn a few of these phrases before you can hope to do much good for yourself in buying a car in the street."

"Isn't there any way of beating this game?" I asked Percy after a time. "I can't exactly put my finger on the joker."

"Beat this game?" said Percy Jones, drawing in a deep sigh and smiling sadly. "Beat the motor-car game?" Then he exhaled another deep sigh: "No!" And, after a time, again: "No!"

"But," he added brightly a moment later, "if there is any way of beating it, it is the way I am showing you now. Don't buy a new car—buy a slightly used car. Why, look here; the minute you run a new car out across the sidewalk—bing!—your depreciation charge is just fifty per cent."

"Is that so?" said I. "If it goes off fifty per cent in five minutes, what would be the total depreciation in, say, six months or a year?"

"Never mind—make the other fellow take that loss—stand from under it yourself. Do you get me?" said Percy.

It now began to seem that there might be some way of beating the automobile game after all, and I felt quite happy. Percy Jones came into our place one day very much excited.

"I've got you!" said he. "I've found a slightly used Battle-ax, date of 1902; and she's a fine little job."

I should remark in passing that no salesman and no truly expert owner of a car ever speak of a motor as an automobile, a car or a motor—but as a job. In buying a car it is quite desirable to give it this appellation—the salesmen then are not so sure that you are a beginner.

At Last I Resolved to Remain No Longer Outside the Picture

"This is a fine little job!" went on Percy Jones. "Now, at your age and in your station of life you don't need fawn-colored upholstery and a hand-painted set of pillar lamps all you need is just a good, substantial, quiet-looking wagon. Now, you take this 1902 job that I have found, and you come slipping by on the Avenue in that, and everybody sits up and takes notice that you are driving a Battle-ax. The Crawford-Hennings see you go by, and the old lady turns round and says: 'Mar-ree, I think really we'll have to call on those people.' From the first time, my boy, you go down the street in a Battle-ax your social chances begin to improve."

"But isn't 1902 pretty far back?" I inquired dubiously.

"Not in the least! That shows how little you know about the game. Now, there are good Battle-ax years and poor Battle-ax years. It's just the same as champagne or sauterne. Any of 'em's good, but some's better. Now, 1902 was one of the good Battle-ax years. The motors they made for 1902 were a heap better than they are making now for 1915. As for this one, I'll bet you anything it never ran over a hundred and fifty thousand miles—if it did that. There may be a little knock or so in it; but what's that?—you soon get so you don't notice it."

And Hence Must Have Remained a Lap Dog

"The only trouble," said I, "is that I have no slightly used car to use, employ or—so to speak—shove in on the first purchase of chips, as it were. I suppose I shall be obliged to put up some cash in the first place?"

"Hush!" said Percy Jones, laying his hands on my shoulders and casting a glance about him.

"Would you ruin all? If it gets out on this street that you have got money your life would not be worth a moment's purchase—they would take away a fellow's locket with his wife's hair in it. Keep still!"

A little later he came back and whispered to me confidentially that the present owners of this car—a firm that had taken it in trade for a new one of their own make—were willing to let it go for one thousand dollars.

"This job cost seventy-five hundred dollars, new," said Percy Jones. "Now, it don't take much figuring to see that I've saved you sixty-five hundred dollars right here in thirty minutes! Besides, I've saved you an initial depreciation of fifty per cent. That's going some, ain't it?"

The Inquest on Az Iz II

I TOLD Percy I could perhaps raise nine hundred dollars, as I had that much saved for my radish ranch, and he said he would see what he could do. By and by he came tiptoeing back from the rear of the showrooms and said:

"It's a go—they'll take nine hundred! They would have taken seven hundred if you had offered it," he added a moment later while he was counting over my nine hundred.

"Then why don't I get my two hundred back?" I demanded, somewhat troubled.

"Oh, you never get anything back in the used-car game," said he. "But what are you kicking about two hundred for? Haven't I saved you sixty-six hundred right here?"

So in due time we bought this 1902 car, whose number, if I recollect it right, was 167—apparently they had not made very many motor cars at that time. I got a receipt which read: "Received of William Brown nine hundred dollars for one Battle-ax Car, Number 167—Az Iz."

I called Percy's attention to the singular name of this car, and he said it was all right.

"Yes; that's all right—Az Iz," said he. "That's what they call all of 'em."

"Well, let's climb in and drive up home in the car," said I.

"Oh, no," said Percy; "you can't do that—she won't run—there's so many things to do to her. You didn't expect an Az Iz car to run, did you?"

"Oh, no; not at all," said I, smiling—"not at all. I was just fooling about that."

"There are fifty-eight reasons why that car won't run," said Percy; "but we will come down in a day or so and look it over. To tell the truth, I think some of the gears are stripped, and the clutch is broken, and the transmission is all to the bad. I saw that one of the wheels was dished a little bit too: and I don't think it would be quite safe. No Az Iz car ever runs they're not expected to. You didn't think you were going to get a slightly used car that would run, did you?" he repeated.

I borrowed fifty dollars and paid a lawyer to tell me what the name of that car meant. He explained to me in a learned opinion that Az Iz was really the equivalent for an old Roman phrase, *Caveat emptor.*

"The distinctive phrase, when appended to a receipt or bill of specifications," said the lawyer, "in fact, puts you on notice. It is *scire scilicet, ex post facto* and *fieri facias;* and no plea in *nolle prosequi* can lie as against the vendor. You accept the car in its present condition and cannot go back to the said seller of the same with intent to recover any portion of the purchase price aforesaid."

"Even if it won't run?" I asked.

"Yes; in fact, the majority of decisions show that they do not run—no slightly used motor runs, my friend. Did you expect one to do so?"

"In other words," said I, "an Az Iz car is one as isn't?"

"Precisely," said the lawyer. "Please see the clerk as you pass out."

There are some very curious things in the law.

So for several days Percy and I rode home on the street car. Almost always I sat next to a large German woman, who had a dachshund of legal size in her lap, no larger than a Webster; and I really could not see but that she was quite as happy as any of the ladies on the Avenue with their Boston dogs.

"What's the matter with keeping right on riding in a street car as is?" said I to Percy Jones; but he only shook his head and asked me not to joke over serious things. "You've got to get your feet wet," said he.

In about four days he called again and said he had been able to find a slightly used 1905 Battle-ax that made our original purchase look like a bent nickel.

"We'll trade in your car and get one that is much better—I wouldn't be found dead in that tin-can proposition you got the other day!" said he. "Of course you may have to do a few little things to this one; but what's a few dollars here or there? For eighty dollars you can get an entire new set of gears put in. New lamps wouldn't cost you more than eight dollars or so. Of course these fenders have been busted up; but you can get a very good set anywhere from sixty-five to a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"I wouldn't put on the full crown fenders if I were you, because somehow they don't seem to go with the vintage of 1905 so well—folks will spot you when you go by—it's the same as wearing a silk hat with a sack coat. The car hasn't been painted for maybe twenty years: but you can get a fine job done—a burn-off job—twenty-two coats, best varnish, for anywhere from ninety to a hundred and twenty-five dollars. They can putty up the worst of the cracks so they won't show much. Of course, too, you've got to have all the brass parts nickeled—nobody uses brass any more."

"What You Want to Do is to Start In and Get Your Feet Wet Gradually"

"Is that all that has to be done?" asked I after making a few rapid calculations.

More Money Saved Backward

"ALL?" said he. "No; that's just the beginning! Now, you take the springs—this car, if it would go so we could try it, would run as heavy as a stone boat. The springs will have to be taken off, cleaned and graphited. I think, myself, they ought to be set up a little bit—rearched, you know; but, at that, you would have to have shock absorbers of some kind."

"What do they cost?" I inquired diffidently.

"Well, you can't use the ones they put on the little cars—you ought to have a good set. There are several makes on the market, all the way from twenty-five dollars up to two hundred and fifty. From the looks of these axles and springs, I should say the best set of shock absorbers you could get wouldn't be any too good for this job here."

"That is to say," said I after a time, "this is another Az Iz."

Percy nodded.

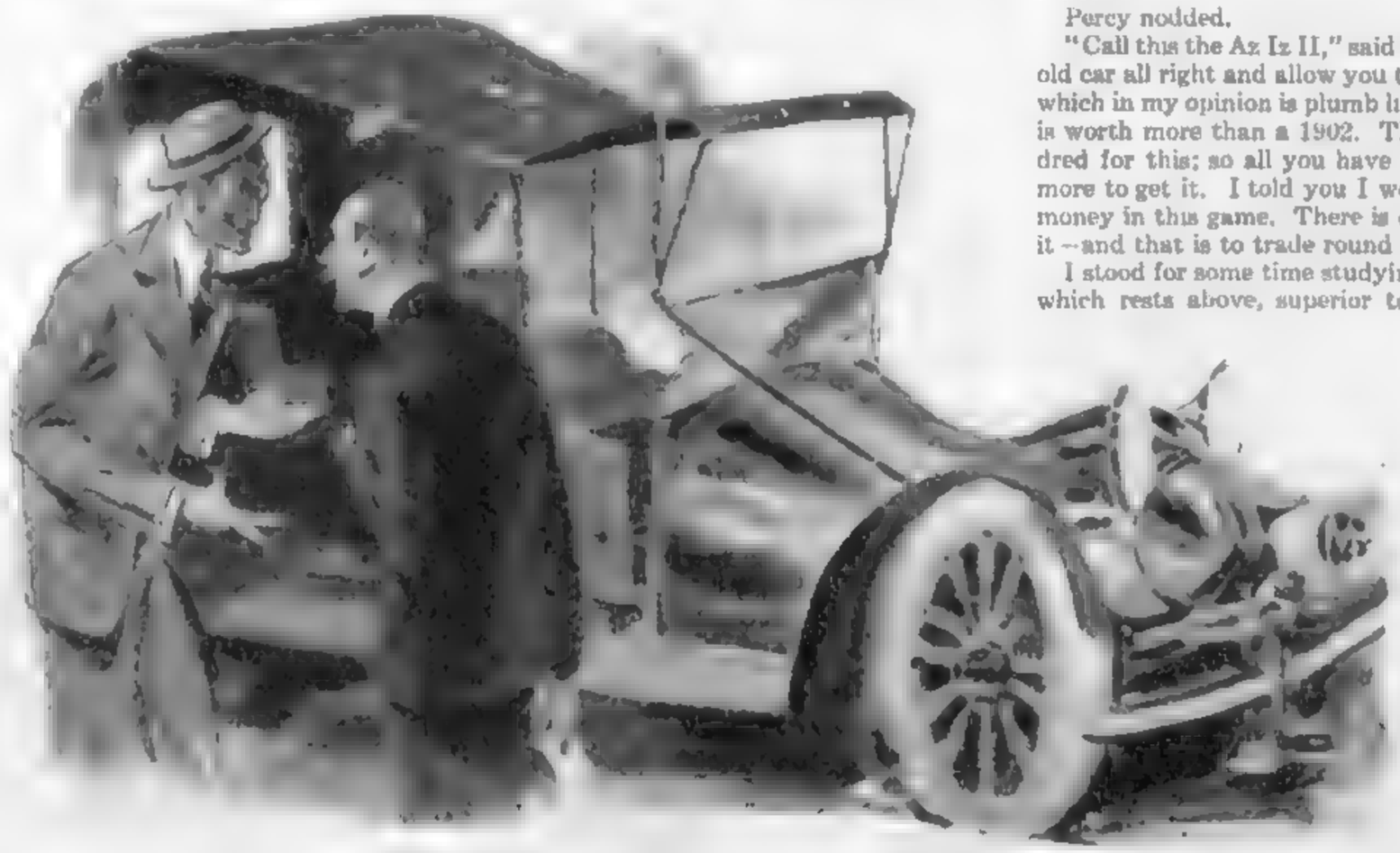
"Call this the Az Iz II," said he. "They will trade in the old car all right and allow you three hundred dollars for it, which in my opinion is plumb liberal. Of course a 1905 car is worth more than a 1902. They want only eleven hundred for this; so all you have to put up is eight hundred more to get it. I told you I would show you how to save money in this game. There is only one way you can beat it—and that is to trade round with slightly used cars."

I stood for some time studying that portion of the body which rests above, superior to or, as it were, superimposed on, the wheels—it is, I believe, variously known as the tonneau, the body, the limousine, and by many other appellations.

"To my inexperienced eye," said I to Percy Jones, "this portion of the car reminds me very much of the grocery wagon that used to go by our place every morning."

"Sure it does!" said he frankly. "That is where they got the model for the 1905 body. They must have taken

(Continued on Page 30)



"You Didn't Expect an Az Iz Car to Run, Did You?"

NO DIVIDENDS

Big Business Works for Charity

By FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

ON THE twentieth floor of a New York sky-scraper, in a big room overlooking the Hudson River, a man sat at a huge, flat-topped desk on the first Monday of last April, pen in hand, before a pile of documents that was continually being added to by messengers entering a doorway through which was visible an army of clerks behind rows on rows of other desks. A great map of the United States and the Atlantic Ocean, with the European seaboard outlined on the east, occupied one wall. Right across the ocean, on the map, stood two lines of pins with colored heads, which marked a course to Falmouth and thence across the English Channel to Rotterdam. At Falmouth were two blue pins; at Rotterdam a group of white pins. At various American ports on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and in the Gulf of Mexico were black pins.

There were between forty and fifty pins in all, and each one represented a ship. A black pin was a ship loading; when she sailed eastward she became a blue pin, which was moved daily to mark her progress. She was still a blue pin when she stopped at Falmouth for a pilot. She became a white pin when she unloaded her cargo at Rotterdam, to become a red pin when she started west in ballast. Over the forty odd states a hundred taller black pins marked a hundred collecting stations in a hundred cities and towns; and on painted squares and oblongs, red, blue and mauve, were recorded the freight rates of many railroads.

Another wall was covered by a blackboard, on which was inscribed in chalk a list of ships, with their tonnage, their ports, and the dates of their arrival and departure.

This room was the private office of the traffic department of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and the man at the desk was the department's head. With rapidity and precision he disposed of the papers before him. Some he merely annotated and threw into wire receptacles on the desk bearing such labels as Marine, Routing, Insurance, Warehousing, Classification, whence they were gathered every few moments by hurrying clerks, who fled with them to various subheads of the department.

Others of these documents necessitated his ordering long-distance telephone calls, or caused him to study the names of the ships on the blackboard or the location of the pins on the big map. Occasionally his touch of a desk button brought in an alert youth who, when handed a slip of paper, changed a white pin for a red one or a black for a blue.

There entered a man holding in his hand a cablegram.

"Good morning, Mr. Davis," he said to the traffic chief. "How's business to-day?"

"We're breaking all shipping records, Mr. Bates," replied the other. "We unloaded 46,000 tons of foodstuffs—sustenance for all Belgium for fifteen or twenty days—at Rotterdam last week, out of six ships. That's going some!"

"You may prepare to go some more," remarked the man with the cablegram. "Here's a message from Hoover, from London, to say that he's just chartered eighteen steamers more, with a total tonnage of 107,800 tons. Have we that amount of cargo ready?"

Foodstuffs in Staggering Quantities

"I'LL tell you in a moment," responded the traffic expert, rapidly adding up a column of figures on a typewritten sheet he detached from a file on his desk. "We've got just 99,274 tons of cargo on the seaboard," he said a moment later. "That means that we're a little more than a shipload short of 107,000 tons. And our 99,000 tons are distributed all along the Atlantic Coast, from Halifax down into the Gulf. We have 22,000 tons—leaving out fractions of thousands—here in New York; 6500 tons at Boston; 6700 tons at Philadelphia; 16,000 tons at Baltimore; 5900 tons at Newport News; 6400 tons at Halifax; 13,000 tons at Montreal; 13,000 tons at Galveston; and 1400 tons at New Orleans. Broenniman is still buying all the foodstuffs in sight. There'll be cargo for more than eighteen ships by the time they reach their ports."

April marked the high tide of the commission's business. It loaded nine ships for Rotterdam during the last week of that month, which permitted the accumulation of sufficient food in Belgium to maintain the supply that has been supplemented by the shipment of 6500 tons from the United States every forty-eight hours since. It should interest those who profess to believe that the principal American characteristic is greed for dollars to know that the greatest private enterprise ever undertaken in the United States is a philanthropic one, albeit it is based on the theory that the way to help the necessitous is to help them to help themselves. The Commission for Relief in Belgium, with headquarters occupying two floors' space in the big Empire Building, at 71 Broadway, and having more than a hundred branches throughout the States, is providing two meals a day for 9,500,000 men, women and children, 3000 miles away, at a cost of $10,000,000 a month, and has given its pledge to continue to supply those two meals a day until the end of the war.

By the middle of August the commission had provided foodstuffs and clothing to the value of about $66,000,000 to the Belgian people. Already, since it opened its New York offices last November, more than 460,000 tons of supplies have been delivered. Packed in railroad cars, these 460,000 tons would fill a series of freight trains from end to end, thirty cars to a train and ten tons to a car, reaching north from New York City to Albany and west from Albany to Buffalo.

The greatest amount of freight ever shipped out of the port of New York by all the transatlantic steamship lines combined in one year was approximately 1,000,000 tons. The Commission for Relief in Belgium has shipped from sixteen ports on the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf nearly half that amount in six months. As against two or at most three ships a week, sent out from American ports by any one of the great transatlantic lines at the time ocean traffic was at its height, the commission—as has been mentioned—has cleared as many as nine ships a week; its regular schedule is a ship every other day.

Up to July first, the total purchases of the commission through its New York office reached approximately 9,000,000 bushels of wheat; more than 1,000,000 barrels of flour; 22,500,000 pounds of hog products; 3,500,000 pounds of beef; 600,000 bushels of beans; 80,000 cases of condensed milk; 4,000,000 pounds of rice, and 3,500,000 pounds of pearl barley, aside from drugs and medicines in ton lots, and many other commodities; a total value of some $40,000,000.

During the winter and spring the commission's monthly food shipments to the distressed nation were 60,000 tons of wheat, or its equivalent in flour; 1,000 tons of rice; 5,000 tons of beans and peas; 20,000 cases of condensed milk, besides various other foodstuffs in smaller quantities. By the middle of April, the Belgians having by that time killed off all their cattle and hogs, because there was nothing left in the country to feed them on, there was added to these shipments a standing order for packing-house products comprising 1,200,000 pounds clear bellies, 1,200,000 pounds of fatbacks, 1,200,000 pounds of lard, and 1,200,000 pounds of barreled beef.

Not only is the Commission for Relief in Belgium the greatest private enterprise ever undertaken in this country, but, with new problems arising in its earlier existence every hour and no precedents to go by, it developed—due primarily to the genius of Lindon W. Bates, eminent among the civil engineers of the world—into one of the most efficient business machines of the world in a period of time so brief as almost to stagger belief. To build up an effective national organization, political, social or commercial, has hitherto been a matter of years. Mr. Bates was directing the daily work of subcommittees of the commission in thirty-seven of the forty-eight states two weeks after he received Herbert C. Hoover's cable message from London that, unless America came to the rescue, the entire population of Belgium must perish from famine. The commission has offices in Rotterdam and the principal cities of Belgium, as well as in London and New York, and throughout the United States.

FOOD FOR BELGIUM
FROM THIS BANK TO BELGIUM
You can now make a cash contribution for the destitute non-combatants at this bank.
We will send your donation—no matter how small—to the State Committee of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Money given here will be disbursed for food in this State as far as is practicable. The Executive Officers of the Committee in this State will send you a special receipt for the amount you contribute, if desired.

One of These Placards Was Hung in Every Post Office and Express Office in the Country

Teamwork by Messrs. Bates and Hoover

IT IS in New York, however, that the greater bulk of the work is done; and, though a majority of the members of the commission are active in its interests—giving their services without pecuniary compensation, of course—its enormous executive burden is borne almost entirely by Mr. Bates and Mr. Hoover. It was Mr. Hoover who, after the preliminary diplomatic exchanges with the belligerent Powers, by which the commission came into existence, directed the diplomatic and other negotiations that make it economically possible to keep the people of Belgium alive until the war shall cease—a victory of peace in time of war that shall be renowned as long as history is written. On Mr. Hoover, also, rests the responsibility of chartering the great fleet of ships that is carrying the food on which Belgium exists.

The weekly balance sheet—a unique feature of philanthropic organization—of the Commission for Relief in Belgium shows that its operating costs are less than two per cent of its turnover, and even these operating costs are provided out of a special fund, so that one hundred cents out of every dollar in money or food value donated to the Belgian cause goes to the actual relief of hunger. All supplies, according to agreement with the nations at war, must not only be transported to Belgium under the protection of the commission, but also distributed under its auspices. The supplies are loaded into barges at Rotterdam and sent through the canals into the different provinces of Belgium, where they are placed in warehouses under the control of the commission, to be issued daily to local relief committees.

The Commission for Relief in Belgium is feeding 9,500,000 people, but they are not all in Belgium. Early in the year it was ascertained that 2,500,000 French people south of the Belgian frontier, within the German lines of occupation, were in dire need of food; and in April the commission extended its good offices to them, under the same guarantees by England and Germany as in the case of Belgium, the necessary funds being supplied by French banks and institutions. Nor is the commission giving free food to the 7,000,000 Belgians. As a matter of fact there are at present less than 2,000,000 entirely destitute in this great bread line, though the number is increasing daily. More than 5,000,000 of the people still have some resources, and for social as well as pecuniary reasons it would be

foolish to give them food without payment, even though they should consent to take it on those terms. Ten ounces of food a day—about a quarter of the average amount consumed by the average adult in this country—is the amount allowed to each adult in Belgium. No matter how much money he may have, he cannot purchase more; and the entirely destitute receive as much.

It was a group of Americans in Brussels, headed by Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, that first brought to the attention of the outside world—early last October—the unhappy conditions existing there. This group of Americans did more than give warning, it resolved itself into a temporary relief committee, the membership of which included prominent Belgians, and sent Millard K. Shaler, an American resident of Brussels, to England with $100,000 to purchase provisions. Mr. Shaler bought a shipload of wheat, rice, beans and peas, 2500 tons in all; but diplomatic difficulties prevented its shipment until the end of the month, when, through the efforts of Ambassador Page, in London, Ambassador Gerard, in Berlin, and the State Department at Washington, permission was received from both the British and German Governments to send the then sorely needed supplies through the war zone, provided the undertaking was carried out under American auspices and control.

Mr. Hoover's Stirring Appeal

THE relief movement was now transferred to London; and, in response to an urgent appeal from Minister Whitlock, Ambassador Page and a few American residents of the British metropolis organized the Commission for Relief in Belgium by merging four benevolent bodies that had come into existence when the potentiality of famine first became a live issue—the American, Spanish and Italian Commissions for Relief in Belgium, and the Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation—Relief and Sustenance—of Belgium. The American and Spanish Ministers in Brussels, the American Minister at The Hague, and the American Ministers at Paris and Berlin were made honorary chairmen of the commission, and Herbert C. Hoover, an American mining engineer engaged in business in London and a man of extraordinary force and ability, was made its chairman and executive head. It was Mr. Hoover, by the way, who led the movement for the relief of Americans stranded in Europe just after the war began, which experiment in philanthropy seems only to have given him zest for the greater adventure.

On October thirty-first Mr. Hoover sent a stirring appeal through the newspapers to the people of the United States on behalf of the imperiled Belgians, which appeared in conjunction with a message from their king, written under fire on the battleline in Flanders.

"Americans must feed Belgium this winter," was Mr. Hoover's challenge to his countrymen. "There was never such a call on American charity and there never was a famine emergency so great. The problem is immediate. The Belgians are helping themselves, but they can do little; the British and French are under such a strain that they likewise can do little. Besides, these nations, together with the Dutch, have a million refugees on their hands. This is not a question of relief to the chronic poor; it is a question of feeding an entire population. The situation affects the wealthy and the well-to-do as well as the poor. It touches every home in Belgium."

It was two weeks later when, on an urgent cabled request from Mr. Hoover, who from long personal and business association with Mr. Bates knew his marvelous capacity for organization and administration, that gentleman took up the work of the commission in the United States as vice chairman. Mrs. Bates immediately organized the Woman's Section of the commission, with which more than 6,000,000 of her sex are to-day affiliated, and Lindon Bates, Junior, became his father's first lieutenant.

The death of this gifted young man, by drowning in the Lusitania disaster—already, at thirty-two years of age, distinguished as a writer, eminent in his father's profession and famous as an explorer—while on an errand of mercy to Belgium, is one of the saddest tragedies of the war. He is as surely a martyr to the Belgian cause as though he had died defending her soil.

Mr. Bates began a whirlwind canvass of the United States on Monday, November sixteenth, in his office in the Empire Building. Robert D. McCarter, a professional associate, became honorary secretary of the commission, and William E. Hall its legal adviser; Herbert R. Eldridge, vice president of the National City Bank, and Alexander J. Hemphill, president of the Guaranty Trust Company, looked after the finances; Will Irwin established a publicity bureau.

Time was Mr. Bates' first consideration, for it takes only a few days for a human being to starve, and Belgium's own food supply was now entirely exhausted. The first food from London—the 2500 tons purchased by Mr. Shaler, with another 1000 tons from the same source, had been distributed in the stricken country early in November, just as the starvation point was reached. It had been followed by 10,000 tons of wheat purchased by the commission on the Baltic Exchange in London. In immediate response to Mr. Hoover's appeal to America, the Rockefeller Foundation sent 3500 tons of foodstuffs, which left New York November fourth on the Massapequa. John Wanamaker had sent 1740 tons of food on the Thelma, leaving Philadelphia on the twelfth, and had the Orne loading 2000 tons more at Philadelphia.

It was up to Mr. Bates to have enough food for 7,000,000 people at the gates of Belgium immediately when these supplies were exhausted, and to keep up the supply indefinitely. The job was a bigger one than the feeding of the contending armies of Europe, whose commissaries were the result of years of studied preparation and whose supplies were at hand. Food for the Belgians must be carried from 3000 to 8000 miles, and must be begged before it could be loaded.

The first day Mr. Bates went into office as vice chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium telegrams went out to the governors of the forty-odd states of the Union, and to the mayors of every city of more than 200,000 population in those states; follow-up letters pursued the telegrams the same day. Five hundred personal letters to five hundred prominent men of Mr. Bates' acquaintance throughout the country gave immediate impetus to the movement for a nation's succor. In response to Mr. Hoover's appeal of October thirty-first societies for relief in Belgium were already springing into existence everywhere, and Mr. Bates' first move was to bring these organizations under one head in each state where they existed. State committees under a single head were organized in thirty-seven states, to each one complete autonomy being given within its own borders, and all making daily reports to New York.

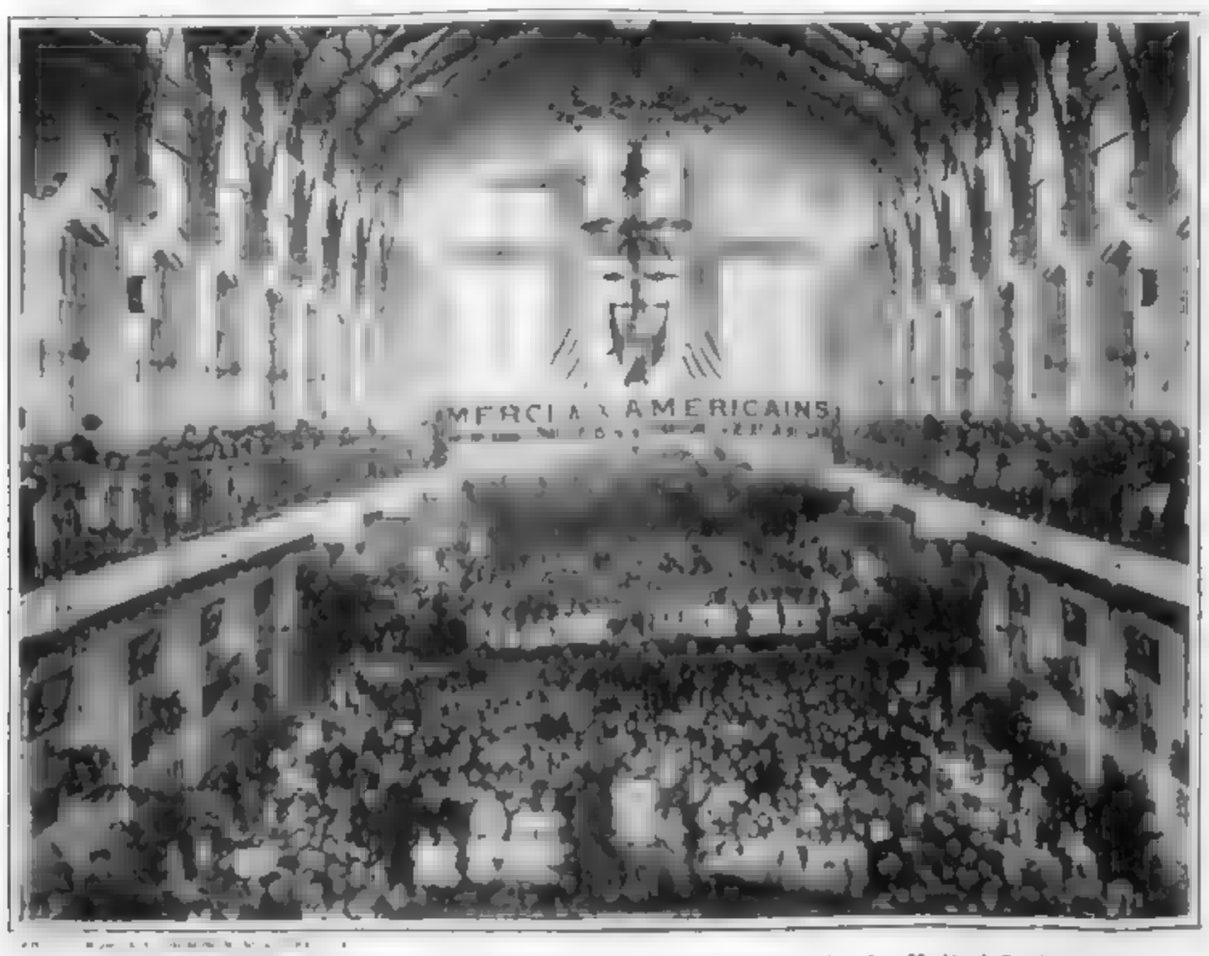
That there might be the least possible delay in getting action on the part of the state committees, Mr. Bates laid out their work for them to a great extent. At their first meetings minute instructions as to methods of procedure reached these committees. Constitutions and by-laws, ready drawn, obviated the necessity of giving time to such details, and directions as to the organization of a state by towns, counties and school districts made the beginning of active work immediately possible. Every state committee was authorized to use the commission's letterhead, containing the names and titles of all its members, imposingly led by those of the seven ambassadors and ministers who formed the board of honorary chairmen, and to put their own names on this august sheet in red letters. Letter forms, to be used in the relief propaganda, were sent to the committees, and they were notified that they might print and mail, at the expense of the commission, 2000 letters to mayors, 2000 to clergymen, 10,000 to prospective contributors, as well as 10,000 general letters. More than 200 letter and other forms were incorporated for the use of the commission and the state committees.

A White Flag With "Commission for Relief in Belgium" in Red Letters Safeguards Each Relief Ship

High-Pressure Publicity Work

UNDER the direction of Mr. Bates, at the beginning of the campaign the most eminent food experts combined their talents to ascertain the combinations of food of the greatest nutritive value and least cost that might be packed in the minimum space, in order that the smaller contributors to the relief of the starving nation might purchase intelligently; and the United States was sown with copies of the pamphlet, Food for Belgium, which gave tables of foods and quantities, with the approximate cost, that might be purchased at almost any grocery store.

Literature for purposes of propaganda went out from the commission's headquarters literally by the ton. And it was not all of it literature considered merely from the advertising point of view. Will Irwin wrote The Babes of Belgium, visiting that country for the purpose; and his booklet went all over America. The Needs of Belgium, a pamphlet containing articles specially written for the commission by Thomas Hardy, May Sinclair, Arnold Bennett, Anthony Hope, John Galsworthy, A. E. W. Mason and George Bernard Shaw, reached almost every home in the United States. Other well-known authors to contribute articles for the commission, that were circulated north, south, east and west, were Beatrice Harraden, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Father Bernard Vaughan, Marie Corelli and Compton Mackenzie. The commission's handbooks, circulars and bulletins fell on the states in cloudbursts; 3,500,000 of them have been printed and 3,000,000 have been distributed. Three-color placards, representing scenes in Belgium, with printed instructions underneath for sending money and food thither, were sent to every grocer in America whose financial rating was above $5000; one of these placards was hung in every post office and express office in the country, as well as in store and shop windows everywhere. Four thousand wholesale grocers and 13,000 banks were specially circularized in the effort to get these placards before the people. The commission is sending information to-day to a list of 2630 newspapers and magazines; it manages a speakers' bureau, whose members are touring the country; and it is issuing lantern slides and producing moving pictures giving a pictorial history of its work.



There is No Question of the Gratitude of the Belgians to the United States

America's response to the commission's appeal, on behalf of the gallant little state that was the chief sufferer in a war not of her own making, was of a nature to amaze the most optimistic of the little band of altruists which had come between Belgium and starvation. As has been mentioned, the Rockefeller Foundation and John Wanamaker had begun to send supplies before the New York office of the commission was established. These reached Belgium just as the people were again in dire straits for food, it having been necessary for the commission to borrow 10,000 tons of wheat from the Dutch Government to tide them over until provisions should begin to arrive from the United States. The Rockefeller Foundation also sent three relief ships in December, with a total of 18,000 tons of supplies.

At the time Mr. Bates began active work, William C. Edgar, editor of the Northwestern Miller, of Minneapolis, was in the midst of a relief campaign of his own in Minnesota and adjacent states; but, on the establishment of the New York office of the commission, he came under its ægis, as did the Rockefeller Foundation. By the first of December America's great charity boom was in full swing, the appeal reaching every class of the population—from multimillionaires, who gave in the hundreds of thousands, through the ranks of the wealthy and the well-to-do and those of modest means and the very poor, to the ex-convict who donated to the starving Belgians ten cents he had previously allocated for repairs to keep the snow out of his shoes—the truth of which incident is duly vouched for.

California organized early and on December eighth sent 6500 tons of provisions, bound for Rotterdam through the Panama Canal; Kansas sent 6850 tons from New York on January fifth; the New England States sent 8470 tons from Boston on January seventh and 5350 tons from New York on March ninth; the State of Washington sent 7500 tons by way of the Canal on January twenty-seventh, and on the same day Oregon dispatched 6500 tons from Portland; Louisiana and Alabama joined forces and sent 6750 tons from New Orleans on February second; Georgia and South Carolina combined to send 7000 tons from Charleston on February twenty-eighth; Maine sent 6500 tons from the eastern Portland on March second, which was in addition to her contribution to the 8470 tons sent by the New England States in January; Ohio sent 8500 tons from New York on March twenty-eighth; the State of New York sent 8470 tons from the port of New York on March seventh, and will send 6100 tons more in June.

Every one of the United States has contributed directly or indirectly to the cause of the starving Belgians. One of the striking features of the state campaigns was the issuance of a proclamation by the governor of Oklahoma, setting forth conditions in the martyr nation, that was published in every newspaper and read from every pulpit in the state on a Sunday in April.

Personality for Capital

THE sum total of charity thus far bestowed on Belgium is not limited to the food, clothing and money that appear on the lists of contributions. There are, aside from Mr. Hoover and Mr. Bates, some twenty Americans of prominence in business and the professions who have abandoned their ordinary vocations to conduct the affairs of the commission in New York, London, Rotterdam and Brussels, where only men of high standing and exceptional ability are competent to cope with diplomatic and other difficulties that are continually arising. As the Belgian Handbook has it: "The sole capital of the Commission for Relief in Belgium at the beginning was the personality and the business prestige of its members." Put into figures, the potential earning power of these men for six months or a year would be a stupendous amount.

In addition to these official heads, there are more than fifty volunteer workers filling branch offices in America, Holland and Belgium, and over 150 such workers in subordinate positions. Three great shipping firms in London and New York give their services free, including the wages of extra clerks; and a leading firm at Lloyd's acts in ocean insurance matters without compensation. The American railroad and express companies carried thousands of tons of the commission's donations and purchases free or at greatly reduced rates early in the relief campaign, and many of them continue to make special terms. The Dutch Government gives free railroad transportation to 500 tons a day of the commission's food, and the free use of its telegraph system.

The benevolent spirit in which all dealings with the commission have been carried out cannot be better illustrated than in the furnishing of its offices in New York. Its sixty-five typewriters, four safes, and much of the rest of its office machinery are loaned to the commission by the makers, and in almost every instance of purchase articles were sold at cost or a considerable reduction in price. Many of the commission's offices in the Empire Building have been given free of rent or at a discount of from thirty to fifty per cent. Magazines and newspapers all over the country have not only given advertising space but have raised special funds for the commission.

Some idea of the rapidity with which the business of the commission grew may be gathered from the record of its increasing demand for office room during the first weeks of its existence. Mr. Bates began the work in his own office, with one stenographer. A week afterward the commission comprised an executive, an organization and publicity, a traffic and an accounting departments, and occupied eight rooms on another floor of the building. The following week the traffic department, having split up into half a dozen bureaus, moved into quarters containing 1800 square feet of space; and two weeks later it was found necessary to secure 800 more square feet for its expanding force.

The accounting department during the same period grew from one room to offices covering 1000 square feet; and the purchasing and donation departments, which had come into existence in the meantime, increasing in much the same ratio as did the executive and the organization and publicity departments, by the middle of December the commission was occupying more than two floors' space in the Empire Building, as it does now.

Before the first telephone ordered by the commission could be put in, it was found necessary to substitute a standard switchboard that might be handled by an office boy. In a week business had increased to such an extent that five trunk wires with fifteen extensions were installed and a telephone operator was employed. Two weeks afterward it became further necessary to put in a two-position switchboard, carrying fifteen trunk wires, four private extensions and fifty extensions, and to employ three operators.

For two or three weeks Mr. Bates himself was able to direct the growing staffs of clerks in the various departments that sprang into existence as the business of the commission soared upward; then he had to look for department heads. Material for heads of departments was hard to find, however, for big men were needed and big men are never out of jobs. Furthermore, the commission could not offer permanent positions. Mr. Bates came to the conclusion that he must beg or borrow the services of department heads when he could not secure them otherwise. The purchasing department was one of the most important, for the fact that relief in Belgium was a philanthropic movement did not prevent all dealers in supplies from trying to get the best of their bargains.

"Americans Must Feed Belgium This Winter," Was Mr. Hoover's Challenge to His Countrymen

Mr. Bates sought counsel of the man who knows as much about foodstuff values as anyone in the country, Mr. Edward G. Broenniman, vice president of the New York Produce Exchange. On the advice of Mr. Broenniman, Mr. Bates made a series of big purchases of wheat at satisfactory prices. Before the year began Mr. Bates had played with so much skill on the pro-Belgian sympathies of Mr. Broenniman, who is a heavy operator on the Produce Exchange as well as its vice president, that the latter agreed to give two hours a day after January first to the work of the commission.

Since then Mr. Broenniman has purchased for the commission about 15,000,000 bushels of wheat or its equivalent in flour—last year's total crop being 900,000,000 bushels—aside from the great quantities of other foodstuffs that have been enumerated. And, though these enormous purchases are influencing the prices of food staples throughout the world, they have been made with so high a degree of expert intelligence that—due to this circumstance, as well as to the volunteer service in all the commission's departments and to generous reductions in many instances in transportation and buying charges—bread was sold in Belgium last winter, and is being sold now, at a lower price than in London, where food prices are normal.

Illustrative of the shrewdness of its purchasing agent, it may be mentioned that in February the commission was offered $140,000 more than it had paid for it, for a cargo of wheat on board ship on the Pacific Coast. Since the first of the year Mr. Broenniman has given nearer ten hours a day than the two he promised to the commission, and his own business and the Produce Exchange's have become minor considerations.

The commission's traffic department presents as complex a daily problem as any with which the world's commerce has ever been called on to deal. The head of this department is responsible for the safety of every purchase by the commission and every donation made to it, from its place of origin until it is loaded into the ship that is to carry it to Rotterdam. He is in daily—sometimes hourly—touch, by telegraph and long-distance telephone, with the hundred assembling stations of the commission throughout the country and the sixteen American ports whence the commission's ships sail. His duties include the arrangements for transportation from each of the assembling stations by rail to the seaboard, the moving, warehousing, trucking, segregation, classification, repacking and rehandling in harbor of all food supplies and clothing.

As donations accumulate at the assembling stations, the head of the traffic department is notified when a carload is ready to ship, and he must then decide what port to ship it to and by what railroad or railroads. Nor can he always ship a car or a train of cars to the nearest port, for there may not be a ship leaving that port as soon as one may be sailing from a more distant port—and time is the paramount consideration. Again, the ship sailing from the nearest port may not be of a character to receive the freight that is awaiting removal. Some of the commission's ships are constructed to carry wheat but not general cargo; and provisions of certain kinds may not be shipped in proximity—lard and oleomargarine, for instance, may not be loaded into the same ship with flour.

The Discovery of Mr. Williams

TRAFFIC and purchasing constituted one department for a few days after the New York office of the commission was established, and then traffic went into business by itself. Beginning with five clerks under the direction of Mr. Bates, within a week fourteen more were at work. In two weeks a marine bureau was created in the traffic department with D. Montemar, a shipping expert, at its head. A few days later experts in routing and insurance, in the persons of R. C. Hicks and A. K. Pratt respectively, were called in to create other bureaus in the same department, and C. R. Bell, of the Erie Railroad, was made its manager.

"Your traffic department is a job for a railroad president," Mr. Broenniman told Mr. Bates when he assumed charge of the purchasing department; and, at the vice chairman's request, Mr. Broenniman induced Henry C. Davis, one of the foremost transportation experts in the country, with thirty-four years' experience on the New York Central and Lehigh Valley railroads, to wrestle with the traffic problem as head of the department. These experts are all men of the very highest standing in their various lines, and most of them are merely borrowed by the commission from the different railroads of which they are officials or employees.

It began to be evident early in February that if Mr. Hemphill, the treasurer of the commission, was going to handle its finances, which were mounting up in the millions, he would have to resign as president of the Guaranty Trust—which his directors would not permit him to do. Mr. Bates and Mr. Hemphill accordingly held conferences with leading bankers of the country, with a view to securing the services of the most efficient administrator to be obtained to take charge of the financial end of the commission's bounding business. The job required not only a financial expert but one of constructive intelligence, for he would be called on to devise a system for the protection and control of the greatest sums ever disbursed by any other paymaster than the treasurer of a government. A score of men were suggested for the office, but it was a difficult one to fi.

Just about this time was published the book, Who Built the Panama Canal? by W. Leon Pepperman, who had been chief of the Office of Administration under the Second Isthmian Commission at Panama. Mr. Pepperman had devoted a chapter to the financial achievements of Edward J. Williams, who, as chief disbursing officer during the construction of the big ditch at Panama, had not only paid out, under an accounting system contrived by himself, $193,000,000 without an error of even so much as one cent, but had saved the United States $750,000 by substituting a measure of his own for what was known as the Taft Agreement with the Panama bankers.

It so happened that Mr. Bates and Mr. Hemphill read Mr. Pepperman's book the same evening, and each had the

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Have the Big Men Been Buying Stocks?—By Roger W. Babson

THESE are extraordinary times. A real precedent for conditions existing in the financial world to-day is impossible to find, for there have been only a few great wars since stock exchanges have existed, and none of these wars has been a circumstance to the conflict now raging. Moreover, the present war is primarily a financial war. Not only is finance at the bottom of the conflict, but finance is the great weapon being used in waging the conflict.

Personally, I base my investments upon a study of fundamental conditions, keeping constantly in mind the law that all action is followed by an equal reaction. Hence, when others are abnormally bearish, I buy; and when others are abnormally bullish, I sell. Believing fully that every period of depression must be followed by an equal area of prosperity, I am naturally optimistic when others are pessimistic. For this reason I am naturally optimistic at the present time, believing that somehow and someway and somewhere good is to come out of this European war, which will be reflected in better business and more work for everyone. However, it is much safer for all of us to check up our opinions. This is what I have been doing the past month. I have been endeavoring to forget my own theories and to secure answers to the three following questions:

(*a*) Are the big men now buying any securities?

(*b*) Are the big men now buying standard bonds or stocks?

(*c*) If not, what are they doing with their money?

In the course of this investigation I talked with many stock brokers. By interviewing a large number of them, and keeping a record of what they said, some really valuable information was secured. Every broker has what he calls his "list," showing the number of shares of which his customers are long and the number of which they are short. An average list will show that the customers are long of, say, one hundred thousand shares and short of ten thousand shares.

It is very seldom that the short stock exceeds the long stock, as the average customer buys rather than sells. By calling on a number of brokers and getting a trustworthy report from each as to how his list stands, it is possible to make up a composite statement that will show whether the market, as a whole, is oversold or overbought.

Factors That Count With Insiders

THE insiders depend more upon what these lists show than upon almost any other factor except the purely fundamental factors such as clearings, railroad earnings, and so forth. When these lists show that there are heavy sales and the brokers are carrying very few stocks, insiders are apt to buy. As these lists begin to grow in size, and especially as the long side becomes overwhelmingly big, the insiders sell. When these lists are about normal the wise insider keeps his money in the bank and neither buys nor sells. It will be seen that a knowledge of how these lists stand is very valuable information. When you are speculating in the stock market against one of the big men who knows just how the public stands, it is a good deal as if you were playing a game of cards with someone who knew all your cards without your knowing any of his. Men connected with some of the big banks of New York which make a specialty of stock-exchange loans have an exceptional opportunity to secure this information.

So far as I can learn, these lists are now about normal, which would ordinarily mean that the big men are neither buying nor selling but are allowing their money to accumulate in banks. This is the attitude of a big leather merchant whom I met yesterday.

"What are you doing with your money—buying leather or buying securities?" I asked him.

"I am buying neither leather nor securities," he replied. "Although both leather and securities may continue to go up as long as the war lasts, there is bound to be a tremendous readjustment of prices afterward. A good bank account looks best to me. Moreover, I am not alone in this idea, judging from talks I have had during the past few weeks with some of the captains of industry."

Recently I met a friend of J. Pierpont Morgan who had talked with him just before he was shot. I asked him how it was that Mr. Morgan consented to part with his control of the Equitable Life. Knowing the tremendous influence this company has in the market through its great purchasing power and its already existing holdings, I couldn't understand why Mr. Morgan permitted this great power to get out of his hands. My friend answered:

"Mr. Morgan has come to the conclusion that the best investment to-day is a great big bank account. Everything that Mr. Morgan can liquidate to advantage is being sold. The money is being kept on deposit for use later in the war or after the war. Mr. Morgan probably believes that before this scramble is over great opportunities will exist for the man with ready money. Hence, as a part of the trade in buying munitions of war from Mr. Du Pont, he probably seized the opportunity of getting Mr. Du Pont to take the Equitable Life in place of cash. I know nothing about the facts; this is purely a surmise on my part, but at least this is my guess. Furthermore, this is my explanation of why J. P. Morgan & Co. permitted Kuhn, Loeb & Co. to buy the big issue of New York City bonds."

I next interviewed a member of the City Bank crowd. As readers know, the National City Bank of New York is now the greatest bank in the United States, if not the greatest bank of its kind in the world. I tried to ascertain from this man what the insiders are doing at the present time—whether they are buying securities, and, if so, what kind of securities they are buying. In answer, this man reached to a pigeonhole in his desk and pulled out a statement of the National City Bank which showed that it had the largest gold holdings in its history. In typical City Bank style this man laconically replied:

"You will see by this statement that cash looks good to us to-day."

I might record several other interviews, but will simply say that the result of my interviews with the very biggest bankers and manufacturers convinces me that the real topnotchers are building up great big bank accounts. Whether or not they will overdo it I don't know. Whether their business does not especially demand a much stronger bank account than that of the average person is also debatable. I am inclined to think that such is the case. Therefore, my next step was to ascertain what the really big investors are doing, the retired bankers, merchants and trustees who are very close to the inner circle but not in active business. I have sometimes found the judgment of these men to be better than that of the men who are now really holding the throttle. I went to one such man whose opinion is usually typical of men of his class. He not only is a large investor on his own account but is also trustee for many large estates. I asked him whether or not this is the time to buy securities, and he answered as follows:

"If you buy a broad list of investments at this low level and hold the whole list for a year or more until the culmination of the next bull movement, and then keep out of the market entirely until the next low level comes round again, you can be sure of making good money. Owing to a limited purse, on the one hand, and the almost universal tendency to go with the crowd, on the other, little buying is done by the outsiders in this way. Moreover, it is very difficult to get people to buy a broad list of twenty stocks in order to invest a couple of thousand dollars. Yet this is the only way to beat Wall Street, and is the method followed by rich men after they retire. It is sheer nonsense for anyone to pretend to know what is the best railroad stock to buy; but one can know when conditions warrant the purchase of railroad stocks as a class. The same principle applies to industrials, coppers, and so forth."

The Way of the Speculator

"MIXED in with the general run of stocks, the prices of which reflect general conditions, there are, of course, stocks that, owing to conditions peculiar to themselves, follow a trend of their own; but to attempt to find these stocks is a waste of both time and money. One man's guess relative to these is as good as another's. For every share sold there is one bought, the two parties approaching the proposition from different standpoints; hence, one-half the people must always be wrong in such cases. Stocks may go down because the insiders want to buy up the stock in anticipation of favorable developments, or because they may be selling out. No one can tell which is the motive. Hence, for you or me to buy any special stocks or bonds with the expectation of reselling at higher prices in a short time is purely a gamble. By studying conditions we can tell when the time is ripe for buying the entire lot for the long pull; but we can do no more.

"This is the game the speculator is up against who plays for short turns. He is up against the insiders who know; against the periodic revolution of financial conditions; against interest payable and receivable; against brokers' commissions; against that trait of human nature which causes us to follow the crowd and do as others do, regardless of any reason; against subsidized news writers and professional tipsters; and against the manipulations of the brightest wits and psychological experts in the world. Don't underestimate Wall Street. Remember that Wall Street is a crucible where all these forces are tested, boiled out and combined.

"A lawyer does not attempt to take out his own appendix, nor does a surgeon attempt to draw up his own will; but both think they can beat a Wall Street operator at a game which the operator has been studying for years and about which neither lawyers nor doctors know anything. Yes, and this Wall Street game is the most difficult of all games, a game where the average account lasts only four

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Reticent Railway Figures

OWNERSHIP of railroad stocks is by no means so widely dispersed as it should be. Stock ledgers of all the railroads of the country contain something over five hundred thousand names. There must be a good many duplications, for if a man owns stock in half a dozen roads his name appears half a dozen times; and the rather typical situation is a small number of large holdings, which virtually control the property, and many small, scattered holdings. Thus, the average holding arrived at by dividing the total number of shares by the total number of holders means nothing at all. If one man owns nine hundred shares out of a thousand, and a hundred men own one share each, you get an average holding of nine shares and a fraction; but for most practical purposes one man owns the concern.

Next at least to agriculture, rail transportation is our most fundamental industry. It is a necessary of life to nearly every other industry, even including agriculture. For years the theory that railroads are a vital public utility, to be comprehensively controlled in the public interest by both Federal and state governments, has been well established in law.

Under those circumstances a man from Mars might infer that the important roads had reached so stable a state that any widow, orphan or other nonexpert person might invest his or her savings in a standard railroad stock at a fair dividend return with the greatest confidence; but the man from Mars, as usual, would be quite wrong. We should not advise any widow, orphan or other uninformed person to invest his or her little all in any railroad stock. Among the risks the investor must assume, not the least arises precisely from public control.

In the first half of this calendar year all the steam and electric roads of the country issued only five hundred thousand dollars of common stock for new capital. Whatever other capital they raised, which was not much, was by bonds. That is not a very good condition. Public control still leans pretty heavily to the shipper's side.

The Marionettes of Wall Street

PROBABLY a gold-brick game has been worked in Wall Street. That is the opinion of the Financial Chronicle and of others who speak with authority. Shares of half a dozen or more manufacturing concerns have been taken in hand and boosted skyward on the strength of profits that are to accrue from war orders. There is every indication of the rankest manipulation and of a pious intention to unload on suckers at an altitude satisfactory to the manipulators.

All of which, in the present circumstances, is a matter that concerns the public very little. If the Chronicle's view is correct the affair is a contest between a set of inside gamblers who are running the game, and a crowd of more or less sophisticated outside gamblers who think they see a chance to beat it. That the insiders will skin the outsiders is a fair assumption from their superior strategic position; but nobody need harrow his emotions over that. The stocks referred to are not of a sort that attract much outside investment money in any case. Certainly any outsider who would put his investment money into a war-order stock after it has been boosted to the sky is a hopeless case.

It is very doubtful that manipulation can ever be wholly eradicated from any open speculative market. Smith, Jones & Robinson decide to boost Consolidated Goat, with the purpose of unloading at the top. They are not members of the Stock Exchange. That institution has no direct control over them. They are quite as likely to live in Detroit or Chicago or San Francisco as in New York. They give orders to a score of brokers to buy Consolidated Goat. The brokers are members of the Stock Exchange, but no one of them necessarily knows that any other broker has an order from Smith, Jones & Robinson. They buy, and the stock advances. Smith, Jones & Robinson then give orders to a score of other brokers to sell. By matching buying orders with selling orders they create an appearance of tremendous activity in Consolidated Goat. The price soars and suckers come in—who almost invariably expect to unload on somebody else at a still higher price.

In its present free, unincorporated state the Stock Exchange has fairly unlimited power over its members. On a strong appearance of manipulation the management should examine the books of brokers who are doing the buying and selling. If extensive buying and selling orders are thereby traced to a common source, it should at least publish the fact. It might then attach conditions to the execution of further orders from that source. But that manipulation can be wholly eliminated is doubtful.

A Myth About Life

PROBABLY it was Jason Flintax—with his neighbor's clothes under his arm and a memory of the time his neighbor saved him from a bear in his troubled mind—who invented the notion that life is awfully complex. People have gone on embroidering that idea ever since. The notion that life gets more complex the more machines there are is now pretty firmly rooted.

We do not suppose that life, in fact, is any more complex now than it was in Adam's day, or that it was ever, in its big outlines, anything but a very simple affair. If you will consider it candidly a moment you will probably agree that for you, in the big interests that count most for real success or failure, it is quite simple. You know whether you are going wrong or right. If you think you do not know, just take yourself into the woodshed for five minutes and listen carefully to what yourself says about it. Of course you may commit errors of business judgment and thereby be less successful than if you had judged correctly; but you know well enough that is not the big question.

The complexity is really a delusion. Thanks to modern inventions, you can elope with your stenographer by steam road, electric road, automobile, jitney bus or airship; but the important choice in the matter is as simple as it was when all traveling was done on foot. You can dubitate a long while over the hundred and one varieties a modern barroom offers, but the essential choice is what it was to Noah, with only a single brand.

You know whether you are right or wrong.

The Real Credit Problem

IT IS the least important aspect of credit that gets discussed, almost to the exclusion of the most important aspect. Whether it is rural credit or any other branch of the subject, we usually talk as though the great object were to expand it and let it get out of hand; while, in fact, the great problem is how to restrict it and keep it in hand. We talk as though our credit troubles arose from having too little of it; but troubles of that sort are small in comparison with those arising from having too much of it. Every big setback the country has experienced was due directly to reckless expansion of credit. That, in the United States, is a much greater danger than an undue restriction of credit.

The genius who could invent a way of keeping people from borrowing more than they ought to have would confer a much greater blessing on American mankind than the genius who invented a way of supplying credit to every man who is entitled to it, but cannot get it. We mean "entitled" in the sense that a man of sound business judgment would consider him fairly sure to repay the loan at the appointed time. There may be a sense in which every tolerably honest and industrious man is entitled to whatever money he thinks he can use advantageously. Unfortunately credit is often discussed with that sense—which is not horse sense—in mind.

In fifteen years, ending with 1914, bank loans increased from five billion dollars to fifteen billions, which does not suggest that niggardliness with credit is a national failing. A new banking system then went into effect; and an expert on the subject has calculated that this new system gives national banks power to expand their loans at once by at least three billion dollars. That possibility, in connection with such a symptomatic little phenomenon as this debauch in war-stock speculation, with prices whooped up a dozen to twenty points a week, all on credit, sharpens the point that our chronic credit danger is overexpansion, not undue restriction.

Undoubtedly there are places and circumstances in which extension of credit on more liberal terms is desirable; but that aspect of the subject is of far less national importance than the opposite aspect of credit abuse.

War and Dueling

IT IS impossible to bind the nations to keep the peace Enduring peace must come by persuasion. It can never come by compulsion. Every peace scheme of a federation of states, an international arbitration court, and the like, will be futile so long as the nations individually believe their highest interest in a given case requires war. Dueling persisted long after it was forbidden by law under heavy penalties. Any man's highest interest is his own self-respect. When his self-respect, reacting to the dominant opinion of the community, required him to accept a challenge, he fought regardless of law.

Nobody saw the stupidity of dueling more clearly than Hamilton, or its cruelty—brought home to him by the death of his son. Yet he met Burr at Weehawken, because to have refused—prevalent opinion of his time and class being what it was—would have cost him something dearer to him than life. A man like Hamilton, reacting to that state of opinion, would have fought regardless of any law or penalty. Short of physical restraint, it would have been impossible to bind him to keep the peace. Time soon came when prevalent opinion rejected dueling as merely stupid and brutish; when the duelist was regarded not as a man of honor but as a troublesome fool. When that state of opinion prevailed no law was necessary to prevent duels.

Certainly nothing has been made clearer in the last year than that European nations still believe their highest interest in given cases requires war. As long as that idea prevails it is impossible to bind the nations to keep the peace. Time will come, we firmly believe—and in the not very distant future—when war will be rejected by civilized nations, just as dueling has been by individuals; not because it involves loss of life and money, for many things richly worth while involve loss of life and money, but because under modern conditions it is stupid and futile, always defeating itself; always costing more than can be gained by it. Reducing military operations to the mere police status of restraining a Haiti or a Mexico will then come about of itself.

Out-of-School Learning

LITTLE over fifty years ago Herbert Spencer wrote: "Had there been no teaching but such as goes on in our public schools, England would now be what it was in feudal times."

Of course that is not true of England to-day. No doubt a company of youths who had absorbed no information except that furnished in public-school courses would now be able to construct a steam engine, generate an electric current, and set up a social state in which John of Gaunt would be a bewildered alien; but it is still true that any public-school course supplies only a small part of the information which is really useful to an aspiring youth of eighteen. Cut off nonscholastic sources of information and any high-school graduate would have a far poorer education than the olive-skinned young bootblack who cannot read nor write. He would know much less that was useful in any sense of the world in which he lived.

Certainly no educational scheme will ever contemplate instructing pupils in a vacuum. It will always take for granted a great inflow of nonscholastic information; but in view of its limitations it should obviously make its hits count. It ought to select that information which is most indubitably valuable and is least likely to be got outside the schoolroom. This it does not do. Almost, if not quite, every public-school course contains matter of the most dubious value.

That mere snobbery of which Spencer so bitterly complained is by no means banished. An example is the teaching of Latin in public schools. There has been considerable revolution since the famous essays on education were written, but there is room for more.

Why an Embargo?

THERE will be no embargo on shipment of war munitions from this country. The activities of our pro-German friends to that end are so much lost labor. If there was ever any doubt on that subject the Lusitania removed the doubt. This country might prohibit the exportation of war supplies in a case where its sympathies were so strongly attached to the country against which they were used that it was indifferent to an appearance of neutrality, but to suppose this country will cast aside neutrality in favor of the belligerent that sank the Lusitania is absurd.

To put an embargo on war shipments would, in the circumstances, be tantamount to a declaration of opinion that the Allies ought to be beaten.

THE BIG MAN OF RUSSIA

By Samuel G. Blythe

TWO officers of the Russian Army sat with two women at a table in a café in Warsaw. They were eating, and drinking, and laughing, and making eyes at one another, all pleasantly and harmlessly enough, for their food was the food of the country, and their making eyes was the custom of the country, and their merriment was the merriment of youth. But what they were drinking was wine.

An officer came into the café—an officer tall and thin, more than six feet by several inches, and very erect and military in appearance. He wore a long gray overcoat and wide gold shoulder straps, and at his neck there glittered a cross. His eyes were coldly blue. His pointed beard was streaked with white. He carried a riding crop in his hand and was booted and spurred.

The café was full of officers and, as he entered, every one of them rose quickly to his feet and stood rigidly at salute. The two young officers who were sitting with the women jumped up, too, and came to salute. The women sat, rather frightened, in their chairs.

The tall bearded officer with the glittering cross looked about the room keenly and quickly. He returned the salutes. Then he walked to the table where the two young officers were sitting with the women. He reached down and took one of the glasses, holding it to his nose an instant and then threw it to the floor, where it broke to fragments at the feet of one of the young men.

"*Vina!*" he said sternly.

The two officers, grown gray with fear, trembled as they stood before him. The tall man looked at them with infinite disgust. He reached out, tore off their shoulder straps and threw them on the floor. Then he turned and said a few words in harsh Russian. Some soldiers came forward and surrounded the young men. The tall man made a gesture that meant "Take them away," and the two officers were marched from the room. They were degraded. They were sent to the ranks to serve as private soldiers.

The Grand Duke's Bid for Fame

THE tall man with the pointed beard streaked with white, the cold blue eye and the glittering cross, was the Grand Duke Nikolai, the commander-in-chief of the Russian Army. By imperial ukase drinking was prohibited in the Russian Empire, owing largely to the demand of the grand duke on the Czar that drinking should be stopped, because of the need for a sober army in the struggle impending. These young men had broken the rule. They had disobeyed not only the ukase of the Czar but also the order of the commander-in-chief. Moreover, they had done their drinking publicly. He found them. Instantly he deprived them of their rank and sent them to the trenches.

The inner history of the Russian campaign is full of instances like this and of instances where the punishment was far greater. This tall, thin man who is the hope of Russia is also the practical dictator of Russia. He heads the army. He dominates the Czar and the government. Intensely Russian in his patriotism, he is quite non-Russian in many of his tendencies. The leisurely *zahftra*—to-morrow—has no place in his vocabulary. He is quick, decisive, determined, imperative, stern, absolute. He is severe. He is implacable. He does not postpone or palter as does the average Russian. He thinks and acts instantly. A self-sufficient, self-contained, fierce, entirely military man. He is cold and aloof, but passionately patriotic. He demands the last drop of blood, the last ounce of effort. He drives his soldiers to death without a thought save that of victory.

He uses men not as human beings but as implements of warfare. He exacts implicit obedience and punishes ruthlessly those who even seem to disobey. He is cultured, the highest type of a Russian aristocrat—than whom there is no more agreeable man—and affable and hospitable; but in war and in discipline he is terrible.

This war has developed some great men and will, doubtless, develop others. There is Joffre, for example, but Joffre was at the head of the French Army for several years before the war began. He was somewhat of a known quantity. So was Kitchener and so were some of the German generals. But this man, Nikolai Nikolaivitch, although always a soldier, was merely the military governor of the Petrograd district when the order came for mobilization. He is of the royal family. His father was an uncle of Alexander III, the father of the present Czar. He is in his late fifties and had no part in the Russian-Japanese War, although he served with his father in the Russian-Turkish War in the seventies.

He was neither famous in his own country nor known much outside of it. Suddenly, in the emergency, he flared out on the military horizon. He was made commander-in-chief of the Russian Army. Indeed, he practically took command himself. The war was not under way a month before his supreme military genius had asserted itself. Now, despite his severity, his coldness, his iron discipline, his ferocity in the use of his men, he is worshiped by the army and by the country. He is the great man of Russia. The Russians pin all their hopes on him.

The bureaucrats fear him. The ministry stands in awe of him. He is to all intents and purposes the autocrat of Russia, the military chieftain who in these martial times has the last word, and whose last word always is stern and decisive.

There is no nonsense about him, none of the dreamy frivolity that is the general characteristic of the Russian people. He is given neither to imagination nor to sentiment. He is a hard, practical, austere, exacting man, who hesitates at nothing to get results, and who will send a hundred thousand soldiers to slaughter, if he thinks there is an advantage to be gained, with as little compunction as he will light a cigarette. He operates as he wills. The ministry and the Czar have their say. He listens gravely and does as he pleases. He scorns the bureaucrats. He pushes the governmental advisers aside. The army is with him to the newest recruits in the ranks. They look upon him as a sort of supernatural person, a demigod, far more than as a commander-in-chief. The Czar is the Little Father. Yes, but this man, Nikolai Nikolaivitch, is almost the Great Father. When you understand that a Russian officer always calls his men "My children" you will appreciate the attitude to their commander of the millions of Russian soldiers who are spread in that long, bloody line from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Military critics may find fault with his strategy, with his tactics, with his offense and his defense. I am not a military critic and I know nothing of those things. But no person can say that this tall, stern, bearded man is not the idol of his soldiers and the hope of his countrymen. He drives them to death. He holds them in iron check. He exacts the utmost obedience. He knows no mercy or compassion. But they love him, they respect him, they fear him. Should there come a crisis between the army and the state, the army, to a man, would stand behind Nikolai Nikolaivitch and with him, and take his command and do his will.

His discipline at his headquarters and with his personal staff is as rigid and uncompromising as it is with his armies in the field. They are there for war, he tells his officers, not for amusement nor for relaxation. He does not allow them to play cards, even for small stakes. If time hangs heavily on the hands of his staff men, he suggests that they study tactics or maps, or make reports, or occupy themselves usefully. There is none of the Russian luxury about his headquarters. The officers all live simply and regularly. A man who was the guest of the grand duke for a day or so came in with him one night after a long, weary day of inspection. The grand duke told his orderly to fetch a bottle of brandy.

German Influences in Russia

"HAH," thought the visitor, "now I shall see some of this great drinking by the Russians that I have heard about all my life. Probably he will take this entire bottle of brandy at one sitting."

The orderly brought the brandy, the tall glasses and the mineral water, and the visitor poured out a good-sized jigger for himself, for he was nearly done up. He watched the grand duke, thinking he would consume one of those gigantic drinks the novelists tell us that the Russians like. Instead, the grand duke took a teaspoon, carefully measured out one spoonful of brandy and poured it into his mineral water. Then he sent back the bottle of brandy to his private chest. That represented all of the drinking done in those headquarters that night.

He has been hampered in many ways. He has lacked ammunition, because of the eternal procrastination of the bureaucrats in Petrograd. He has lacked rifles for his soldiers. He has lacked supplies. He has been forced to wait for endless hours for maintenance and munitions for his soldiers while government officials dickered and delayed and quibbled and grafted in Petrograd. He has had insufficient care for his wounded. He has even sent out soldiers armed only with oak cudgels. He has lost by disease and by cold. He has had inefficient generals. He has been compelled to retire. He has been whelmed by disaster, but never overwhelmed. He has known about thousands on thousands of tons of essentials for his campaigns piled up in Archangel, in Petrograd, at Torneå—supplies that would help him win victories—but he has fought on grimly, and he has held his men steadily to their bloody work. He is above the intrigue of Petrograd, above the sinister and conflicting influences of that partly German, partly Russian court. A whale of a man is Nikolai Nikolaivitch—the big man of Russia.

It is common talk in Russia, and especially in Petrograd, that there is a certain German influence in the court. The Czarina is a German. Many of the camarilla, the unofficial government—the court retainers—are of German descent. In one of the embassies of the Powers I heard the story, which I had heard elsewhere, of the pathetic cry of the little Czarevitch:

"When the Germans win papa cries, and when the Russians win mamma cries."

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Always, the embassies say, and the men who know the inner news of Petrograd say, the Czar has been subjected to pressure for peace, for an arrangement with Germany. Much of the Russian nobility from the Baltic provinces is of German descent. Always he has been urged to depose the Grand Duke Nikolai. Once, a few months after the war started, these stories became so insistent, the information concerning the intrigues of the German influences within the court became so definite, that the grand duke left his headquarters and came to the palace where the Czar was staying.

"I hear constant talk of peace," he said. "I hear story after story that the pro-German influences at this court are having their effect on you. I want to know if these reports are true?"

The grand duke stood towering above the Czar. The commander-in-chief spoke slowly and sternly.

"There will be no peace," he continued; "there will be no peace until Russia and her allies have won this war. If there should be any move for peace in this court, if there should be any negotiations for peace without the full assent and coöperation of our allies, there will be another czar. You are the head of the government, but I am the head of the army, and the army will follow me wherever I choose to lead it."

That settled that. Since then the pro-German influences have been working, but their work has been futile, for down at his headquarters, sometimes at Vilna and sometimes elsewhere, the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch remains the head of the army, and the army remains the willing servant of the grand duke.

There was a time when the Czar, who makes frequent visits to the front and to the general headquarters, decided he would replace certain generals with some generals of his own choosing. He brought a train-load of these favored warriors and of others in his suite down to headquarters. The grand duke was waiting. He greeted the Czar as the latter stepped off the train. He took the Czar by the arm and walked with him along the platform. They talked of the war and of the army and of the campaign then progressing.

And while they walked, some of the soldiers locked all the doors in the train and other soldiers hitched on a new engine. The word was given, and the train pulled out with every general and every retainer locked in it. It went back to Petrograd.

"The train has gone!" exclaimed the Czar.

"Yes," said the grand duke, "but another for your majesty's use will be provided."

"But those who came with me?" persisted the Czar.

"They have returned with the train to Petrograd," answered the grand duke. "They were not needed here. Come, let me take you to my quarters, where we can talk quietly."

The Pluck of Russian Women

The Czar took the more than hint. And since that time it has been rather firmly established that the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch is the man who holds the destinies of Russia in his hands in this war emergency, that his will be the word that ultimately speaks for peace, but that his will be the word that will hold for war until the end. There is no mistake in Russia as to who controls the army. The ministers, the bureaucrats, the camarilla, the people, the peasants, all know it, and the millions on millions in the army joyfully admit it. The one supreme in command is the grand duke. He could make himself czar if he wished. He could do anything else within Russia, but he is not thinking of that at the moment. His plan now is to do his part in beating the Germans and, handicapped as he is for want of ammunition and for want of guns and for want of supplies, he is holding doggedly to that determination.

In Russia, as elsewhere, among the women there was a great emotional desire to be of service. Thousands of them volunteered for nursing, and thousands of them of high and low degree have given their services, have done the work of caring for the wounded and have done everything else, down to the commonest drudgery, because they wanted to be of help to the country. The patriotism and the self-sacrifice and the patient, uncomplaining ton of the women in Russia, as in the other war-stricken countries, has been, and is, one of the sublimely heroic features of these months of misery and death.

But in Russia, as in other countries, there were many women who, not appreciating the character of the services required, and merely from a shallow emotionalism, volunteered as nurses, more for the purpose of wearing the uniform and of talking of what they were doing than because they sincerely wanted to help; volunteered without knowing what they were expected to do, without any knowledge of nursing save that the Russian nurse's headdress is becoming to almost any type of beauty.

A bevy of these we-want-to-help-Russia beauties offered their services to the grand duke. He needed nurses, and he needed many nurses, but he wanted nurses, not society women who thought it would be interesting and romantic to hold the hand of a suffering soldier, and had no idea of scrubbing floors and of sanitation and of all the hundreds of things a nurse, and especially a war nurse, must know. So the grand duke told one detachment of them to come to a certain place where he would meet them and assign them to their duties.

Calling Fluffy-Ruffles' Bluff

They came, a fluttering and fluffy-ruffles lot of amateur ministering angels, and presented themselves as directed. The grand duke looked them over. There were about a hundred in the lot. He lined them up and made a speech to them.

"Ladies," he said, "I appreciate, and so do my soldiers, and so does our country, the patriotic and heroic impulse that has caused you to offer yourselves as nurses. We need nurses. This war is very terrible and there is much suffering to be alleviated. I shall be glad of your services."

The ladies all fluttered and were so glad and so interested and so anxious to go right into the hospital and make things easier for the poor, dear soldiers.

"But," continued the grand duke, "in nursing, as in every other line of service, there are several divisions of labor. For example, we have officers to nurse and we have private soldiers to nurse. Now, of course, you ladies will have a preference. So I shall allow you to make your choice. All those of you who would prefer to nurse officers will please step over to this side, and those of you who are willing to nurse the private soldier will please step over to this side. I leave the choice to you. Of course it will be pleasanter, perhaps, to nurse the officers than the common soldiers, but the common soldiers must be nursed, too, you understand. Those who prefer to nurse officers on this side, if you please, and those on this side who are willing to go into the wards where the private soldiers are placed."

The ladies divided themselves. All but about twenty of them, who thought that it would be much nicer and more interesting to serve their country by nursing handsome officers rather than peasants who were privates, stepped to one side. Twenty of the women said that they were willing to nurse the private soldiers, the peasants who had been wounded.

Whereupon the grand duke bundled back to Petrograd the ladies who wanted to nurse officers, and kept the twenty who really had a sincere desire to do something more for their country than to wear a becoming headdress and to sit about the cafés in it. That is a sample of the way the grand duke does things.

Earlier in the campaign, when the Germans were first pressing on to Warsaw, it seemed as if they might then make a decisive victory there. At any rate there was considerable apprehension among the Russian officers as to the result. It was thought that Warsaw could not be defended successfully. That is, there was a certain number of responsible officers who held this view, and the idea of abandoning Warsaw was seriously discussed by them.

The question grew to be one of such grave importance that the grand duke called a council of war one day for the purpose of going over the situation. He invited many officers to this council. When they were in conference he asked for views on the situation. Though he did not say so he gave the impression that he himself was not so sure that it would not be good strategy to abandon Warsaw and move back. He said nothing directly, but, as it is told in Russia, he gave that impression by his attitude and perhaps from a remark now and then. He invited the fullest and freest discussion. He even went so far as to say some things himself to encourage free speaking.

Emboldened by this apparent indecision of the grand duke's the officers who wanted to fall back went the limit. Moreover, to the great surprise of many of those present, two or three generals who were known to be very close to the grand duke himself advanced views that were favorable to retirement. Some of these generals said things that, if the Germans had heard them, might have had a tendency to hurry the Germans along toward Warsaw. The discussion continued for a long time. Then the grand duke reserved decision.

After the council had adjourned, the grand duke, who had previously instructed some of the generals whom he could trust to say what they did say, called together the men who were for sticking to Warsaw and told them that there wasn't the remotest chance that he would move out of Warsaw or take any steps to abandon it. He said he had merely called the council to hear what he might hear and see what he might see. He told the assembled fighters to be ready to repulse a German attack that he was sure would come after some things that had been said at that meeting, and he gave orders that meant nothing but the holding of Warsaw and the determined assault on any Germans who might be coming that way.

It wasn't long after that meeting that the Germans began a very formidable movement toward Warsaw. In fact, it was only as long as might be necessary for a report of the speeches at that meeting and a report of the proposals made and of the information there presented to get back to the Germans, and so enable them to organize their forward movement. Nor was it very long before quite a number of Russian officers, mostly those who had proposed that Warsaw should be abandoned, disappeared from the active lists of the army. There are various conjectures as to what happened to them. One conjecture is as good as another, but the grand duke is a very stern and a very ruthless man. Anyhow, they left active service, these timorous officers, and have not been back since. Nor has much of anything been heard of them—very little, in fact.

That is another way this tall, spare, cold-eyed grand duke does things. He is military in every inch of him and so severe in his discipline as to be almost tyrannical, but the soldiers adore him.

He has few intimates and few confidants. He receives the Czar cordially, but the grand duke does as he pleases. He remains out of Petrograd, staying mostly at his headquarters, but from time to time visiting various portions of the far-flung line of the Russians. His great stature and his lean and bony frame make him a most imposing figure on a horse, and the men cheer him madly when he rides among them.

How the Czar Loves His Soldiers

There can be no consideration of the grand duke without a comparison with the Czar.

"He is a tender-hearted man," said one Russian to me, "a man who feels the responsibilities of his position and knows his power, but who would never allow that power to be exerted unjustly against a countryman if he could prevent it."

He is fond of going to the front, and he, when the war began, ordered a complete uniform of a Russian private soldier, and put it on, and had himself photographed in it, so that his soldiers might know that he was of them and had them constantly in his mind.

In Poland they tell a story of a visit he made to a large hospital where there were many wounded soldiers. He was on one of his visits to the front, and he came to this hospital, attended by many functionaries and flunkies and officials and others that trail after him in his *entourage*. This gorgeous, gold-laced, decorated procession followed him as he walked into the largest ward, where there were long rows of cots filled with wounded Russians.

The Czar turned to his retainers.

"Leave me!" he said.

The officials moved back, bowed profoundly and said: "Yes, Your Majesty," or whatever the Czar's retainers do say to him, but they did not go.

"I say to you," the Czar repeated, "that I wish you to go. I desire to be alone with my soldiers and to speak to them myself!"

Then it dawned on the retinue that the Czar meant what he said, and they grudgingly withdrew. The Czar remained for an hour alone in that ward with the wounded men. Nobody knows what he said to them or what they said to him, but he was alone with his people.

There have been many stories that the Czar, partly through the influence of his German wife and partly from his own peace proclivities, as demonstrated in the early days of his reign, might attempt to make a separate peace, but it is not so long ago that he said to a diplomatist:

"I shall continue this war, God helping me, until Russia has done her part toward ridding Europe of the menace of German militarism forever."

He was a young man when he came to the throne, and he is not an old man yet, but, as the czars of Russia go, he has been one of the most hated of the lot, in his day, and he has passed through some great crises. Before the Japanese-Russian War his name was principally associated with his plan for peace. He was a peace propagandist, and the war with Japan was forced on him. Then came the revolution, and his acquiescence in the bloody way that it was suppressed did not do much to forward his peace presentations. He had bad luck. The coronation disaster in Moscow, the utter stupidity of the firing on the striking workmen led by Father Gapon, and many other incidents associated his name and rule with blood and death rather than with peace.

He was not popular. But he made a bid for popularity by granting the Duma, which, whatever its successes or failures may have been, was at least a small step toward self-government for the Russian people. He stood out against the corruption among the police, sent some great men to prison, and made an earnest effort to help the peasants by removing land restrictions.

The Russian Aristocracy

He made his proclamation about Poland, and he showed his warm sympathy with his soldiers by frequent visits to them and to the hospitals. The people curse him no longer. He is a popular monarch. His picture is in every shop window. Postal cards showing him in his various uniforms are bought more than any other at every place where they are sold in the empire. Great pictures of him are carried at the head of every procession in the cities, and the people cheer him wildly. They hated him once, but, as it seemed to me when I saw these demonstrations in various cities in Russia, they love him now.

He is not overly intellectual but has a good deal of initiative, for all that. He has developed from a dreamy youth who had an idea he could stop war because he, as czar, said war should be stopped, to rather a practical person who has gradually assimilated the idea that a czar need not be absolute, but may be a real friend of the people over whom he reigns, may with his power do much for them to add to their happiness and prosperity.

The radicals sneer at his sincerity, but insincerity does not comport with his simplicity of character, for it takes a man highly specialized in that respect to be artistically insincere, and clumsy insincerity is merely stupid subterfuge. As nearly as I can discover, the Czar is a kindly, good-natured man, rather oppressed by the tremendous responsibilities of his position, but trying to do the best he can for his people in an atmosphere that is saturated with intrigue. He lives among an aristocracy that holds itself as superior to the very people the Czar would like to help as the old aristocracy held itself superior to the serfs. He is surrounded by men who have no patriotism save that which can be used to their own advantages, and is hedged in by a bureaucracy that is as stupid as it is dishonest. He is hampered by the temperamental difficulties of his race, by their lack of practicality, their dreamy frivolity, their curious conception of their rights and their perquisites. He is held back by their casualness, by their primitive passions, their laziness, their indifference, their fatalism, their doctrine of *nitchevo*. He has the hardest job in this world.

He is far different in almost every characteristic from the Grand Duke Nikolai, the man who is fighting this war. Also, as matters stand, he is subordinate to the grand duke so far as the military end of it is concerned. Whatever may come out of it all, there is no doubt that while Nicholas II may continue on the throne, the Grand Duke Nikolai will be a very real and vital power in Russia. Of the two, Nikolai is the stronger man, and he has the army with him. Do not forget that!

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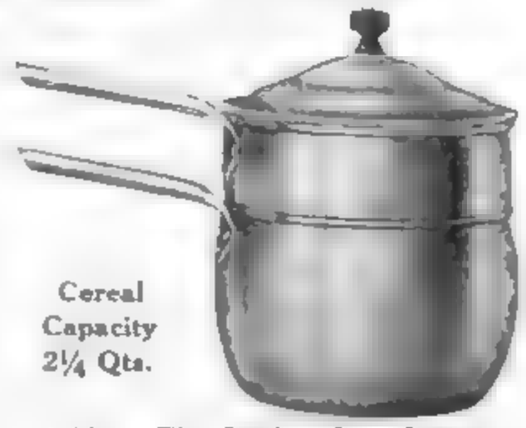

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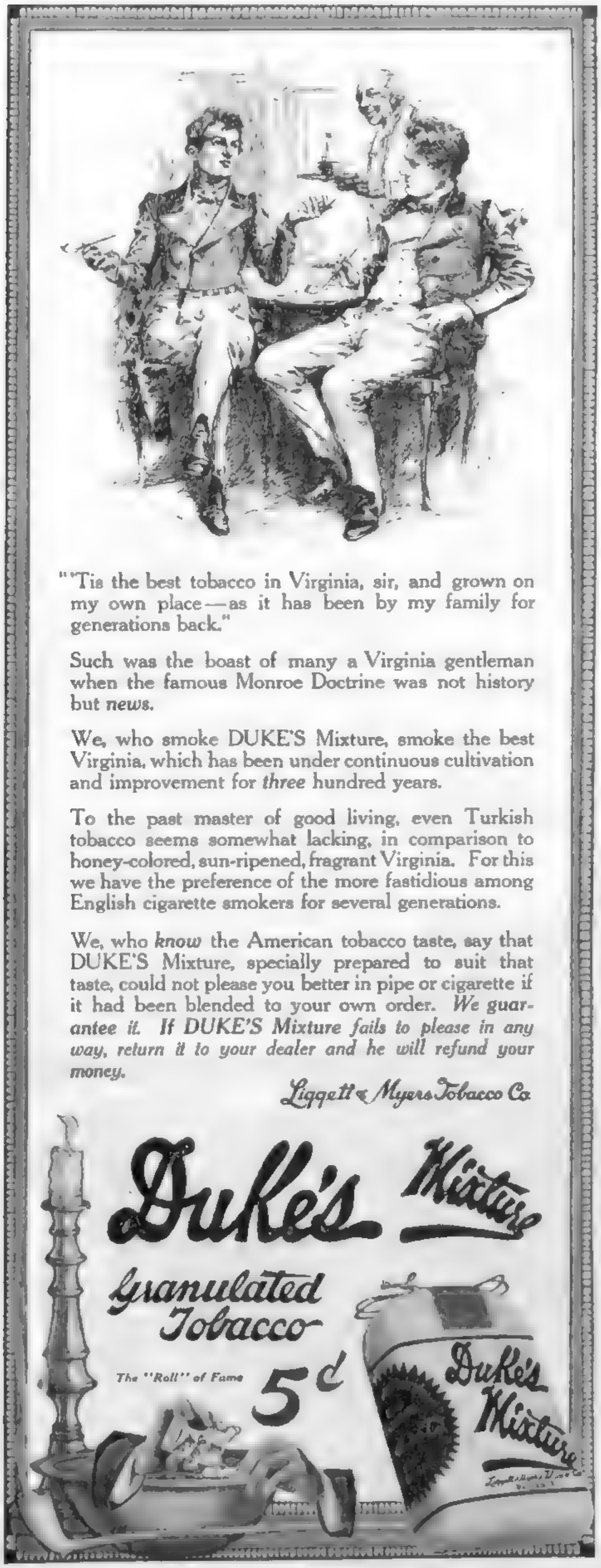
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MA PETTENGILL AND THE SONG OF SONGS

(Continued from Page 5)

was marked by a tendency to idealism, and he pulled some of the handles to show how it was done. I'm merely telling you how Wilbur talked.

"Nettie listened very serious. There was a new look in her eyes. 'That song has got to her even on a machinery piano,' I says, 'but wait till we get the voice, with she and Chester out in the mischievous moonlight.' Wasn't I the wily old hound! Nettie sort of lingered to hear Wilbur, who was going good by this time. 'One must be the soul behind the wood and wire,' he says; 'one rather feels just that, or one remains merely a brutal mechanic.'

"'I understand,' says Nettie. 'How you must have studied!'

"'Oh, studied!' says Wilbur, and tossed his mane back and laughed in a lofty and suffering manner. Studied! He'd gone one year to a business college in Seattle after he got out of high school!

"'I understand,' says Nettie, looking all reverent and buffaloed.

"'It is the price one must pay for technique,' says Wilbur. 'And to-day you found me in the mood. I am not always in the mood.'

"'I understand,' says Nettie.

"I'm just giving you an idea, understand. Then Wilbur says, 'I will bring these records up this evening if I may. The mezzo-soprano requires a radically different adjustment from the barytone.' 'My God!' thinks I, 'has he got technique on the phonograph too!' But I says he must come by all means, thinking he could tend the machine while Nettie and Chester is out on the porch getting wise to each other.

"'There's another teep for you,' I says to Nettie when we got out of the place. 'He certainly is marked by tendencies,' I says. I meant it for a nasty slam at Wilbur's painful deficiencies as a human being, but she took it as serious as Wilbur took himself—which is some!

"'Ah, yes, the artist teep,' says she, 'the most complex, the most baffling of all.'

"That was a kind of a sickish jolt to me—the idea that something as low in the animal kingdom as Wilbur could baffle anyone—but I thinks, 'Shucks! Wait till he lines up alongside of a regular human man like Chet Timmins!'

"I had Chet up to supper again. He still choked on words of one syllable if Nettie so much as glanced at him, and turned all sorts of painful colors like a cheap rug. But I keep thinking the piece will fix that all right.

"At eight o'clock Wilbur sifted in with his records and something else flat and thin, done up in paper that I didn't notice much at the time. My dear heart, how serious he was! As serious as—well, I chanced to be present at the house of mourning when the barber come to shave old Judge Armstead after he'd passed away—you know what I mean—kind of like him Wilbur was, talking subdued and cat-footing round very solemn and professional. I thought he'd never get that machine going. He cleaned it, and he oiled it, and he had great trouble picking out the right fiber needle, holding six or eight of 'em up to the light, doing secret things to the machine's inwards, looking at us sharp as if we oughtn't to be talking even then, and when she did move off I'm darned if he didn't hang in a strained manner over that box, like he was the one that was doing it all and it wouldn't get the notes right if he took his attention off.

"It was a first-class record, I'll say that. It was the male barytone—one of them pleading voices that get all into you. It wasn't half over before I seen Nettie was strongly moved, as they say, only she was staring at Wilbur, who by now was leading the orchestra with one graceful arm and looking absorbed and sodden, like he done it unconsciously. Chester just set there with his mouth open, like something you see at one of these here aquariums.

"We moved round some when it was over, while Wilbur was picking out just the right needle for the other record, and so I managed to cut that lump of a Chester out of the bunch and hold him on the porch till I got Nettie out too. Then I said 'Sh-h-h!' so they wouldn't move when Wilbur let the mezzo-soprano start. And they had to stay out there in the golden moonlight with love's young dream and everything. The lady singer was good too. No use in talking, that song must have done a lot of heart-work right among our very best families. It had me going again so I plumb forgot my couple outside. I even forgot Wilbur, standing by the box showing the lady how to sing.

"It come to the last—you know how it ends—'To kiss the cross, sweetheart, to kiss the cross!' There was a rich and silent moment and I says, 'If that Chet Timmins hasn't shown himself to be a regular male teep by this time ——' And here come Chet's voice, choking as usual, 'Yes, paw switched to Durhams and Herefords over ten years ago—you see Holsteins was too light; they don't carry the meat ——' Honest! I'm telling you what I heard. And yet when they come in I could see that Chester had had tears in his eyes from that song, so still I didn't give in, especially as Nettie herself looked very exalted, like she wasn't at that minute giving two whoops in the bad place for the New Dawn.

"Nettie made for Wilbur, who was pushing back his hair with a weak but graceful sweep of the arm—it had got down before his face like a portière—and I took Chet into a corner and tried to get some of the just wrath of God into his heart; but, my lands! You'd have said he didn't know there was such a thing as a girl in the whole Kulanche Valley. He didn't seem to hear me. He talked other matters.

"'Paw thinks,' he says, 'that he might manage to take them two hundred and fifty bull calves off your hands.' 'Oh, indeed!' I says. 'And does he think of buying 'em—as is often done in the cattle business—or is he merely aiming to do me a favor?' I was that mad at the poor worm, but he never knew. 'Why, now, paw says "You tell Maw Pettengill I might be willing to take 'em off her hands at twelve dollars a head,"' he says. 'I should think he might be,' I says, 'but they ain't bothering my hands the least little mite. I like to have 'em on my hands at anything less than sixteen a head,' I says. 'Your pa,' I went on, 'is the man that started this here safety-first cry. Others may claim the honor, but it belongs solely to him.' 'He never said anything about that,' says poor Chester. 'He just said you was going to be short of range this summer.' 'Be that all too true, as it may be,' I says, 'but I still got my business faculties ——' And I was going on some more, but just then I seen Nettie and Wilbur was awful thick over something he'd unwrapped from the other package he'd brought. It was neither more nor less than a big photo of C. Wilbur Todd. Yes, sir, he'd brought her one.

"'I think the artist has caught a bit of the real just there, if you know what I mean,' says Wilbur, laying a pale thumb across the upper part of the horrible thing.

"'I understand,' says Nettie, 'the real you was expressing itself.'

"'Perhaps,' concedes Wilbur kind of nobly. 'I dare say he caught me in one of my rarer moods. You don't think it too idealized?'

"'Don't jest,' says she, very pretty and severe. And they both gazed spellbound.

"'Chester,' I says in low but venomous tones, 'you been hanging round that girl worse than Grant hung round Richmond, but you got to remember that Grant was more than a hanger. He made moves, Chester, moves! Do you get me?'

"'About them calves,' says Chester, 'pa told me it's his honest opinion ——'

"Well, that was enough for once. I busted up that party sudden and firm.

"'It has meant much to me,' says Wilbur at parting.

"'I understand,' says Nettie.

"'When you come up to the ranch, Miss Nettie,' says Chester, 'you want to ride over to the Lazy Eight and see that there tame coyote I got. It licks your hand like a dog.'

"But what could I do, more than what I had done? Nettie was looking at the photograph when I shut the door on 'em. 'The soul behind the wood and wire,' she murmurs. I looked closer then and what do you reckon it was? Just as true as I set here, it was Wilbur, leaning forward all negligent and patronizing on a twelve-hundred-dollar grand piano, his hair well forward

and his eyes masterful, like that there noble instrument was his bond slave. But wait! And underneath he'd writ a bar of music with notes running up and down, and signed his name to it—not plain, mind you, though he can write a good business hand if he wants to, but all scrawly like someone important, so you couldn't tell if it was meant for Dutch or English. Could you beat that for nerve—in a day, in a million years?

"'What's Wilbur writing that kind of music for?' I asks in a cold voice. 'He don't know that kind. What he had ought to of written is a bunch of them hollow slats and squares like they punch in the only kind of music he plays,' I says.

"'Hush!' says Nettie. 'It's that last divine phrase, "To kiss the cross!"'

"I choked up myself then. And I went to bed and thought. And this is what I thought: When you think you got the winning hand, keep on raising. To call is to admit you got no faith in your judgment. Better lay down than call. So I resolve not to say another word to the girl about Chester, but simply to press the song in on her. Already it had made her act like a human person. Of course I didn't worry none about Wilbur. The wisdom of the ages couldn't have done that. But I seen I had got to have a real first-class human voice in that song, like the one I had heard in New York City. They'll just have to clench, I think, when they hear a good A-number-one voice in it.

"Next day I look in on Wilbur and say, 'What about this concert and musical entertainment the North Side set is talking about giving for the starving Belgians?'

"'The plans are maturing,' he says, 'but I'm getting up a Brahms concerto that I have promised to play -you know how terrifically difficult Brahms is—so the date hasn't been set yet.'

"Well, set it and let's get to work,' I says. 'There'll be you, and the North Side Ladies' String Quartet, and Ed Bughalter with a bass solo, and Mrs. Dr. Percy Hailey Martingale with the Jewel Song from Faust, and I been thinking,' I says, 'that we had ought to get a good professional lady concert singer down from Spokane.'

"'I'm afraid the expenses would go over our receipts,' says Wilbur, and I can see him figuring that this concert will cost the Belgians money instead of helping 'em; so right off I says, 'If you can get a good-looking, sad-faced contralto, with a low-cut black dress, that can sing The Rosary like it had ought to be sung, why, you can touch me for that part of the evening's entertainment.'

"Wilbur says I'm too good, not suspicioning I'm just being wily, so he says he'll write up and fix it. And a couple days later he says the lady professional is engaged, and it'll cost me fifty, and he shows me her picture and the dress is all right, and she had a sad, powerful face, and the date is set and everything.

"Meantime I keep them two records het up for the benefit of my reluctant couple: daytime for Nettie—she standing dreamy-eyed while it was doing, showing she was coming more and more human, understand—and evenings for both of 'em, when Chester Timmins would call. And Chet himself about the third night begins to get a new look in his eyes, kind of absent and desperate, so I thinks this here lady professional will simply goad him to a frenzy. Oh, we had some sad musical week before that concert! That was when this crazy Chink of mine got took by the song. He don't know yet what it means, but it took him all right; he got regular besotted with it, keeping the kitchen door open all the time, so he wouldn't miss a single turn. It took his mind off his work too. Talk about the Yellow Peril! He got so locoed with that song one day, what does he do but peel and cook up twelve dollars' worth of the Piedmont Queen dahlia bulbs I'd ordered for the front yard. Sure! Served 'em with cream sauce, and we et 'em, thinking they was some kind of a Chinese vegetable.

"But I was saying about this new look in Chester's eyes, kind of far-off and criminal, when that song was playing. And then something give me a pause, as they say. Chet showed up one evening with his nails all manicured; yes, sir, polished till you needed smoked glasses to look at 'em. I knew all right where he'd been. I may as well tell you that Henry Lehman was giving Red Gap a flash of form with his new barber shop—tiled floor, plate-glass front, exposed plumbing and a manicure girl from Seattle; yes, sir, just like in the great wicked cities. It had already turned some of our very best homes into domestic hells, and no wonder! Decent, God-fearing men who'd led regular lives and had whiskers and grown children, setting down to a little spindle-legged table with this creature, dipping their clumsy old hands into a pink saucedish of suds and then going brazenly back to their innocent families with their nails glittering like piano keys. Oh, that young dame was bound to be a social pet among the ladies of the town, yes—no? She was pretty and neat figured, with very careful hair, though its color had been tampered with unsuccessfully, and she wore little, blue-striped shirtwaists that fitted very close—you know—with low collars. It was said that she was a good conversationalist and would talk in low, eager tones to them whose fingers she tooled.

"Still, I didn't think anything of Chester resorting to that sanitary den of vice. All I think is that he's trying to pretty himself up for Nettie and maybe show her he can be a man-about-town, like them she has known in Spokane and in Yonkers, New York, at the select home of Mrs. W. B. Hemingway and her husband. How little we think when we had ought to be thinking our darnedest! Me? I just went on playing them two records, the male barytone and the lady mezzo, and trying to curse that Chinaman into keeping the kitchen door shut on his cooking, with Wilbur dropping in now and then so him and Nettie could look at his photo, which was propped up against a book on the center table—one of them large three-dollar books that you get stuck with by an agent and never read—and Nettie dropping into his store now and then to hear him practice over difficult bits from his piece that he was going to render at the musical entertainment for the Belgians, with him asking her if she thought he shaded the staccato passage a mite too heavy, or some guff like that.

"So here come the concert, with every seat sold and the hall draped pretty with flags and cut flowers. Some of the boys was down from the ranch, and you bet I made 'em all come across for tickets, and old Safety First—Chet's father—I stuck him for a dollar one, though he had an evil look in his eyes. That's how the boys got so crazy about this here song. They brought that record back with 'em. And Buck Devine, that I met on the street that very day of the concert, he give me another kind of a little jolt. He'd been gossiping round town, the vicious way men will do, and he says to me:

"'That Chester lad is taking awful chances for a man that needs his two hands at his work. Of course if he was a foot-racer or something like that, where he didn't need hands ——' 'What's all this?' I asks. 'Why,' says Buck, 'he's had his nails rasped down to the quick till he almost screams if they touch anything, and he goes back for more every single day. It's a wonder they ain't mortified on him already; and say, it costs him six bits a throw and, of course, he don't take no change from a dollar—he leaves the extra two bits for a tip. Gee! A dollar a day for keeping your nails tuned up—and I ain't sure he don't have 'em done twice on Sundays. Mine ain't never had a file teched to 'em yet,' he says. 'I see that,' I says. 'If any foul-minded person ever accuses you of it, you got abundant proofs of your innocence right there with you. As for Chester,' I says, 'he has an object.' 'He has,' says Buck. 'Not what you think,' I says. 'Very different from that. It's true,' I concedes, 'that he ought to take that money and go to some good osteopath and have his head treated, but he's all right at that. Don't you set up nights worrying about it.' And I sent Buck slinking off shamefaced, but unconvinced, I could see. But I wasn't a bit scared.

"Chet et supper with us the night of the concert and took Nettie and I to the hall, and you bet I wedged them two close in next to each other when we got to our seats. This was my star play. If they didn't fall for each other now —— Shucks! They had to. And I noticed they was more confidential already, with Nettie looking at him sometimes almost respectfully.

"Well, the concert went fine, with the hired lady professional singer giving us some operatic gems in various foreign languages in the first part, and Ed Bughalter singing A Desert King am I, Ha, Ha! very bass—Ed always sounds to me like moving heavy furniture round that ain't got any casters under it—and Mrs. Dr. Percy Hailey Martingale with the Jewel Song from Faust, that she learned in a musical conservatory at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Coming Through the Rye for an encore—holding the music rolled up in her hands, though the Lord knows she knew every word and note of it by heart—and the North Side Ladies' String Quartet, and Wilbur Todd, of course, putting on more airs than as if he was the only son of old man Piano himself, while he shifted the gears and pumped, and Nettie whispering that he always slept two hours before performing in public and took no nourishment but just a cup of warm milk—just a bundle of nerves that way—and she sent him up a bunch of lilies tied with lavender ribbon while he was bowing and scraping, but I didn't pay no attention to that, for now it was coming.

"Yes, sir, the last thing was this here lady professional, getting up stern and kind of sweetish sad in her low-cut black dress to sing the song of songs. I was awful excited for a party of my age, and I see they was too. Nettie nudged Chet and whispered, 'Don't you just love it?' And Chet actually says, 'I love it,' so no wonder I felt sure, when up to that time he'd hardly been able to say a word except about his pa being willing to take them calves for almost nothing. Then I seen his eyes glaze and point off across the hall, and darned if there wasn't this manicure party in a cheek little hat and tailored gown, setting with Mrs. Henry Lehman and her husband. But still I felt all right, because him and Nettie was nudging each other intimately again when Professor Gluckstein started in on the accompaniment—I bet Wilbur thinks the prof is awful old-fashioned, playing with his fingers that way; I know they don't speak on the street.

"So this lady just floated into that piece with all the heart stops pulled out, and after one line I didn't begrudge her a cent of my fifty. I just set there and thrilled. I could feel Nettie and Chet thrilling, too, and I says, 'There's nothing to it—not from now on.'

"The applause didn't bust loose till almost a minute after she'd kissed the cross in that rich brown voice of hers, and even then my couple didn't join in. Nettie set still, all frozen and star-eyed, and Chester was choking and sniffling awful emotionally. 'I've sure nailed the young fools,' I thinks. And, of course, this lady had to sing it again, and not half through was she when, sure enough, I glanced down sideways and Chet's right hand and her left hand is squirming together till they look like a bunch of eels. 'All over but the rice,' I says, and at that I felt so good and thrilled! I was thinking back to my own time when I was just husband-high, though that wasn't so little, Lysander John being a scant six foot three—and our wedding tour to the Centennial and the trip to Niagara Falls—just soaking in old memories that bless and bind that this lady singer was calling up—well, you could have had anything from me right then when she kissed that cross a second time, just pouring her torn heart out. 'Worth every cent of that fifty,' I says.

"Then everybody was standing up and moving out—wiping their eyes a lot of 'em was—so I push on ahead quick, aiming to be more wily than ever and leave my couple alone. They don't miss me either. When I look back, darned if they ain't kind of shaking hands right there in the hall. 'Quick work!' I says. 'You got to hand it to that song.' Even then I noticed Nettie was looking back to where Wilbur was tripping down from the platform, and Chester had his eyes glazed over on this manicure party. Still, they was gripping each other's hands right there before folks, and I think they're just a bit embarrassed. My old heart went right on echoing that song as I pushed forward—not looking back again, I was that certain.

"And to show you the mushy state I was in, here is old Safety First himself leering at me down by the door, with a clean shave and his other clothes on, and he says all about how it was a grand evening's musical entertainment and how much will the Belgians get in cold cash, anyway, and how about them two hundred and fifty head of bull calves that he was willing to take off my hands, and me, all mushed up by that song as I am telling you, saying to him in a hearty manner, 'They're yours, Dave! Take 'em at your own price, old friend.' Honest, I said it just that way, so you can see. 'Oh, I'll be stuck on 'em at twelve a head,' says Dave, 'but I knew you'd listen

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to reason, we being such old neighbors.' 'I ain't heard reason since that last song,' I says. 'I'm listening to my heart, and it's a grand pity yours never learned to talk.' 'Twelve a head,' says the old robber.

"So, thus throwing away at least a thousand dollars like it was a mere bagatelle or something, I walk out into the romantic night and beat it for home, wanting to be in before my happy couple reached there, so they'd feel free to linger over their parting. My, but I did feel responsible and dangerous, directing human destinies so brashly the way I had."

There was a pause, eloquent with unworded emotions.

Then, "Human destinies, hell!" the lady at length intoned.

Hereupon I amazingly saw that she believed her tale to be done. I permitted the silence to go a minute, perhaps, while she fingered the cigarette paper and loose tobacco.

"And of course, then," I hinted, as the twin jets of smoke were rather viciously expelled.

"I should say so—'of course, then'—you got it. But I didn't get it for near an hour yet. I set up to my bedroom window in the dark, waiting excitedly, and pretty soon they slowly floated up to the front gate, talking in hushed tones and gurgles. 'Male and female created He them,' I says, flushed with triumph. The moon wasn't up yet but you hadn't any trouble making out they was such. He was acting outrageously like a male and she was suffering it with that splendid courage which has long distinguished our helpless sex. And there I set, warming my old heart in it and expanding like one of them little squeezed-up sponges you see in the drug-store window, which swells up so astonishing when you put it in water. I wasn't impatient for them to quit, oh no! They seemed to clench and unclench and clench again, as if they had all the time in the world—with me doing nothing but applaud silently.

"After spending about twenty years out there they loitered softly up the walk and round to the side door where I'd left the light burning, and I slipped over to the side window, which was also open, and looked down on the dim fond pair, and she finally opened the door softly and the light shone out."

Again Ma Pettengill paused, her elbows on the arms of her chair, her shoulders forward, her gray old head low between them. She drew a long breath and rumbled fiercely:

"And the mushy fool me, forcing that herd of calves on old Dave at that scandalous price—after all, that's what really gaffed me the worst! My stars! If I could have seen that degenerate old crook again that night—but of course a trade's a trade, and I'd said it. Ain't I the old silly!"

"The door opened and the light shone out ——" I gently prompted.

She erected herself in the chair, threw back her shoulders, and her wide mouth curved and lifted at the corners with the humor that never long deserts this woman.

"Yep! That light flooded out its golden rays on the reprehensible person of C. Wilbur Todd," she crisply announced. "And like they say in the stories, little remains to be told.

"I let out a kind of strangled yell, and Wilbur beat it right across my new lawn, and I beat it downstairs. But that girl was like a sleepwalker—not to be talked to, I mean, like you could talk to persons.

"'Aunty,' she says in creepy tones, 'I have brought myself to the ultimate surrender. I know the chains are about me, already I feel the shackles, but I glory in them.' She kind of gasped and shivered in horrible delight. 'I've kissed the cross at last,' she mutters.

"I was so weak I dropped into a chair and I just looked at her. At first I couldn't speak, then I saw it was no good speaking. She was free, white and twenty-one. So I never let on. I've had to take a jolt or two in my time. I've learned how. But finally I did manage to ask how about Chet Timmins.

"'I wronged dear Chester,' she says. 'I admit it freely. He has a heart of gold and a nature in a thousand. But, of course, there could never be anything between him and a nature like mine; our egos function on different planes,' she says. 'Dear Chester came to see it too. It's only in the last week we've come to understand each other. It was really that wonderful song that brought us to our mutual knowledge. It helped us to understand our mutual depths better than all the ages of eternity could have achieved.' On she goes with this mutual stuff, till you'd have thought she was reading a composition or something. 'And dear Chester is so radiant in his own new-found happiness,' she says. 'What!' I yells, for this was indeed some jolt.

"'He has come into his own,' she says. 'They have eloped to Spokane, though I promised to observe secrecy until the train had gone. A very worthy creature I gather from what Chester tells me, a Miss Macgillicuddy ——'

"'Not the manicure party?' I yells again.

"'I believe she has been a wage-earner,' says Nettie. 'And dear Chester is so grateful about that song. It was her favorite song, too, and it seemed to bring them together, just as it opened my own soul to Wilbur. He says she sings the song very charmingly herself, and he thought it preferable that they be wed in Spokane before his father objected. And oh, aunty, I do see how blind I was to my destiny, and how kind you were to me in my blindness—you who had led the fuller life as I shall lead it at Wilbur's side.'

"'You beat it to your room,' I orders her, very savage and disorganized. For I had stood about all the jolts in one day that God had meant me to. And so they was married, Chester and his bride attending the ceremony and Oscar Teetz' five-piece orchestra playing The ——" She broke off, with a suddenly blazing glance at the disk, and seized it from the table rather purposefully. With a hand firmly at both edges she stared inscrutably at it a long moment.

"I hate to break the darned thing," she said musingly at last. "I guess I'll just lock it up. Maybe sometime I'll be feeling the need to hear it again. I know I can still be had by it if all the circumstances is right."

Still she stared at the thing curiously.

"Gee! It was hot getting them calves out to-day, and old Safety First moaning about all over the place how he's being stuck with 'em, till more than once I come near forgetting I was a lady—and, oh, yes"—she brightened—"I was going to tell you. After it was all over, Wilbur, the gallant young tone poet, comes gushing up to me and says, 'Now, aunty, always when you are in town you must drop round and break bread with us.' Aunty, mind you, right off the reel. 'Well,' I says, 'if I drop round to break any bread your wife bakes I'll be sure to bring a hammer.' I couldn't help it. He'll make a home for the girl all right, but he does something sinful to my nerves every time he opens his face. And then coming back here, where I looked for God's peace and quiet, and being made to hear that darned song every time I turned round!

"I give orders plain enough, but say, it's like a brush fire—you never know when you got it stamped out."

From the kitchen came the sound of a dropped armful of stove wood. Hard upon this, the unctuous, whining tenor of Jimmie Time:

Oh-h-h mem-o-reez thu-hat blu-hess and bu-hurn!

"You, Jimmie Time!" It is a voice meant for Greek tragedy and a theater open to the heavens. I could feel the terror of the aged vassal.

"Yes, ma'am!" The tone crawled abasingly. "I forgot myself."

I was glad, and I dare say he had the wit to be, that he had not to face the menace of her glare.

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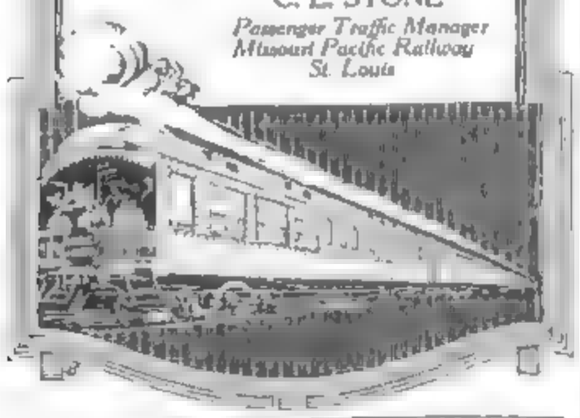

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ON THE FRENCH FRONT

(Concluded from Page 7)

journalist had previously been in a French first-line trench. I should have preferred none, but I was content.

In the quarters of the commandant, a farmhouse at the back end of the village, champagne was served—admirable champagne. We stood round a long table, waiting till the dilatory should have arrived. The party had somehow grown. For example, the *curé* came, amid acclamations. He related how a lieutenant had accosted him in front of some altar and asked whether he might be allowed to celebrate the mass.

"That depends," said the *curé*. "You cannot celebrate if you are not a priest. If you are you can."

"I am a priest," said the lieutenant. And he celebrated the mass.

We were all equal. The French Army is by far the most democratic institution I have ever seen. On our journeys the staff captains and ourselves habitually ate with a sergeant and a corporal. The corporal was the son of a general. The sergeant was a man of business and a writer. His first words when he met me were in English: "Monsieur Bennett, I have read your books." One of our chauffeurs was a well-known printer who employs three hundred and fifty men—when there is peace. The relations between officers and men are simply unique. I never saw a greeting that was not exquisite. The officers were full of knowledge, decision and appreciative kindliness. The men were bursting with eager devotion. This must count, perhaps, even more than big guns.

The Commandant's Beautiful Pages

The commandant, of course, presided at the *vin d'honneur*. His glance and his smile, his latent energy, would have inspired devotion in a wooden block. Every glass touched every glass, an operation that entailed some three-score clinkings. And while we were drinking one of the staff captains—the one whose English was the less perfect of the two—began to tell me of the career of the commandant in Algeria and elsewhere. Among other things, he had carried his wounded men on his own shoulders under fire from the field of battle to a place of safety. He was certainly under forty; he might have been under thirty-five.

Said the staff captain, ingenuously translating in his mind from French to English, and speaking with slow caution, as though picking his way among the *chevaux-de-frise* of the English language: "There are—very beautiful pages—in his—military life."

He meant: "*Il y a de très belles pages dans sa carrière militaire.*"

Which is subtly not quite the same thing.

As we left the farmhouse to regain the communication trench there was a fierce, loud noise like this: ZZZZZ ssss ZZZZ ssss ZZZZ. And then an explosion. The observer in the captive balloon had noticed unaccustomed activity in our village, and the consequences were coming. We saw yellow smoke rising just beyond the wall of the farmyard, about two hundred yards away. We received instructions to hurry to the trench. We had not gone fifty yards in the trench when there was another celestial confusion of S's and Z's. Imitating the officers, we bent low in the trench. The explosion followed.

"One, two, three, four, five," said a captain. "One should not rise till one has counted five, because all the bits have not fallen. If it is a big shell, count ten."

We tiptoed and glanced over the edge of the trench. Yellow smoke was rising at a distance of about three lawn-tennis courts.

"With some of their big shells," said the captain, "you can hear nothing until it is too late, for the reason that the shell travels more quickly than the sound of it. The sounds reach your ears in inverse order—if you are alive."

A moment later a third shell dropped in the same plot of ground.

And even a mile and a half off, at the other end of the communication trench, when the automobiles emerged from their shelter into the view of the captive balloon, the officers feared for the automobiles, and we fled very swiftly.

We had been to the very front of the front, and it was the most cheerful, confident, high-spirited place I had seen in France, or in England either.

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AS IS

(Continued from Page 15)

the 1902 off a milk wagon; but that's the beauty of a standard car you can get anything you want these days—coupé, landau, brougham, berlin, torpedo body anything you want! The main thing of a car is the engine and chassis, of course."

"What is the chassee?" I inquired. "I have often wondered."

"The chassis of the car," said Percy Jones, "is what you put the wheels on."

That made it perfectly plain. Subsequently I learned how to spell it.

"And I suppose we get the chassee, engine and other appurtenances az iz?"

"You certainly do," said he. "You can't get a slightly used car in any other way."

The wheels of this car appeared to me somewhat singular, as they sat more closely to the floor than I had been accustomed to notice in other vehicles. I called Percy's attention to this.

"Of course you've got to get an entirely new set of tires," said he. "That will cost you forty dollars a throw."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that a set of tires costs as much as forty dollars?"

"No, I don't," answered Percy. "What I mean to tell you is that one, single, solitary tire, all by itself, costs you forty dollars. These 38–5's are cheap at that."

"And how long," I inquired mildly, "if I may be so bold as to ask—that is to say—how many years does such a tire last?"

"You ain't exactly buying an heirloom when you buy a pneumatic tire," said Percy Jones to me gently. "Some of them last five thousand miles and some of them last five minutes; and every time they don't it costs you forty or fifty per."

"Still," I said to him reproachfully, "you said you would show me how to beat this game!"

"No," said Percy; "I only meant we would come as close to it as anybody can. But what's a few dollars here or there? I'd take a contract to fix this car here up for twelve hundred dollars. In that case your total investment wouldn't be a cent over two thousand dollars. Oh, there might be some things that would come along after a while; but it wouldn't stand you much more than that at first."

"Could we ride home in it then?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," said he dubiously, pursing up a lip. "The only thing I am sure of is we couldn't ride home in her now."

"Then let's go home on the street car again while I have carfare left," said I.

More Wheels Than Corners

So we went home on the street car, and I sat by the lady with the dachshund. Percy explained to me that his car was in the shop getting fixed—I think something was wrong with its carburetor or the spark plugs, or may be the king-pin was lost.

The next morning at breakfast I was relieved to learn that any apprehension as to the Az Iz II had been entirely ill-founded. Percy called up on the phone and said, with much joy in his voice, that we were not going to do anything about the car we had bought the day previous, but were going to trade it in on a new car he had just found.

"There is some class to this baby!" said he—and I could hear his exultation over the phone. "She's a 1909—one of the good years for Battle-axes—and she has a full set of wire wheels! Why, you couldn't give me any wooden wheels any more! Now, we'll go down and see this wire-wheel job, and it will make all those other Battle-axes we have been looking at seem like a nightmare to you."

There was a great deal of truth in this, I was sure; but I went with Percy that morning to see what he called the 1909 job. It did, indeed, have wire wheels; in fact, it had wire wheels hung all round it, three or four extra ones being appended, apparently for provision against accidents that seemed practically certain to occur. I should say the owner had been a very forehanded sort of man—he did not seem to have any confidence in his wheels at all, and the future must have seemed an ominous thing to him.

"There is nothing like having plenty of wheels on a car," said Percy, however. "Now, if you buy this job at what they want for it you will get the old wooden wheels and twelve of these new wire wheels—sixteen wheels! Can you beat it?"

"But how can I use all sixteen of them on this car," I inquired, "when there are only four corners to the car and the usual allowance is one wheel to each corner?"

"You can store them along with your extra body," said he. "Of course you want to get a touring body and limousine—the owner of this wire-wheel job is going to reserve both the bodies off it; so you get it az iz—bodies off—delivery in sixty days from now. That will bring it sometime in August. Looks like an awfully good trade to me! Of course I see she needs a new magneto and will have to be rewired; and some new batteries and a new lighting system will have to be put in. You ought to put in a self-starter; but that ain't much—say two hundred and fifty dollars. But you don't have to get any new tires for this car—I don't think these tires have been run over ten or twelve thousand miles at the outside."

"And how much does this 1909 job come to?" asked I.

"Why, nothing at all!" said Percy, waving a hand. "I told you I would show you how to beat this game. You see, a wire-wheel car has got everything else beat by a mile. Besides, this is a 1909 Battle-ax engine—and that was a great deal better than the 1914, or even the 1915. So when they want only fifteen hundred for this car az iz, and will allow you two hundred and forty dollars in trade for the Az Iz II, why, you can see you are making money faster than anything you ever did. Just think of the discounts you've saved in this way, as against what you would have had if you had bought a new car and sold it to somebody else, fifty, forty and twenty off!"

Bathing Az Iz III

A sudden thought came to me as I got the receipt for the money for the good ship Az Iz III.

"Where am I going to keep this car, Percy?" I inquired.

"Where are you going to keep it? Well, I don't suppose it will go in the bathroom, and maybe it's too big to go under the bed," remarked he with sarcasm in his voice. "If you haven't any garage of your own you'll have to keep it in some public garage. Of course, having these two extra bodies and all these wheels, you'll pay something extra each month for storage; but for the car itself—floor space, that is to say—you won't have to pay above fifteen dollars a month. Now, washing the car would be more than that!"

"Washing it?" said I "Do they ever wash them?"

"They never do anything else," said Percy. "That costs about a dollar and a half or two dollars each time. Of course they won't let your chauffeur go into the garage to do any washing—though he will be free to go in and try to find the tools they have borrowed from the car, and figure up from the speedometer how much they ran it the night before; and they will even let him oil the car free of charge. Of course they won't let him go there and wash it—that is a part of what they have to sell."

"Chauffeur?" said I. "You seem to think I'm going to have one!"

"Of course you're going to have one. You can't run a car yourself—it wouldn't be safe for you to try it. You'd kill the dog or cripple up somebody else—and then where would you be? There ain't anybody going to call you Little Sunshine when you come down the Avenue learning how to drive a new car—believe me! Of course you'll have a chauffeur!"

"But suppose he should run into something—kill a dog, or even worse?"

"That's something to be considered," said Percy. "Of course, if he is your servant and if he kills somebody you'll have to stand the damage suit. If he busts up anybody's car you'll have to pay for that too. That's what the license is for. But you get all those things covered by insurance. You can buy insurance policies that will make it a perfect pleasure to go out and run over a picnic party or a street car—because it don't cost you anything. If you bust up another fellow's car the insurance company pays for that—so enjoy yourself and go ahead!

"Your policy is a protection, don't you see? You can buy one that works both ways—protecting both you and the other fellow. You can insure the dog, too, if you want to. I don't know about insuring your chauffeur, but I think you could do even that. It is astonishing what kinds of insurance they will write these days. Of course you will want fire insurance on your car, for the garage doesn't furnish that. If I were you I would write some cyclone, marine and burglar insurance too. But the whole thing, so far as insurance is concerned, is a mere trifle. You can get away for six or seven hundred dollars a year.

"Now figure your garage charge in for thirty-five or forty-five dollars a month, and your chauffeur at about twenty-five dollars a week, no Christmas included; you don't want to get a bum chauffeur, because he'll ruin your car—railroad it at night, and all kinds of things. Get a married man for a chauffeur. Better give him his rent free, so that he will always be about—you never can find him otherwise. Of course you must furnish his livery."

"Oh, must I?" queried I. "Can't we get a chauffeur somewhere slightly used and az iz?"

"There ain't no such animal. For pity's sake, don't go driving round with a chauffeur without a livery; there's no class to that and it don't get you anywhere. But liveries don't cost much—you can get a good one for fifty dollars a suit. A cap don't cost much and the putties are little or nothing. You ought to get your chauffeur a good-looking set of fur gloves if you have any style about you at all in the winter. You see, they class you by the turnout you throw. Your lap robe ——"

"Is there anything else?" said I after a time, which I had spent engaged in deep thought.

"Is there anything else?" said Percy, laughing. "Why, there's everything else! I have mentioned only a few of the things. You'll discover the rest as you get in. For instance, you have to buy gasoline and lubricating oil, and you have to join an auto club, where the dues are a hundred or so a year; and you ought to get a membership in a supply club, so as to get all the discounts. And every couple of years, at least, you ought to get your entire car overhauled, and you have to paint it every spring.

"The trouble with this wire-wheel proposition you have got, for instance, is that the ball bearings are all to the bad. You ought to have a new set—they ought not to cost you over seventy-five dollars. You must get a hamper and a trunk and a tent and a spirit lamp and a horn and a clock and a speedometer; and, in fact, there are a number of little things I don't happen to think of just now, but they will be brought to your attention all right in the course of time as you get your feet wet ——"

The Car That Wouldn't Match

"That is to say, wetter!" said I. "They feel somewhat damp at the present moment."

"Well," said Percy, frowning, "suppose you had bought a car right new, and had driven her out over the sidewalk, and had felt your seventy-five hundred dollars go plump in half—fifty off for depreciation at the first roll out of the shop! How would you feel then?"

"I expect I should feel pretty bad," said I. "But we might be able to get this car up home, don't you think?"

"Better get one of the men from the repair shops to try to run her up there. He might possibly make it. What time is it now?"

"It's only half past two," said I.

"Well, we can get there by seven o'clock," said Percy confidently. "It's only four miles."

As a matter of fact, I found Percy's estimates were most exact. We did arrive home in time for dinner and were forced to stop only at infrequent or semioccasional instances at different places, so that the mechanician might execute certain necessary adjustments to the Az Iz III.

I did not mind these things, but felt my bosom swell in philanthropic joy as I pondered what excellent results this car was going to have on the health of Webster. Imagine my surprise and chagrin, therefore, when Willy Lou explained to me that the whole thing would have to be changed.

"The upholstery of this car," said she bitterly, "does not in the least match Webster's color—it is quite impossible to use it; in fact, I believe Webster is one of the most difficult dogs to match there is in the block. I couldn't think of taking him out in any such arrangement as that is! Where did you get it? It looks to me like a basement sale."

"Now look here," said Percy Jones, "if you don't like the body of this car, what's the matter with a brougham body? I've got one on my Battle-ax. I'm going to trade it in anyhow this week, because I'm going to buy a Dolores-McGuffy myself; and I'll sell you that body for what I paid for it. You've tried Webster in my car and the colors match perfectly. I'll sell you the brougham body for six hundred dollars ——"

"Az iz?" said I.

"Surely—az iz. What's more, there's a coat of arms already on the door."

"I think we had better take that," said Willy Lou.

Saving on Soap and Radishes

It seemed to me that this opportunity was too good to be lost; so I closed with Percy at once, on his assurance that we could easily trade the body from the car I had just purchased for something else at any time we liked.

In this way, late in the summer or in the early fall, I became possessed of my first motor car. I felt great delight in looking at it in company with Percy Jones, who now slapped me on the shoulder.

"That's the way to do it, old man!" said he. "This business of buying a new car outright is playing a sucker game. Now we beat the game, didn't we?—we let the other fellow pay the discounts."

I figured the matter over carefully in my mind and expressed a certain mental indecision as to who had paid the discounts in this series of enterprises of ours. But Percy's optimism and buoyancy of spirit quite indisposed me to look on anything in a gloomy manner.

"You've got your feet wet now, haven't you, old top?" said he. "Now I'll tell you what to do. I was just looking at the Ruat jobs that are coming on the market for next season; and, say, man, after you have seen one of them you wouldn't go to a funeral in this ice wagon you've got here! I'm telling you I've traded my Battle-ax for a Dolores-McGuffy, and traded that for a Ruat. They're only eighty-five hundred dollars, with everything in—self-starter, tire pump, hamper frame, trunk cases, split seats, low running boards, full nickel trim, six mirrors, electric toasting rack, bottle frame, place for powder puff, curling iron, foot warmer ——"

"Is there a place for a dog?" I inquired suddenly.

"No," said Percy, shaking his head. "They're not using dogs this season."

"Is that so?" said I. "But what makes you want a Ruat when all the time you have been so strong for the Battle-ax?"

"Well," said Percy, "you see, things change so. For a long time the Battle-ax had the run; but now everybody is trading in Battle-axes on Ruats—you might just as well be out of town as out of style in motor cars. Now I felt this year that it was only a matter of seventy-five hundred dollars, and I could trade in my old Battle-ax for eight hundred and fifty dollars—so why not get a new Ruat and be satisfied? I asked myself."

"Why not?" said I. "That's precisely what I'll do. I suppose, however, that when you do buy a perfectly new car you buy it az iz?"

"You surely do!" said Percy Jones.

"After all," said I, "there's always a way to beat any game, isn't there? I don't suppose my new Ruat, when I get it, will cost me—az iz—a cent over fifteen thousand dollars. Now what would a man do, anyway, if he had fifteen thousand dollars' worth of radishes?"

"Well, anyway," said Willy Lou, "it will be a great saving, because now we shan't have to pay any street-car fares. Besides, I can get down to the Monday bargain sales—why, often, if you're there early enough you can get twenty bars of soap for eighty cents! And we could bring the soap back in the car."

"And as for radishes ——" said I.

"Yes; it will be a great deal cheaper to go out into the country in the car and get the radishes az iz than it would be to raise them ourselves. Why, I can think of a great many ways in which a car will be an actual saving in money. I am so glad you succeeded in beating the game!"

I thought I saw Webster wink one eye at me; and I know I saw Percy Jones.

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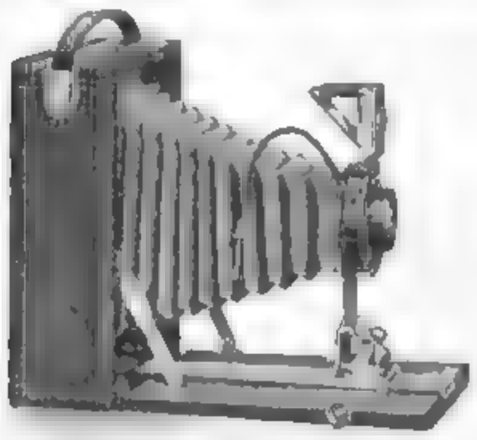

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HAVE THE BIG MEN BEEN BUYING STOCKS?

(Concluded from Page 19)

years; a game where the rules prohibit one brokerage house from accepting orders from the employees of another house; a game where the winner seldom quits as a winner; a game where the loser is often a ruined man, financially, physically and morally.

"Still, all over this country are people, otherwise of good common sense, who delude themselves with the idea that they, without any knowledge of basic conditions, can buy low and sell high on the short swings; and if they are successful the first time, they get inoculated. Once contaminated, few speculators survive. The germ is almost like leprosy, impossible to cure. We hear of the conspicuous winners and losers, but the pikers keep quiet, and still the grist goes through the mill.

"But you must not blame the Wall Street brokers for these conditions, any more than you would blame the Broadway tailors when your clothes go out of style. So long as we blindly follow fashion, the tailors of Broadway are entitled to their profit; so long as men ignorantly buy stocks and bonds, the tailors of Wall Street, known as brokers, are entitled to theirs. I personally know many of them, and can honestly say that they are a fine lot of fellows, and just as honorable as the average tailor or physician. Moreover, brokers don't get rich, as a rule. Their commissions are very small and they work very hard."

As suggested at the beginning of this article, one can usually tell what the big men are doing by ascertaining what the little fellows are doing; for the big men are usually doing the opposite to what the small investors are doing. When the small investors believe in mortgaging their houses to buy the big men are emptying their safe-deposit boxes to sell. When little fellows are pessimistic and sell their holdings at a loss, then the big men all buy on recessions. Therefore, I called on a very popular stock broker and asked him what the small investors have been doing the past few months, and this is what he said:

Buying at the Top

"During the early months of the year I saw signs of the little fellows' nibbling; but there are few nibbles now. Apparently, when war was declared most investors got tremendously frightened. Those who had loans, by a strenuous effort paid up these loans, either through selling their securities and taking a loss or by paying for the securities and putting them away for safekeeping. This took them temporarily out of the market, and they have done nothing since. The man who did not have loans canceled such outstanding orders as he had, and quietly folded his tent and stole away. From talks with customers I know that many even withdrew their money from banks during the early weeks of the war and have had it in hiding and inactive ever since. The braver ones have been allowing their money to accumulate in banks. Very few, however, did any investing until March or early April.

"It is an old saying that as the sap begins to run up into the trees the desire for speculation begins to run up into the heads of men. Since stock exchanges existed there has usually been the proverbial 'spring rise,' which psychologists say is due to a natural tendency on the part of man to become more active, like the birds and trees, as spring approaches. When such a psychological tendency is further accentuated by the fact that most investors are free from loans and have been accumulating money for some time, conditions are ripe to encourage such nibbling. Hence the epidemic to buy war-order stocks, which we have already seen this year, was only the natural result of both the psychological and the financial conditions.

"Lucky is the man, however, who loses his money the first one or two times that he nibbles. Unlucky is the man who begins by winning. Speculating is classified by psychologists with love and similar indescribable and uncontrollable afflictions—when you get the germ, only an antitoxin can save you. As in the use of other antitoxins, there must be something which develops within your system so that you will become immune. That something can best be introduced through losses."

When a corporation is to do any new financing, it does so with the aid of bankers who, as underwriters, agree to market the securities to the ultimate consumer, the public; or, failing to do so, take the issue themselves at an agreed price. This transaction is expected to be, and generally is, very profitable. These bankers are very close to the management, and each is associated with the other.

The bankers watch for opportune times for new security issues and generally protect the prices in the market; that is, they are interested in keeping the price level at an attractive figure, buying the stock at recessions and selling again at the right time.

In years gone by I used to be surprised at the altruistic intentions of certain brokers who issued weekly market letters, and also amazed at their acumen in discovering favorable features in the affairs of some special corporation. Later on, when my name happened to be on the stock ledger of such corporations and I received a copy—gratis—of such market letters marked in blue pencil emphasizing said favorable features, I was able to connect the inspiration with its source. Still later, when certain railroad managements were on the grill, it was proved that large sums are systematically spent by corporations in keeping the public "doped."

Those Who Serve Two Masters

Bond houses appear to be divided into two groups: One group seems to be working for its customers solely—that is, for you and others who buy bonds for investment. These are the great retail houses which have established reputations, not only for fairness but for taking care of their customers in consolidations and reorganizations. There are many such, and lucky are you if you are their client. The other group may be just as honest, but it is more allied with the manufacturers of securities. In their early stages such men are styled promoters, but as they become rich and powerful they are known as bankers. The houses in this group work primarily for the corporations. Unfortunate are the small investors who are lured by the well-known names of such houses to depend upon them for advice. If they gave good advice to the investor they would be betraying their own clients, the corporations.

This means that the great retail houses are working to induce the investor to buy when prices of securities are low; but the great wholesale houses work to induce investors to buy when security prices are high. In other words, the interests of the corporations are diametrically opposed to the interests of the investors.

Of course the bond houses must always have goods for sale. Their expenses are continuous and their salesmen must always be on the road. Therefore, they are all recommending securities at the present time. In talks with the heads of these houses, however, one is always able to get a frank opinion. There is no more honest set of men in any business than those engaged in the retailing of high-grade bonds. I have talked with many of these men the past few weeks, endeavoring to learn their opinion as to whether or not the big men are buying securities at the present time. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that they are buying some, but not heavily.

As a result of my investigations, including talks with bankers and manufacturers, with brokers and bond dealers, I came to this conclusion: The very biggest men are, at the present time, buying very little of anything excepting when they get a real bargain that they can take over at private sale below current quotations. All these men are building up big bank accounts, apparently anticipating a great readjustment, especially in the bond market, at the close of the war. A great many men not in active business whom I have interviewed I have found are buying some securities. These men include those whose names are familiar to every reader—men of great wealth and influence but not in the battle front at the present time. Personally I have much confidence in the judgment of these men—more, perhaps, than in the judgment of those directly on the firing line.

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Invigorating as the breezes that sweep to you over the sea is the after-effect of Pebeco—as refreshing, as pure, as hygienic. Not sticky-sweet nor scented, but with a keen flavor of its own.

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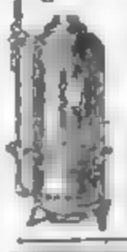

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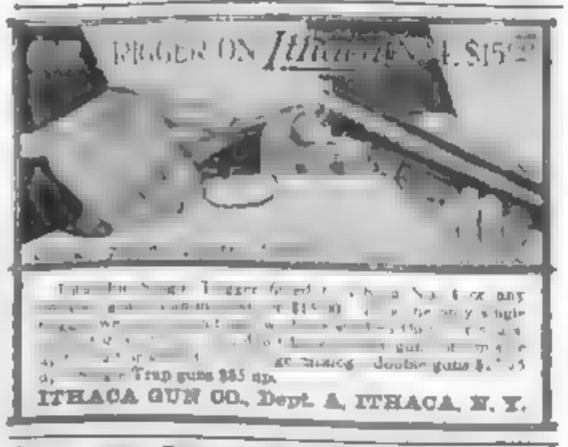

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In each town to ride and show a new 1916 RANGER bicycle. Write for our liberal terms and factory-to-rider offer.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days trial. Send for big catalog and learn how we ship any bicycle anywhere without a penny deposit, prepay the freight and allow 30 days trial from the time you receive it. If you are not satisfied with it after riding it 30 days, send it back and we will pay all it has cost you.

FACTORY CLEARING SALE. A limited number of 1915 models will be closed out at $7.85 to $11.85 to make room for 1916 stock. Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our catalog and our unheard of prices and terms.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. W 55, CHICAGO

NO DIVIDENDS

(Continued from Page 18)

name of Mr. Williams, whom both knew by reputation, on his lips when they met the next morning. "Why didn't we think of him before?" they asked each other. That same day telephone messages from President Frank A. Vanderlip, of the City National Bank of New York, and President Frederick D. Underwood, of the Erie Railroad, and a telegram from Ralph Van Vechten, vice president of the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago, all of whom had been consulted about the commission's treasurership, advised Mr. Bates to read up on Mr. Williams in the Panama book.

Mr. Williams had become treasurer of a large Chicago concern, which does a business of $25,000,000 a year in railroad and automobile supplies. An emissary was sent to this company, who by the exertion of strenuous diplomacy succeeded in borrowing Mr. Williams for the commission for a few months. He finds his duties with the commission far heavier than they were in Panama, where he disbursed only $2,000,000 a month as against $10,000,000 a month in his present position. Under a system perfected by Mr. Williams the stupendous finances of the commission are handled with less friction than those of the average corner grocery, and a daily audit of its voluminous and complicated accounts is made possible.

This daily audit is made by one of the best-known firms of chartered accountants in the world, whose representative in the New York office of the commission, A. M. McVie, is in charge of its accounting department.

Efficiency in Handling Mail

Handling hundreds of thousands of contributions, ranging from thousands of dollars to a few cents and from a pair of mittens to a shipload of wheat, the employees of the commission perform their duties under a system whereby it seems impossible to divert one cent of value from its purpose.

The method of handling the mail will serve as an illustration. All letters are delivered in the executive department and opened in the presence of Mr. Williams, each envelope being numbered with a numbering machine before it is opened, by mail clerk number one. The envelope is opened by mail clerk number two, who, with an identical numbering machine, numbers the inclosures—one or more—with the number on the envelope. The inclosures are then passed on to mail clerk number three, who stamps them with the executive office stamp and sends them on to the registry clerk. The registry clerk enters the number of the inclosure, the name of the sender and the sender's address in the mail book. If there is a check, money order or currency inclosed, the amount is entered and initialed by the registry clerk.

Mail clerk number one now delivers money orders, checks and money to the cashier in the accounting department, who also initials the amounts set down in the mail book in acknowledgment of receipt, and enters them in his cashbook. Money orders, checks and currency are deposited in bank the same day and the total bank deposit must agree with the amount shown by the mail register. The letters are handed to a secretary of executives, who stamps on them the titles of the departments to which they are to be delivered and dispatches them thither by mail clerks numbers two and three. The envelopes are retained in the executive department in the event of possible inquiries as to any of the letters. The clerks in the executive department, as well as all other employees of the commission in responsible positions, are under heavy bonds.

The name of Lindon W. Bates on her bill of lading will take a vessel into any open port in the world; but in order to prevent the detention of the relief ships by the naval authorities of the belligerent nations a considerable length of red tape is essential.

Before the German consul at the port of sailing notifies the Ambassador at Washington that a vessel is entitled to a safe-conduct pass, he requires her captain to make a personal affidavit to the same effect, and also to make oath that he "will abstain from any and all actions on the outgoing and homeward voyage involving assistance to any government at war" while his ship is under charter to the commission. The relief ships are further safeguarded from the sea-raiders of the governments at war by a white flag, twelve feet square, at the masthead, on which is inscribed in red letters, "Commission for Relief in Belgium"; long banners bearing the same legend being attached to their decks and sides.

The commission issues these special instructions to its shipping agents at all ports: "Erase, before loading, any shipping marks referring to the Belgian Consul or any other officials of governments at war, and any other marks or messages that could possibly be construed as unneutral or mistaken for a code message. Your attention is particularly directed to this, as the most innocent mark or message may be suspected and hold up the distribution of an entire consignment."

How less than a hundred men—all Americans with the exception of four Spaniards—composing the Commission for Relief in Belgium, took on themselves the feeding and clothing of an entire nation, is a story of altruism that perhaps will not be fully appreciated until the present conflict of arms is viewed in perspective; it is possible that then the world will consider America's response to the appeal of the starving Belgians the most glorious event of these hateful times. Others helped—Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Queensland, New South Wales, Holland, Spain, Italy, China—the wealthy and the well-to-do among the Belgians cooperated with the commission to save their own people; but, to quote the historian of the commission, "America fairly leaped into the breach and with her own body, as it were, defended Belgium's civil population from famine and cold."

When the war began Belgium was the most densely populated and highly industrialized state in Europe. Her people numbered about 7,500,000; they covered an area of 11,373 miles, 657 to the square mile. The population of the United States is 31 to the square mile; that of France, 189; of Germany, 310; of the United Kingdom, 374. At the time of her invasion three-quarters of the people of Belgium supported themselves by commerce, exchanging their products across their borders for food. How dependent the country was on trade with her neighbors is shown by the fact that her exports and imports were nearly three times as great a head as those of France or Germany; under normal conditions she imported sixty per cent of her food. The occupation of this intensely developed industrial state by a hostile army, taken in conjunction with the siege of the invading army and incidentally of the civil population by other military forces, created a situation unparalleled in history. The railroads were taken over entirely for military use, and the telephone, telegraph and post-office systems were discontinued.

Rebuilding Shattered Credit

The industries of the country were dependent almost entirely on imported raw material and on coal supplies, which in turn depended on railroad transportation; and, there being no railroad transportation, and exports absolutely ceasing, the industrial population was thrown out of employment. Credit was nonexistent and the metallic currency disappeared. The invasion took place at harvest time; but, even had there been no destruction due to military occupation or consumption of food by the army of occupation, the wheat harvest would have supplied bread for a period lasting not later than the end of October.

The Belgians rose to the occasion when the Commission for Relief in Belgium offered to help them to help themselves. "How much money can you raise toward averting the starvation of your people?" was the first question the commission asked them. The leading men of the distressed nation responded with the offer of all they had—the remnants of their shattered fortunes. Belgian banks and institutions got together $3,000,000, which constitutes the fund out of which are paid the carrying charges to Rotterdam of all purchases and donations, from whatever part of the earth they may have come, thus making it possible to devote every dollar contributed in money or food value directly to the Belgian stomach. Belgium's former capitalists and men of wealth turned over all their securities negotiable

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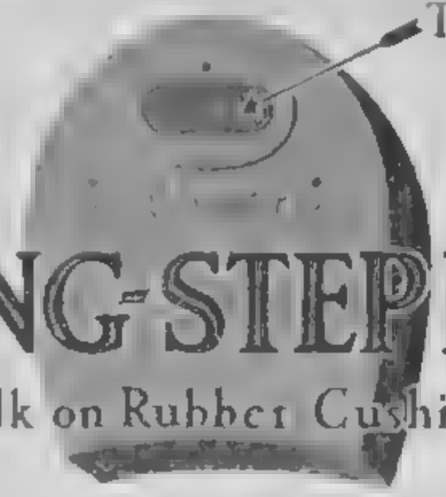

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Already over 4 million wise people wear this new rubber heel—this heel that marks the greatest progress in heels since man has worn foot covering.

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These new Spring-Step Red Plug Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels. Don't accept inferior heels—get "Spring-Steps."

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Spring-Step Rubber Heels are made by the Largest Rubber Company in the World.

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Play safe—Protect your Home and Family

You ought to know all about your wiring—how it's made, and put in, what the dangers are and how you can prevent them. Our booklet covers the subject—written in plain language. Send for it before you build or re-wire.

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Cover your car with Rayntite. Protect yourself, your car and your friends from drizzles or cloudbursts. Safeguard your pocketbook from constant repair drains. Make sure of a handsome, durable, washable top unaffected by changes in temperature.

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is *sincerely guaranteed*—backed by the century-old Du Pont reputation for integrity of purpose, superiority of product and financial responsibility. It gives real service because real service is built into it. Made in both single and double texture. Any top maker can supply you. Insist upon Rayntite for new tops or tops that need re-covering.

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outside of the country to the commission, which raised $10,000,000 on them in London. The income from this fund has paid all the expenses of administering relief in Belgium thus far.

The work of the commission in Belgium falls into two departments—the provisioning and the benevolent. The commission is importing foodstuffs at the rate of about $7,500,000 a month, which are taken into the books of the organization at cost, or, in case of gifts, at a valuation. The food is shipped to the various warehouses throughout the country under the control of the commission and delivered thence to the communal officers, the commune being debited at prices on a basis that shows a small though distinct margin of profit over their import value—this with a view to impose on the better-to-do a part of the burden of caring for the destitute, the earnings of the provisioning department being turned over to the benevolent department.

The communes, in turn, sell the foodstuffs to accredited tradesmen, without profit to themselves. These tradesmen are required to submit lists of customers for approval to the communal officers, who then allow them supplies at a certain ratio a head, the price of resale being fixed.

The cost of feeding the destitute is from two and a half to three dollars a month for each person fed, making a total outlay of approximately $3,500,000 a month. This amount is at present made up by the profits from the provisioning department, by contributions from local Belgian charity and the sale of orders on the canteens, by the percentage contributions imposed on the communes and by the charity of the world. The total of the first three sources of income is a gradually diminishing amount, due to the exhaustion of local resources and the rise in the cost of foodstuffs. At present about $2,500,000 a month is needed to make up the deficiency, which must increase with the increase of destitution.

Tolstoy's Apt Fable

The commission began its work in London with $100,000, raised among its members, which was almost immediately supplemented by a grant of $500,000 from the British Government and $1,000,000 subscribed in London, largely by Americans, which amounts had been about expended when the two Belgian funds—$3,000,000 for transportation and $10,000,000 working capital—became available. By the operation of financial machinery constructed by the American business and professional man, whereby this working capital has been kept in constant revolution, and with the addition of $10,000,000 in charitable contributions of food, clothing and money, the Belgian people have been fed and clothed for more than half a year.

The commission also has advanced money to the communal governments, taking their obligations therefor; and, by pledging these obligations abroad, has obtained further resources. The communes have thus been able to procure money to pay communal officers, to maintain the schools, and to keep up municipal works. Belgian commercial concerns, whose local revenues had been exhausted but who had money due them abroad, have been enabled through the commission to collect these debts, which it pays to them in the Belgian paper it takes for food. Thus, a cycle of credit has been established and tens of thousands saved from the destitutes' bread line.

There is a fable, attributed to Tolstoy, which relates that God once gave a reception to the Graces, all of whom seemed to be acquainted with one another, with the exception of two. Observing which circumstance, their Host brought them together and said: "Benevolence, allow me to introduce Gratitude."

There is no question of the gratitude of the Belgians to the United States, as has been evidenced by the expressed thanks of the king and queen, all classes of the people, and even little children. It is manifested continually as these sorely afflicted people come in contact with the American relief agents.

A pathetic instance of this nature is told of a Belgian of prominence, known as a proud man, who, soon after the arrival of the first food from America in Brussels, meeting a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium on the street, fell on his knees before him and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, gave public utterance to thanks on behalf of his countrymen and countrywomen.

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One reason for the success of Peerless Protection is its *exactness to the penny*. This idea *originated* with the Peerless. Another reason for Peerless success is that Peerless Protection *is* the amount line—the part of the check held by repeated rulings of the superior courts to govern payment. The Peerless writes a *word at a stroke; it*—but why try to tell all the story?

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"Advice on the Handling of Checks" is the title of a new Booklet giving the experience of Burns and Pinkerton with check raising. You may have a copy upon request. It will open your eyes to the *risks* your checks are running. If you are an executive you should read it. Simply say: "Send Booklet No. 1-15."

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Many a dull day could be saved by bran food.

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If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago. (999)

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PURE · SWEET · WHOLESOME

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for Ford cars

The Double-Chain drive gives you maximum cranking power

WHEN purchasing a starting system for *your* Ford, keep in mind the distinct advantage of Gray & Davis "double-chain" drive—for we use *two* chains instead of one.

Two chains are preferred for many reasons.

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With a *single* chain, the reduction is approximately 2 to 1. Our "double-chain" method gives 50% *more* reduction, or 3 to 1.

We all know that by lengthening a fulcrum we increase leverage. Maximum gear reduction does exactly the same thing. The "double-chain" versus the single chain may, therefore, be compared with a long fulcrum and a short fulcrum.

Consequently the Gray & Davis "double-chain" offers greater "pull" at the crankshaft—much the same as the modern hoisting block, which, with ample reduction, enables one man to raise extraordinary weight. The single block and tackle cannot do this. We show the similarity of our principle in the illustration.

Other Advantages

Then there is a saving in weight. By the Gray & Davis method, we reduce weight 10 lbs. Likewise, we secure *true* alignment with the crankshaft sprocket—not an easy task with *one* long chain.

The "double-chain" with large sprocket materially reduces the strain on the battery because it requires less current to start engine. This means long battery life.

It costs us several dollars more, per system, to include two chains instead of one. It would be easier, cheaper, and less trouble for us to adopt the single-chain design. But by so doing, we would sacrifice advantages of the "double-chain," and slighting efficiency for the sake of profit *is not* the Gray & Davis way of building electrical equipment.

The "double-chain" drive is only one of the notable features of our system. Together with low voltage (6) and small battery, we offer three starting-lighting essentials which should help you in deciding right now to select the Gray & Davis system *for your Ford!*

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TWO TESTS FOR ANY CIGARETTE

The taste of the cigarette—according to a leading tobacco journal—is up to the smoker. But there are other qualities that you should look for in the cigarette that you are going to stick to for your steady smoke. Here are a couple of tests that may help the average smoker to choose more wisely between different kinds of cigarettes.

The first test is for coolness, which means more comfort to the throat and tongue. Light any cigarette. Draw in a cloud of smoke—a small, ordinary puff is not sufficient to make this test. Hold it in your mouth for a few seconds. Let it "float" around against your tongue and throat. Now blow out the smoke.

If the cigarette contains a high grade of mild tobacco leaves, combined in just the right proportion, it will always feel cool and smooth both to your throat and to your tongue.

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If the tobaccos in the cigarette include a correct proportion of mild grades—and of all of the various grades have been properly mellowed by age—and if they have been so blended as to bring out the best qualities and to neutralize any unpleasant qualities in each of the different types of tobaccos, you will be able to smoke practically whenever you feel like it through the day without feeling any effect from it.

But with another cigarette in which the blend is less skillful, even though the tobaccos are of the highest grade, you will find along towards the end of the day that you are likely to have that feeling of having "smoked too much."

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THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 13)

apology to the man in him, pretended that he was a soldier directing a battery against an enemy.

Along the ridgepole cautiously sidled the two men of the other company, dragging their hose. Keith now recognized them. One was a vivid, debonair, all-confident, magnetic individual named Talbot Ward, a merchant, promoter, speculator, whom everybody liked and trusted; the other a fair Hercules of a man, slow and powerful in everything, called Frank Munro.

"Look here," said Ward, "does it strike you this roof's getting hot?"

Recalled to himself, Keith immediately became aware of the fact.

"The house is afire beneath us," said Ward. "We've got to get out."

"What's the matter with your ladder?" asked Keith.

"They took it away."

"We'll use mine."

They let themselves cautiously down the footholds that had been chopped in the roof and looked over. A blast of smoke and flame met them in the face.

"Good Lord, she's all afire!" cried Keith, aghast.

The flames were licking round the scaling ladder, which was already blazing. Keith directed the stream from his hose straight down, but with no other result than to break the charred ladder.

They crawled back to the ridgepole, and worked their hose lines round to the end of the building out of the flames. Here a two-story drop confronted them.

"This thing is going to fall under us if we don't do something," muttered Ward.

"Doane's forgotten us, and those crazy idiots at the engines are too busy trying to keep from being washed," surmised Keith.

"Look here," said Munro suddenly. "I'll brace against a chimney and hang on to the hose, and you can slide down it like a rope."

"How about you?" demanded Ward crisply.

"You can run for more ladders, once you're on the ground."

At this moment the water failed in Keith's hose. He stared at the nozzle, then rapidly began to unscrew it.

"Cistern empty or hose burst," surmised Munro.

But Talbot Ward, cocking his ear toward a distant pandemonium of cheering, guessed the true cause.

"Sucked," said he. By this he meant that the Monumental crew had succeeded in emptying their water box in spite of the Eurekas' best efforts.

"Get off your nozzle quick!" urged Keith.

Munro, without stopping to ask why, bent his great strength to the task; and it was a task, for in his hose the pressure of the water was tremendous. It spurted back all over him, and at the last the nozzle was fairly blown away from him.

"Now couple my hose to yours quick, before my hose fills!" cried Keith.

"They won't go ——" Munro began to object.

"Yes, they will; mine's a special thread," urged Keith, who had remembered Bert Taylor's reversed nozzle.

All three bent their energies to catching the threads. It was a terrible job, for the strength of the water had first to be overcome. Keith was terribly excited. Time was precious, for not only might the roof give way beneath them, but at any moment the water might come again in Keith's hose. Then it would be physically impossible to make the coupling. All three men bent their efforts to it, their feet gripping the irregularities of the roof or slipping on the shingles. Frank Munro bent his enormous back to the task, the veins standing out on his temples, his face turning purple with the effort. Keith helped him as well as he was able. Talbot Ward, coolly, deliberately, delicately, as though he had all the time in the world, manipulated the coupling, feeling gingerly for the thread; the water spurted, fanned, sprayed, escaping with violence, first at one point then at another, drenching and blinding them.

"There!" breathed Ward at last, and with a few twists of his sinewy hands brought the couplings into close connection. Munro relaxed, drawing two or three deep breaths. Without the aid of his great strength the task could not have been accomplished.

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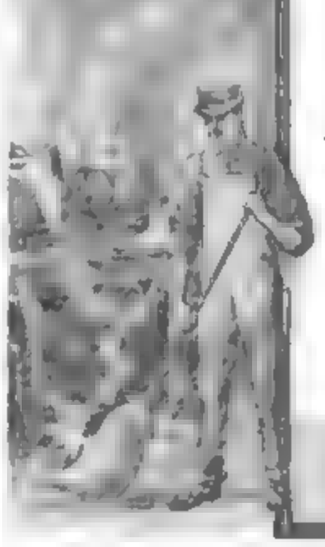

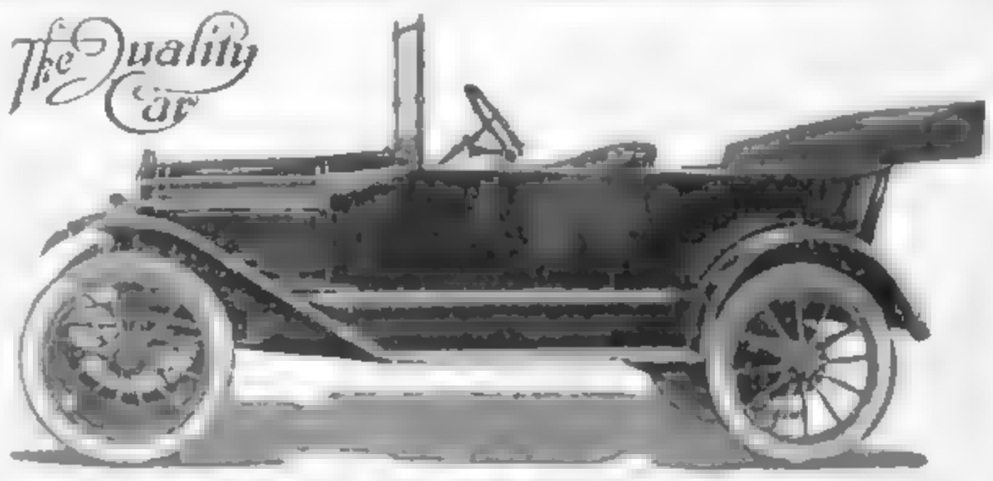

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"Hook her over the chimney," gasped Keith. With some difficulty they lifted the loop of the throbbing hose over the chimney.

"Down we go!" cried Keith, and slid hand under hand down the way thus made for them. The others immediately followed, and all three stood looking back. It was a wonder the building had stood so long, for in both stories it was afire, and the walls had apparently burned quite through. Indeed, a moment later the whole structure collapsed. A fountain of sparks and brands sprang upward in the mighty suction.

"There goes our good hose!" said Keith.

The remark brought them to wrath and a desire for vengeance.

"I'm going to lick somebody!" cried Keith, starting determinedly in the direction of the engine.

"We'll help," growled Munro.

But when they came in sight of the engine their anger evaporated, and they clung to each other, weak with mirth.

For the Monumental was "washed," and washed aplenty. This was natural, for now the water was pouring into her box from both directions; and would continue so to pour until the hose coupled to Ward's engine had burned through. The water was fairly spouting up from the box, not merely overflowing. Her crew were still working, but raggedly and dispiritedly. Bert Taylor, his trumpet battered beyond all recognition, was fairly voiceless with rage. An interested and ribaldly facetious crowd spared not its sarcasm.

"My crowd must be in the same fix!" gurgled Ward; "the back pressure has washed them too." Then the full splendor of the situation burst on him, and he fell against Munro for support.

"Don't you see," he gasped; "they'll never know. The hose will burn through. Unless we tell, they'll never know! We've got even all right."

At this moment Duane rode up, foaming at the mouth, and desiring to know what the assorted adjectives they were doing there. The crews awoke to their isolation and general uselessness. Bert Taylor, still simmering, descended from his perch. They followed the hose lines to glowing coals.

"Here, this won't do," said Talbot, so they reported themselves before the news of a tragedy had had time to spread.

The fire was now practically under control. It had swept a city block pretty clean, but had been confined to that area. An hour later they dragged their engine rather dispiritedly back to the house. Ordinarily they would have been in high spirits. Fires were to those men a good deal of a lark. They were very effective and well drilled, and the saving of property was as well done as possible, yet that was all secondary to the game of it. But tonight they had been washed. They had lost the game, and the fact that they had put out the fire cut very little figure. There was much bickering. It seemed that Bert Taylor, in his enthusiasm, had out of his own pocket hired extra men who appeared at the critical moment to relieve the tired men at the brakes; and it was under their fresh impetus that the Monumental had so triumphantly sucked. Now Bert Taylor was freely blamed. The regular men stoutly maintained that if they had been let alone this would never have happened.

"These whisky bummers never can last!" they said.

Everybody trooped upstairs to the main rooms, where refreshments were served. After some consideration Keith decided to tell his story in explanation of how it was that the Monumentals were washed. Instantly the company cheered up. A clamor broke out. This was great! With Talbot Ward and Munro to corroborate, no one could doubt the story. Taylor ran about jubilantly, returning every few moments to pat Keith on the shoulder.

"Fine! Fine!" he cried. "We've got those Eurekas. I can't wait for morning!"

KEITH got home about daylight, to find Nan, terribly anxious, waiting up for him. He brushed away her anxiety with the usual masculine impatience at being made a fuss over, gave a brief account of the fire—omitting mention of his narrow escape—and insisted that she go to bed. After a few moments she obeyed, and immediately fell asleep. Keith himself bathed and changed, made himself a cup of coffee, and wandered about rather impatiently,

(Continued on Page 40)

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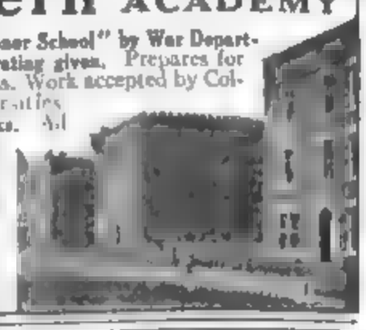

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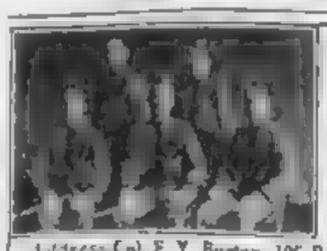

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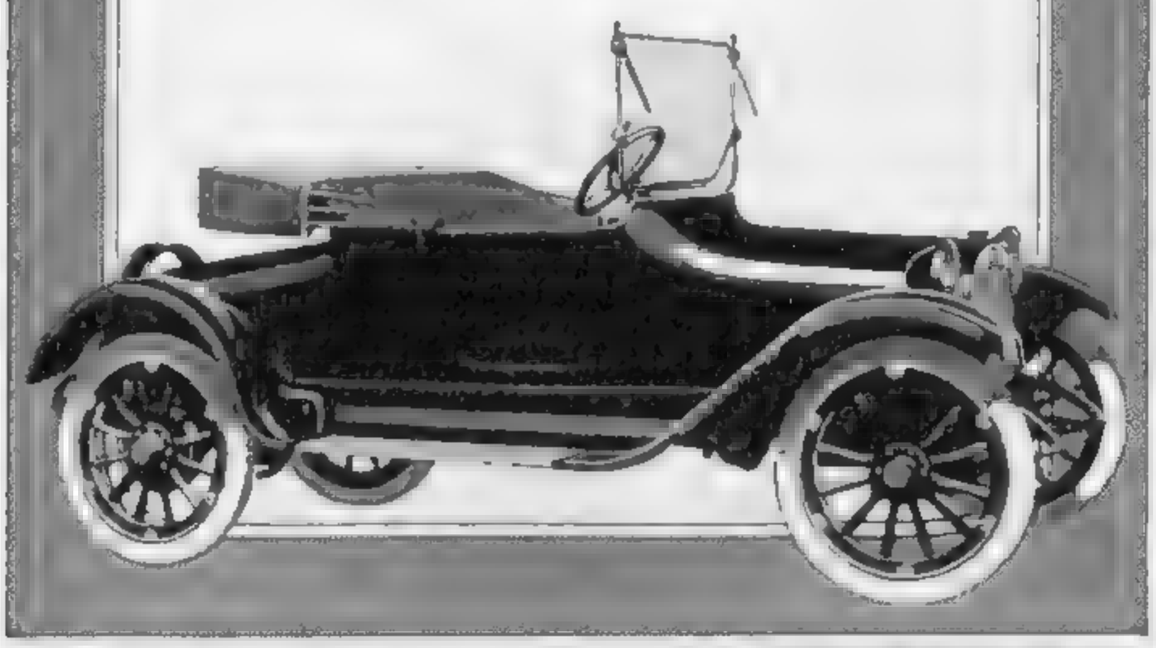

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(Continued from Page 38)

waiting for time to go downtown. Wing Sam appeared; the morning paper came. The sun gained strength and finally tempted him outside.

For some time he prowled round, examining Nan's efforts at gardening. There was not much to show as yet, but Keith had already the eye of faith so characteristic of the Californian, and saw plainly trees, shrubs and flowers where now only spears of green were visible. The Morrells' garden next door was already well grown, and he cast on it an appraising eye. No sign of life showed about the place, except a thread of smoke from the kitchen chimney. It was still early.

Nevertheless, five minutes later Mrs. Morrell opened the side door and stepped forth. She had on a wide leghorn hat and carried a basket and scissors, as though to gather flowers. Immediately she caught sight of Keith and waved him a gay greeting. He vaulted the fence and joined her.

"Aren't these early morning hours perfect? Isn't this glorious sunshine?" she greeted him.

As a matter of fact Mrs. Morrell seldom rose before noon, and detested early morning hours and glorious sunshine. She was inclined to consider the usual remarks in their praise as sheer affectation. But she adored fires, and often went to them when they promised well enough. Sometimes she attended in company with certain of her men friends, and sometimes alone, cloaked as a man. She liked the destruction and stimulation of them. She had been to the fire just extinguished; and, seeing Keith in the garden, had put on her fluffiest and gone out to him. It was time this most attractive young man next door paid her more attention.

"How does the hero of the fire survive?" she asked him archly.

"Hero?"

"Don't pretend ignorance. Charles told me all about it. He heard your tale at the Monumental."

"It's hardly heroism to get out of a scrape the best way possible."

"It's heroic to save lives, I think; but specially heroic to keep your head in an emergency."

"Mr. Morrell all right?" asked Keith, to change the subject.

"He is sleeping off the fire—and the after effects. You men need watching every minute, even when we think you must be in danger of your lives."

She laughed and clipped a few flowers at random.

"Have you been moving furniture all these days? We've seen nothing of you. I thought we were going to have some music. I do my little five-finger exercises all by myself and nobody knows but I am playing Beethoven. You ought in Christian charity to help me out, whether you want to or not. What do you think of our garden? Don't you adore flowers?"

"No, I don't believe I do," replied Keith bluntly. "But I like to see a pretty woman among 'em," he went on gallantly; "they set her off. It's like dresses. No good to show me pretty frocks—unless they're filled."

"La! You are so clever, at times I'm really afraid of you," said she.

She went on tossing a few blooms into her basket. Under the stimulus of the fire she had acted on impulse in going out into the garden. She realized it as perhaps a mistake. Keith's early morning freshness and fitness made her feel less sure of herself than usual. She had an uneasy impression that she was not at her best, and this reacted on her ability to exercise her usual magnetism. In fact Keith, the least observant of men in such things, could not avoid noticing her rather second-hand-looking skin, and that her features were somewhat more pronounced than he had thought.

"Do come over this evening for some music," she begged. "You can take a nap this afternoon, and you can go home early."

Keith had been just a little uneasy over this second interview with Mrs. Morrell. His straightforward nature was inclined to look back on the impression she had made on him at the supper party with a half-guilty sense of some sort of vague disloyalty he could not formulate. Now he felt much satisfied with himself and quite relieved. Therefore he accepted.

"I shall be very glad to," said he.

At breakfast, which was rather late, he told Nan of the meeting and the invitation. Nan's clear lines, fresh, creamy skin and bright young eyes looked more than usually attractive to him.

"Perhaps she can play," he said. "Let's go find out. And you must wear your prettiest gown. I'm proud of my wife, and I want her to look her very best."

A little later he remarked:

"I wonder if she isn't considerably older than Morrell."

XVI

WHEN he had at last reached downtown after his late breakfast Keith found it in a fair turmoil. Knots of men stood everywhere arguing, sometimes very heatedly. Eureka members were openly expressing their anger over what they called Taylor's "dirty trick" in putting hirelings on the brakes, men who did not belong to the Monumental organization at all. If it had not been for that the Monumentals could never have sucked at all.

On the other hand, the Monumentals and their friends were vehemently asserting that they were well within their rights. Fists were brandished. Several fights started, but were stopped before they had become serious.

Keith avoided these storm centers, waving a friendly hand, but smilingly refusing to be drawn in. Near the Merchants' Exchange, however, he came on a quieter, more attentive group, in the center of which stood Calhoun Bennett. The Southerner's head was thrown back haughtily, but he was listening with entire courtesy to a violent harangue from a burly, red-faced man in rough clothes.

"And I tell you that sort of a trick won't go down with nobody, and the story of why you were washed won't wash itself. It's too thin."

"I have the honah, suh," said Bennett formally, "to info'm you that you do not know what you are talkin' about."

His silken tones apparently enraged the man.

"You silk-stockinged ——" said he.

Without haste Calhoun Bennett rapped the man across the face with his light rattan cane. With a howl of rage the Eureka partisan leaped forward. Calhoun Bennett, quick as a flash, drew a small derringer and fired; and the man went down in a heap. With superb nonchalance Bennett, without a glance at his victim, turned away, the ring of spectators parting to let him through. He saw Keith and at once joined him, drawing the young man's arm through his own. Keith, looking back, saw the man already sitting up, feeling his shoulder and cursing vigorously.

Bennett was fairly radiating with rage; which, however, he managed to suppress beneath a well-bred exterior calm.

"These hounds, suh," he told Keith, "profess not to believe us, suh! They profess, suh, that our explanation of how we were washed is a fabrication. You will oblige me, suh, by proffering yo' personal testimony in the case."

He faced Keith resolutely toward the Eureka engine house. Keith spared a thought to wonder what he was being let in for by this handsome young fire eater, but he went along without protest.

Round the Eureka engine house was a big crowd of men. These fell silent as Bennett and Keith approached. The Eureka represented quite a different social order from the Monumental. Its membership was recruited from those who in the East had been small farmers, artisans, or workingmen in the more skilled trades, independent, plain, rather rough, thoroughly democratic, a trifle contemptuous of "silk stockings," outspoken, with little heed for niceties of etiquette or conduct. Bennett pushed his way through them to where stood Carter, the chief, and several of the more influential members.

Keith, looking at them, met their eyes directed squarely into his. They were steady, clear-looking, solid, rather coarse-grained, grave men.

"I have brought Mr. Keith, here, who was one of the principals, to give his testimony as to the events of last evenin'," said Bennett formally.

Keith told his story. It was received in a blank, noncommittal silence. The men all looked at him steadily and said nothing. Somehow he was impressed. This silence seemed to him, fancifully, something more than mere lack of words; it conveyed a sense of reserve force, of quiet appraisal of himself and his words, of the experiences of men who have been close to realities, who have done things in the world. Keith felt himself to be better educated, to own a better brain, to have a wider outlook, to be

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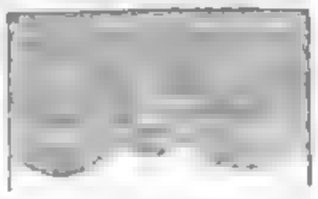

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possessed, in short, of all the advantages of superiority. He had never mingled with rough men and he had always looked down on them. In this attitude was no condescension and no priggishness. Now he felt somehow that the best of these men had something that he had not suspected, some force of character that raised them above his previous conception. They might be more than mere filling in a city's population; they might well come to be an element to be reckoned with.

When he had quite finished his story there ensued a slight pause. Then said Carter:

"We believe Mr. Keith. If Mr. Ward and Frank Munro were there, of course there can be no doubt." Somehow Keith could not resent the implication; it was too impersonally delivered. Carter went on with cold formality and emphasis: "Mr. Keith had a very narrow escape. It was lucky for him that your hired men had sucked your water box. In view of that we can, of course, no longer regret the fact."

"It was a dirty trick just the same!" growled a voice out of the crowd.

Carter turned a deliberate look in that direction, and nothing more was said Bennett ignored the interruption, bowed frigidly and turned away. The Eureka leaders nodded. In dead silence Keith and Bennett withdrew.

"That settles that!" observed Bennett, when at a little distance. "A lot of cheap shopkeepers! It makes me disgusted every time I have anything to do with them!"

As they walked away, one of the hangers-on of the police court approached, touching his hat.

"For you, Mr. Bennett," he said most respectfully, proffering a paper.

"Me?" observed Bennett, surprised. He unfolded the paper, glanced at it and laughed. "I'm arrested for winging that shoulder-striker up the street a while back," he told Keith.

"Anything I can do?" asked Keith.

"Not a thing, thank you. There'll be no trouble at all, just a little nuisance. May call you for a witness later."

He went away with the officer, but shortly after Keith saw him on the street again. The matter had been easily arranged.

Keith went to his office. In spite of himself he could not entirely take Bennett's point of view. Several of the men at Eureka headquarters looked interesting—he would like to know them—perhaps more than interesting, the potentiality of a reasoning and directed power.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A BLENDING OF THE PARABLES

(Continued from Page 10)

I hold it's a fairly safe plan to jest take a leaf out of them old Gospels and go by it. Let's send out right here in the neighborhood and find somebody—no matter who 'tis, so long as he's free, white and twenty-one—that looks like he could appreciate a square meal, and present the compliments of Company B to him, and ast him will he come on in and jine with us."

Maybe it was the old judge's way of putting it, but the idea took unanimously. The manager of the Richland House, having been sent for, appeared in person almost immediately. To him the situation was outlined and the remedy for it that had been favored.

"By gum, gentlemen," said their host, instantly inspired, "I believe I know where I can put my hand on the very candidate you're looking for. There's a kind of seedy-looking, lonely old fellow downstairs, from somewhere the other side of the Ohio River. He's been registered since yes'day morning: seems like to me his name is Watts—something like that, anyhow. He don't seem to have any friends or no business in particular; he's jest kind of hanging round. And he knows about this dinner too. He was talking to me about it a while ago, just before supper—said he'd read about it in a newspaper up in his country. He even asked me what the names of some of you gentlemen were. If you think he'll do to fill in I'll go right down and get him. He was in sitting by himself in a corner of the lobby not two minutes ago. I judge he's about the right age, too, if age is a consideration. He looks to be about the same age as most of you."

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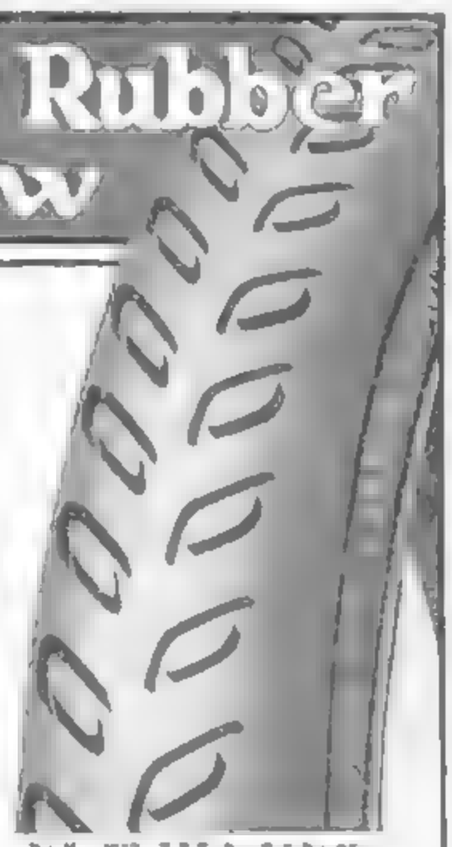

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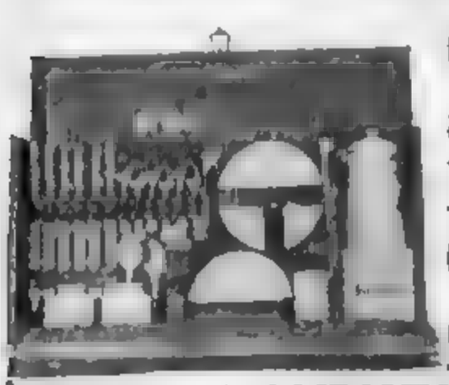

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There was no need for Judge Priest to put the question to a vote. It carried, so to speak, by acclamation. Bearing a verbal commission heartily to speak for the entire assemblage, Manager Ritter hurried out and in less than no time was back again, escorting the person he had described. Judge Priest met them at the door and was there introduced to the stranger, whose rather reluctant hand he warmly shook.

"He didn't want to come at first," explained Mr. Ritter; "said he didn't belong up here with you-all; but when I told him the fix you was in he gave in and consented, and here he is."

"You're mighty welcome, suh," said Judge Priest, still holding the other man's hand. "And we're turribly obliged to you fur comin', and to Mr. Ritter fur astin' you to come."

With that, he drew their dragooned guest into the room and, standing beside him, made formal presentation to the expectant company.

"Gentlemen of Company B, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Watts, of the State of Illinoy, who has done us the great honor of agreein' to make fourteen at the table, and to eat a bite with us at this here little dinner of ours." A straggling outburst of greeting and approbation arose from twelve elderly throats. "Mr. Watts, suh, will you be so good as to take this cheer here, next to me?" resumed Judge Priest when the noise abated; and he completed the ceremonial by indicating the place of the absent Mr. Reeves.

What the stranger saw as he came slowly forward—if, indeed, he was able to see anything with distinctness by reason of the evident confusion that covered him—was a double row of kindly, cordial, curious faces of old men, all staring at him. Before the battery of their eyes he bowed his acknowledgments, but did not speak them; then, still without speaking, he slipped into the seat which Tobe Emery sprang forward to draw clear of the table for his easier admission to the group. What the others saw was a tall, stooped, awkward man of, say, sixty-five, with somber eyes, set deep in a whiskered face that had been burned to a leathery red by wind and weather; a heavy-footed man, who wore a suit of store clothes—clothes of a homely cut and none too new, yet neat enough; such a man, one might guess at a glance, as would have little to say and would be chary about saying that little until very sure of his footing and his audience.

Judging by appearances and first impressions he did not promise to be what you might call exciting company exactly; but he made fourteen at the table, and that was the main point, anyhow.

Now the dinner got under way with a swing and a clatter. For all the stitches and tucks that time had taken in their leg muscles, the three old negroes flitted about like flickery black shadows, bringing food to all and toddies to several, and just plain ice water to at least three of their white friends. Even Kentuckians have been known to be advocates of temperance. To learn how true a statement this is you must read, not the comic weeklies, but the official returns of local-option elections.

Above the medley of commingling voices, some cracked and jangled with age, some still full and sonorous, and one at least as thin and piercing as the bleat of a reed flute—that would be Judge Priest's voice, of course—sounded the rattling of dishes and glasses and plated silverware. Uncle Zach and his two aides may have been good waiters, but they were tolerably noisy ones.

Through it all the extra guest sat very quietly, eating little and drinking nothing. Sitting alongside him, Doctor Lake noticed that he fed himself with his right hand only; his left hand stayed in his lap, being hidden from sight beneath the table. Naturally this set afoot a train of mild professional surmise in the old doctor's mind. The arm itself seemed sound enough; he vaguely wondered whether the Illinois man had a crippled hand or a deformed hand, or what.

Judge Priest noticed it too, but subconsciously rather. At the beginning he tried to start a conversation with Watts, feeling it incumbent on him, as chief sponsor for the other's presence, to cure him of his embarrassment if he could, and to make him feel more at home there among them; but his well-meant words appeared to fall on barren soil. The stranger answered in mumbled monosyllables, without once looking Judge Priest straight in the face. He kept his head half averted—a posture the judge ascribed to diffidence; but it was evident he missed nothing at all of the talk that ran up and down the long table and back and forth across it. Under his bushy brows his eyes shifted from face to face as this man or that had his say.

So presently the judge, feeling that he had complied with all the requirements of hospitality, abandoned the effort to interest his silent neighbor, and very soon after forgot him altogether for the time being. Under the circumstances it was only to be expected of Judge Priest that he should forget incidental matters; for now, to all these lifelong friends of his, time was swinging backward on greased hinges. The years that had lined these old faces and bent these old backs were dropping away; the memories of great and storied days were mounting to their brains like the fumes of strong wine, brightening their eyes and loosening their tongues.

From their eager lips dropped names of small country churches, tiny backwoods villages of the Southwest, trivial streams and geographically inconsequential mountains—names that once meant nothing to the world at large, but which, by reason of Americans having fought Americans there and Americans having died by the hundreds and the thousands there, are now printed in the school histories and memorized by the school children. Island Number 10 and Shiloh; Peachtree Creek and Stone River; Kenesaw Mountain and Brice's Crossroads. They had been at these very places, or at most of them—these thirteen old men had. To them the names were more than names. Each one burned in their hearts as a living flame. All the talk, though, was not of battle and skirmish. It dealt with prisons, with hospitals, with camps and marches.

"By George, boys, will you ever forget the day we marched out of this town?" It was Doctor Lake speaking, and his tone was high and exultant. "Flags flying everywhere and our sweethearts crying and cheering us through their tears! And the old town band up front playing The Girl I Left Behind Me and Johnnie's Gone For a Soger! And we-all stepping along, feeling so high and mighty and stuck-up in our new uniforms! A little shy on tactics we were, and not enough muskets to go round; but all the boys wore new gray suits, I remember. Our mothers saw to that."

"It was different, though, Lew, on the day we came home again," reminded someone else, speaking gently. "No flags flying then and nobody cheering, and no band to play! And half the women were in black—yes, more than half."

"An' dat's de Gawd's truth!" half-whispered black Tobe Emery, carried away for the moment.

"Well," said Pres Harper, "I know they run out of muskets 'fore they got round to me. I call to mind that I went off totin' an ole flintlock that my paw had with him down in Mexico when he wus campin' on ole Santy Anny's trail. And that wus all I did have in the way of weepins, 'cept fur a great big bowie knife that a blacksmith out at Massac made fur me out of a rasp-file. I wus mighty proud of that there bowie of mine till we got down yonder to Camp Boone and found a whole company, all with bigger knives than mine wus. Called themselves the Blood River Tigers, those boys did, 'cause they came frum up on Blood River, in Calloway."

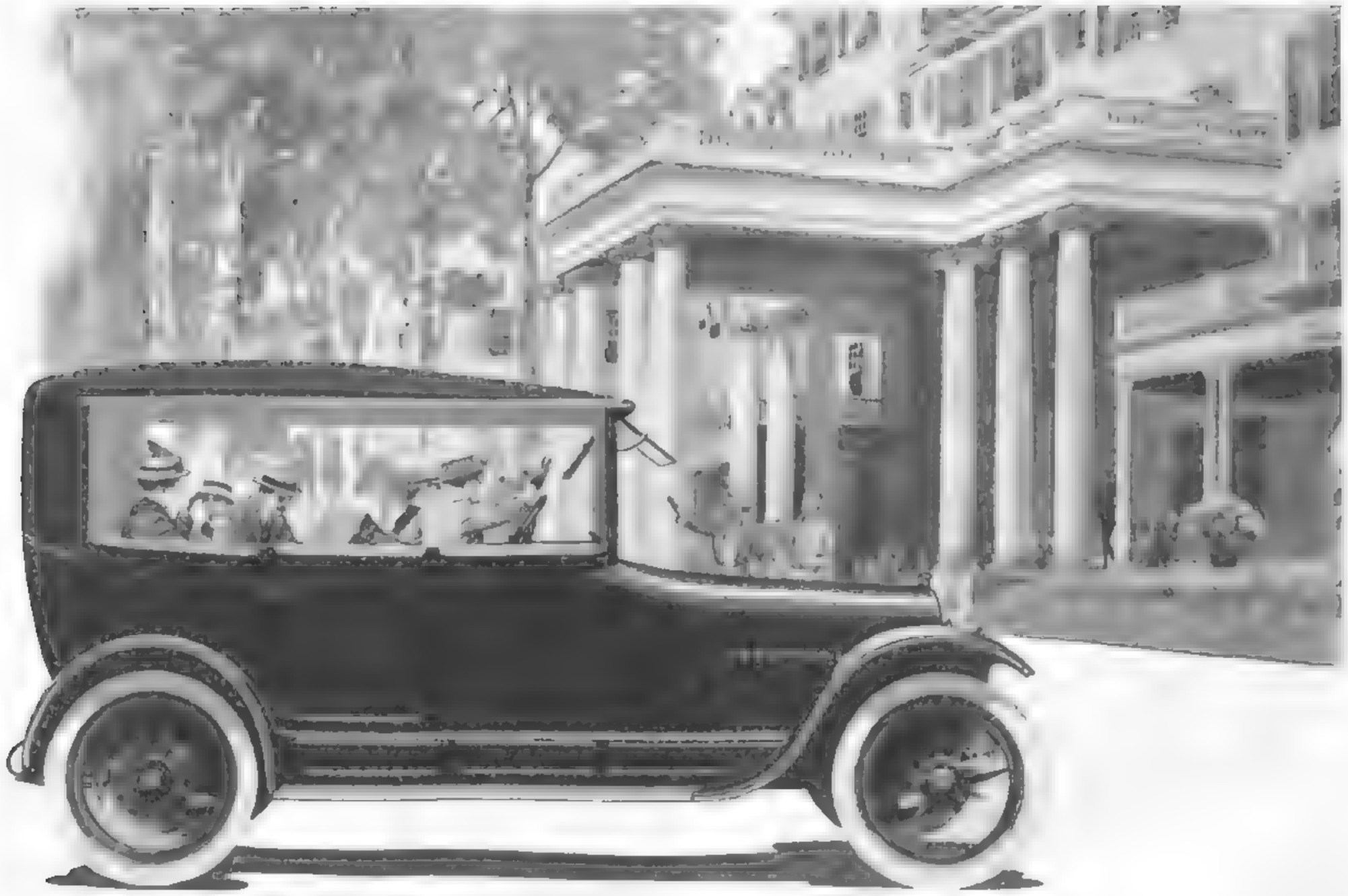
Squire Futrell took the floor—or the table, rather—for a moment:

"I recollec' one Calloway County feller down at Camp Boone, when we fust got there, that didn't even have a knife. He went round 'lowin' as how he wus goin' to pick him out a likely Yank the fust fight we got into, and lick him with his bare hands ef he stood still and fit, or knock him down with a rock ef he broke and run—and then strip him of his outfit."

"Why, I place that feller, jest as plain as if he wus standin' here now," declared Mr. Harper. "I remember him sayin' he could lick ary Yankee that ever lived with his bare hands."

"I reckin mebbe he could, too—he wus plenty long enough," said the squire with a chuckle; "but the main obstacle wus that the Yankees wouldn't fight with their bare hands. They jest would insist on usin' tools—the contrary rascals! Let's see, now, whut wus that Calloway County feller's name? You remember him, Herman, don't you? A tall, ganglin' jimpy-jawed, loose-laiged feller he wus—built like one of these here old Blue Creek cranes."

(Continued on Page 45)



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With the windows up this car becomes a luxurious Sedan. Nothing known to luxury is lacking.

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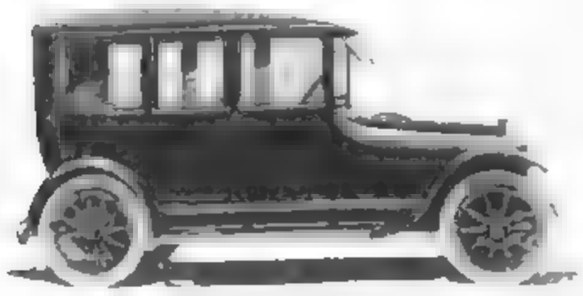

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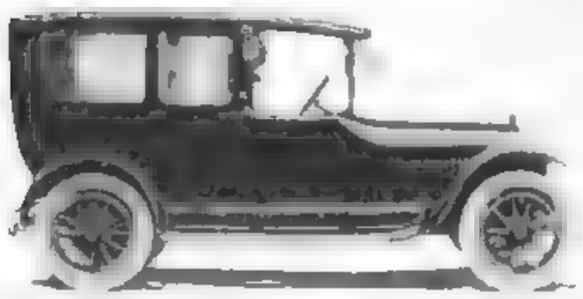

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These bodies are built by coach builders of international repute. Anything finer is impossible. Every detail you can think of is embodied, and perhaps as many more. You will find these closed Hudsons, we think, the handsomest cars you see anywhere this winter.

Hudson dealers now have closed cars on exhibit. But see them early, for our output is well sold already.

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HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.
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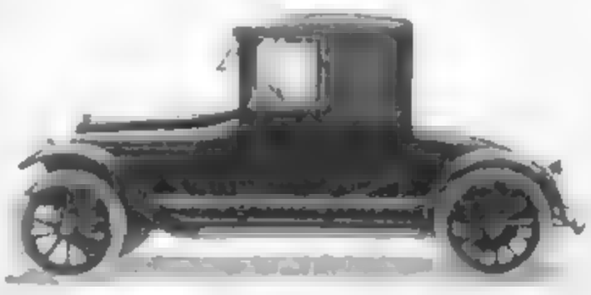

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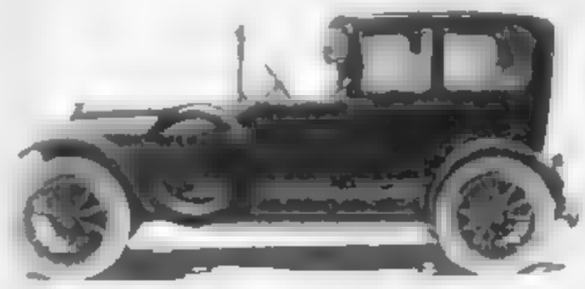

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A popular model, as finely appointed as the Limousine. Price, $2450, f. o. b. Detroit.

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You don't have to call for an encyclopedia to find out how P. A. sets on your taste! You just open up your supply, jam-full a jimmy pipe or roll a makin's cigarette, strike a match *and-puff-away!* Because, you've hit happiness on the first bound—*and you're set* for the future. Which means, you've landed on the brand *at last* that hands out *all-the-time* the fun you've always sought!

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among tobaccos is like a real man among men. *You can make camp with it on short acquaintance!* And call it by its first name, and get real chummy *because you know* from the *quick-look-in* that it's right—across the boards or any way you want to play it!

It's case-cards-facts that P. A. is the friendliest smoke you ever hitched to a pipe or cigarette. *We* know, *men everywhere* know, *and you'll* know that what we tell you is government-bond-stuff just as soon as you loosen-up and accept all this first-class, first-hand testimony!

Realize, you can't kid men for long into believing what you can't back up *absolutely!* We tell you our printed word has never yet struck within 50% of what P. A. will prove out! The heartiest enthusiasm of Prince Albert's friends does not overdraw the pleasure this tobacco *will give you!*

Now, exchange a nickel or a dime for some P. A. *to prove out* what we tell you is the best tobacco news *you've* heard since you first uncorked a smoke!

—and now, let's all join together

and pack P. A. into our old jimmy pipes or roll up makin's cigarettes and sort of sit about and take count of stock and have a bit of experience meeting. For, when *you've found your brand,* it's a neat thing to stay put and chin-chin, for you're on the Road of Contentment!

And, by the by, Prince Albert is sold everywhere in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—*and*—that classy pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco so bang-up fine—*always!* You'll need one, *sure!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 42)

Mr. Felsburg shook his head; but Pres Harper broke in again:

"I've got him! The boys called him Lengthy fur short; but his real name wus Washburn, same as ——"

He stopped short off there; and, twisting his head away from the disapproving faces, which on the instant had been turned full on him from all along the table, he went through the motion of spitting, as though to rid his mouth of an unsavory taste. A hot color climbed to Peter J. Galloway's wrinkled cheeks and he growled under the overhang of his white mustache. Doctor Lake pursed up his lips, shaking his head slowly.

There was one black spot, and just one, on the records of Company B. And, living though he might still be, or dead, as probably he was, the name of one man was taboo when his one-time companions broke bread at their anniversary dinner. Indeed, they went farther than that: neither there nor elsewhere did they speak by name of him who had been their shame and their disgrace. It was a rule. With them it was as though that man had never lived.

Up to this point Mr. Herman Felsburg had had mighty little to say. For all he had lived three-fourths of his life in our town, his command of English remained faulty and broken, betraying by every other word his foreign birth; and his habit of mixing his metaphors was proverbial. He essayed few long speeches before mixed audiences; but now he threw himself into the breach, seeking to bridge over the awkward pause.

"Speaking of roll calls and things such as that," began Mr. Felsburg, seeming to overlook the fact that until now no one had spoken of roll calls—"speaking of those kinds of things, maybe you will perhaps remember how it was along in the winter of '64, when practically we were out of everything—clothes and shoes and blankets and money—*ach*, yes; money especially!—and how the orderly sergeant had no book or papers whatsoever, and so he used to make his report in the morning on a clean shingle, with a piece of lead pencil not so gross as that." He indicated a short and stubby finger end.

"'Long 'bout then we could 'a' kept all the rations we drew on a clean shingle too—eh, Herman?" wheezed Judge Priest. "And the shingle wouldn't 'a' been loaded down at that! My, my! Ever' time I think of that winter of '64 I find myse'f gittin' hongry all over agin!" And the judge threw himself back in his chair and laughed his high, thin laugh.

Then, noting the others had not yet rallied back again to the point where the flow of reminiscences had been checked by Pres Harper's labial slip-up, he had an inspiration.

"Speaking of roll calls," he said, unconsciously parroting Mr. Felsburg, "seems to me it's 'bout time we had ours. The vittles end of this here dinner 'pears to be 'bout over. Zach"—throwing the suggestion over his shoulder—"you and your partners'd better be fetchin' on the coffee and the segars, I reckin." He faced front again, raising his voice: "Who's callin' the roll to-night?"

"I am," answered Professor Reese; and at once he got on his feet, adjusted his spectacles just so, and drew from an inner breast pocket of his long frock coat a stained and frayed scroll, made of three sheets of tough parchment paper pasted end to end.

He cleared his throat; and, as though the sound had been a command, his fellow members bent forward, with faces composed to earnestness. None observed how the stranger acted; indeed, he had been quite out of the picture and as good as forgotten for the better part of an hour. Certainly nobody was interested in him at this moment when there impended what, to that little group, was a profoundly solemn, highly sentimental thing.

Again Professor Reese cleared his throat, then spoke the name that was written in faded letters at the top of the roll—the name of him who had been their first captain and, at the last, their brigade commander.

"Died the death of a hero in an effort to save others at Cottonwood Bar, June 28, 1871," said Judge Priest; and he saluted, with his finger against his forehead.

One by one the old school-teacher called off the list of commissioned and noncommissioned officers. Squire Futrell, who had attained to the eminence of a second corporal's place, was the only one who answered for himself. For each of the others, including Lieutenant Garrett—he of the game leg and the plantation in Mississippi—somebody else answered, giving the manner and, if he remembered it, the date of that man's death. For, excepting Garrett, they were all dead.

The professor descended to the roster of enlisted men:

"Abner P. Ashbrook!"

"Died in Camp Chase as a prisoner of war"

"G. W. Ayres!"

"Killed at Baker' Creek."

"R. M. Bigger!"

"Moved to Missouri after the war, was elected state senator, and died in '89."

"Reuben Brame!"

"Honorably discharged after being wounded at Corinth, and disappeared. Believed to be dead."

"Robert Burnell!"

"Murdered by bushwhackers in East Tennessee on his way home after the Surrender."

So it went down the long column of names. By common consent certain survivors spoke for certain departed members. For example, when the professor came to one name down among the L's, Peter J. Galloway, who was an incorruptible and unshakable Roman of the party of Jefferson and Jackson, blared out: "Turn't Republikin in '96, and by the same token died that same year!" And when he reached the name of Jacob Ohlmann it was Mr. Felsburg's place to tell of the honorable fate of his fellow Jew, who fell before Atlanta.

The reader read on and on until his voice took on a huskened note. He had heard "Here!" for the thirteenth time; he had come to the very bottomest lines of his roster. He called one more name—Vilas, it was—and then he rolled up his parchment and put it away.

"The records show that, first and last, Company B had one hundred and seventy-two members, all regularly sworn into the service of the Confederate States of America under our beloved President, Jefferson Davis," stated Professor Reese sonorously. "Of those names, in accordance with the custom of this organization, I have just called one hundred and seventy-one. The roll call of Company B, of the Old Regiment of mounted infantry, is completed for the current year." And down he sat.

As Judge Priest, with a little sigh, settled back in his chair, his glance fell on the face of the man next him. Perhaps the old judge's eyes were not as good as once they had been. Perhaps the light was faulty. At any rate, he interpreted the look that was on the other's face as a look of loneliness. Ordinarily the judge was a pretty good hand at reading faces too.

"Looky here, boys!" he called out, with such emphasis as to center general attention on the upper end of the table. "We oughter be 'shamed of ourselves—carryin' on this way 'mongst ourselves and plum' furgittin' we had an outsider with us as a special guest. Our new friend here is 'bout the proper age to have seen service in the war his own se'f—mebbe he did see some. Of all the states that fought ag'inst us, none of 'em turned out better soldiers than old Illinoy did. If my guess is right I move we hear frum Mr. Watts, frum Illinoy, on some of his own wartime experiences." His hand dropped, with a heartening thump, on the shoulder of the stranger. "Come on, colonel! We've had a word from ever'body exceptin' you. It's your turn—ain't it, boys?"

Before his question might be answered, Watts had straightened to his feet. He stood rigidly, his hands driven wrist-deep into his coat pockets; his weather-beaten face set in heavy, hard lines; his deep eyes fixed on a spot in the blank wall above their heads.

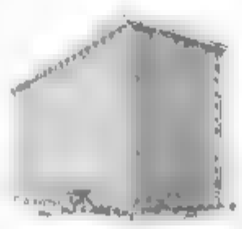
"You're right—I was a soldier in the war between the States," he said in a thickened, quick voice, which trembled just a little; "but I didn't serve with the Illinois troops. I didn't move to Illinois until after the war. My regiment was as good a regiment, though, and as game a regiment, as fought in that war on either side."

Some six or eight broke generously into a brisk patter of handclapping at this, and from the exuberant Mr. Galloway came:

"Whirroo! That's right—stick up for yer own side always! Go on, me boy; go on!"

The urging was unnecessary.

"I'm not saying much of my first year as a soldier. I wasn't satisfied—well, I wasn't



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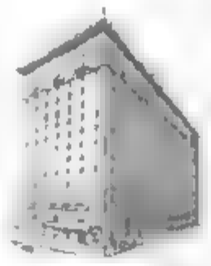

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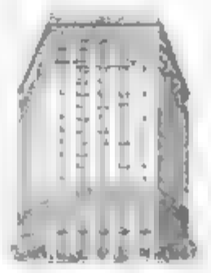

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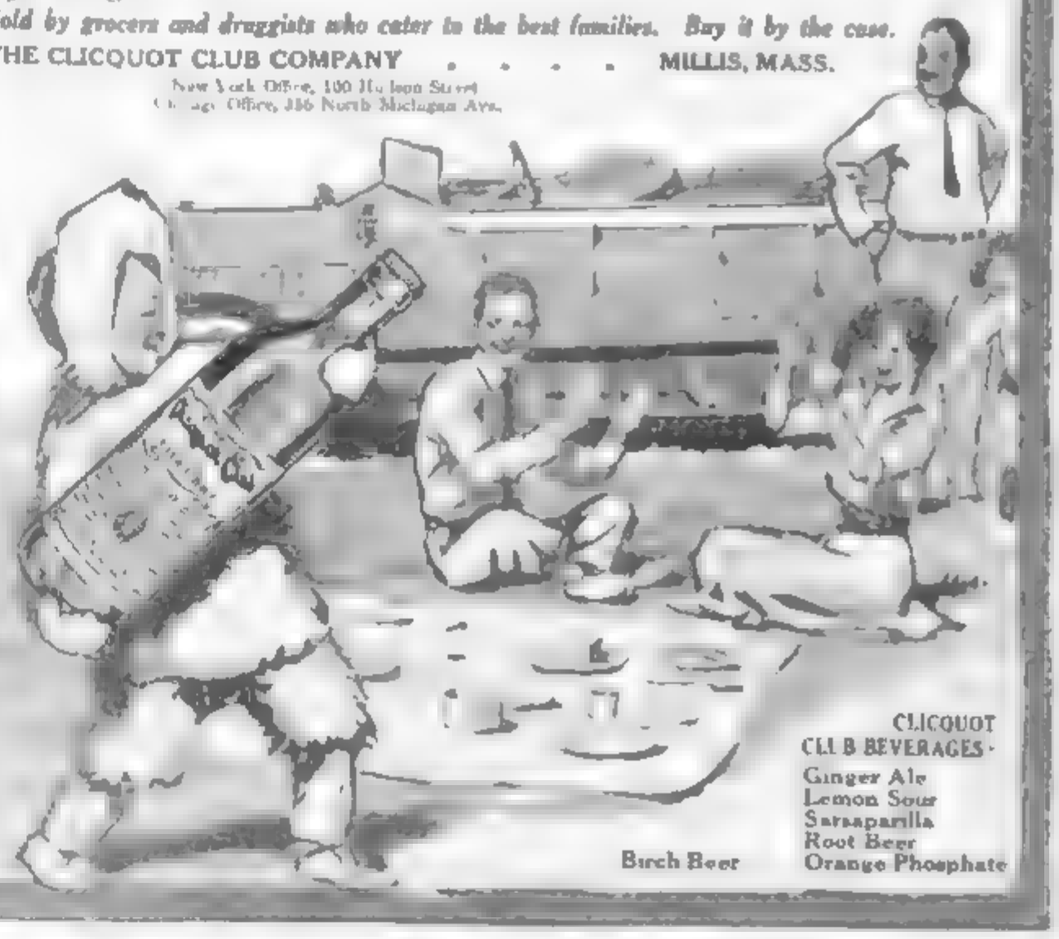

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happily placed; I'll put it that way. I had hopes at the beginning of being an officer; and when the company election was held I lost out. Possibly I was too ambitious for my own good. I came to know that I was not popular with the rest of the company. My captain didn't like me, either, I thought. Maybe I was morbid; maybe I was homesick. I know I was disappointed. You men have all been soldiers—you know how those things go. I did my duty after a fashion—I didn't skulk or hang back from danger—but I didn't do it cheerfully. I moped and I suppose I complained a lot.

"Well, finally I left that company and that regiment. I just quit. I didn't quit under fire; but I quit—in the night. I think I must have been half crazy; I'd been brooding too much. In a day or two I realized that I couldn't go back home—which was where I had started for—and I wouldn't go over to the enemy. Badly as I had behaved, the idea of playing the outright traitor never entered my mind. I want you to know that. So I thought the thing over for a day or two. I had time for thinking it over—alone there in that swamp where I was hiding. I've never spoken of that shameful thing in my life since then—not until to-night. I tried not to think of it—but I always did.

"Well, I came to a decision at last. I closed the book on my old self; I wiped out the past. I changed my name and made up a story to account for myself; but I thank God I didn't change flags and I didn't change sides. I was wearing that new name of mine when I came out of those woods, and under it I enlisted in a regiment that had been recruited in a state two hundred miles away from my own state. I served with it until the end of the war—as a private in the ranks.

"I'm not ashamed of the part I played those last three years. I'm proud of it! As God is my judge, I did my whole duty then. I was commended in general orders once; my name was mentioned in dispatches to the War Department once. That time I was offered a commission; but I didn't take it. I bear in my body the marks of three wounds. I've got a chunk of lead as big as your thumb in my shoulder. There's a little scar up here in my scalp, under the hair, where a splinter from a shell gashed me. One of my legs is a little bit shorter than the other. In the very last fight I was in a spent cannon ball came along and broke both the bones in that leg. I've got papers to prove that from '62 to '65 I did my best for my cause and my country. I've got them here with me now—I carry them with me in the daytime and I sleep at night with them under my pillow."

With his right hand he fumbled in his breast pocket and brought out two time-yellowed slips of paper and held them high aloft, clenched and crumpled up in a quivering fist.

"One of these papers is my honorable discharge. The other is a letter that the old colonel of my regiment wrote to me with his own hand two months before he died."

He halted and his eyes, burning like red coals under the thick brows, ranged the faces that looked up into his. His own face worked. When he spoke again he spoke as a prisoner at the bar might speak, making a last desperate appeal to a jury trying him for his life:

"You men have all been soldiers. I ask you this now, as a soldier standing among soldiers—I ask you if my record of three years of hard service and hard fighting can square me up for the one slip I made when I was hardly more than a boy in years? I ask you that."

With one voice, then, the jury answered. Its verdict was acquittal—and not alone acquittal but vindication. Had you been listening outside' you would have sworn that fifty men and not thirteen were yelling at the tops of their lungs, beating on the table with all the might in their arms.

The old man stood for a minute longer. Then suddenly all the rigidity seemed to go out of him. He fell into his chair and put his face in his two cupped hands. The papers he had brandished over his head slipped out of his fingers and dropped on the tablecloth. One of them—a flat, unfolded slip—settled just in front of Doctor Lake. Governed partly by an instinct operating automatically, partly to hide his own emotions, which had been roused to a considerable degree, Doctor Lake bent and spelled out the first few words. His head came up with a jerk of profound surprise and gratification.

"Why, this is signed by John B. Gordon himself!" he snorted. He twisted about, reaching out for Judge Priest. "Billy! Billy Priest! Why, look here! Why, this man's no Yankee! Not by a dam' sight he's not! Why, he served with a Georgia regiment! Why ——"

But Judge Priest never heard a word of what Doctor Lake was saying. His old blue eyes stared at the stranger's left hand. On the back of that hand, standing out upon the corded tendons and the wrinkled brown skin, blazed a red spot, shaped like a dumb-bell, a birthmark of most unusual pattern.

Judge Priest stared and stared; and as he stared a memory that was nearly as old as he was crept out from beneath a neglected convolution in the back part of his brain, and grew and spread until it filled his amazed, startled, scarce-believing mind. So it was no wonder he did not hear Doctor Lake; no wonder he did not see black Tobe Emery stealing up behind him, with popped eyes likewise fixed on that red dumb-bell-shaped mark.

No; Judge Priest did not hear a word. As Doctor Lake faced about the other way to spread his wonderful discovery down the table and across it, the judge bent forward and touched the fourteenth guest on the shoulder very gently.

"Pardner," he asked, apparently apropos of nothing that had happened since the dinner started—"Pardner, when was the first time you heard about this here meetin' of Company B—the first time?"

Through the interlaced fingers of the other the answer came haltingly:

"I read about it—in a Chicago Sunday paper—three weeks ago."

"But you knew before that there was a Company B down here in this town?"

Without raising his head or baring his face, the other nodded. Judge Priest overturned his coffee cup as he got to his feet, but took no heed of the resultant damage to the cloth on the table and the fronts of his white trouser legs.

"Boys," he cried out so shrilly, so eagerly, so joyously, that they all jumped, "when you follow after Holy Writ you can't never go fur wrong. You're liable to breed a miracle. A while ago we took a lesson from the Parable of the Rich Man that give a dinner; and—lo and behold!—another parable and a better parable—yes, the sweetest parable of 'em all—has come to pass and been repeated here 'mongst us without our ever knowin' it or even suspectin' it. The Prodigal Son didn't enjoy the advantage of havin' a Chicago Sunday paper to read, but in due season he came back home that other Prodigal did; and it stands written in the text that he was furgiven, and that a feast was made fur him in the house of his fathers."

His tone changed to one of earnest demand:

"Lycurgus Reese, finish the roll call of this company—finish it right now, this minute—the way it oughter be finished!"

"Why, Judge Priest," said Professor Reese, still in the dark and filled with wonderment, "it is already finished!"

As though angered almost beyond control, the judge snapped back:

"It ain't finished, neither. It ain't been rightly finished from the very beginnin' of these dinners. It ain't finished till you call the very last name that's on that list."

"But, Judge ——"

"But nothin'! You call that last name, Lycurgus Reese; and you be almighty quick about it!"

There was no need for the old professor, thus roughly bidden, to haul out his manuscript. He knew well enough the name, though wittingly it had not passed his lips for forty years or more. So he spoke it out:

"Sylvester B. Washburn!"

The man they had called Watts raised in his place and dropped his clenched hands to his sides, and threw off the stoop that was in his shoulder. He lifted his streaming eyes to the cracked, stained ceiling above. He peered past plaster and rafter and roof, and through a rift in the skies above he feasted his famished vision on a delectable land which others might not see. And then, beholding on his face that look of one who is confessed and shriven, purified and atoned for, the scales fell away from their eyes and they marveled—not that they knew him now, but that they had not known him before now. And for a moment or two there was not a sound to be heard.

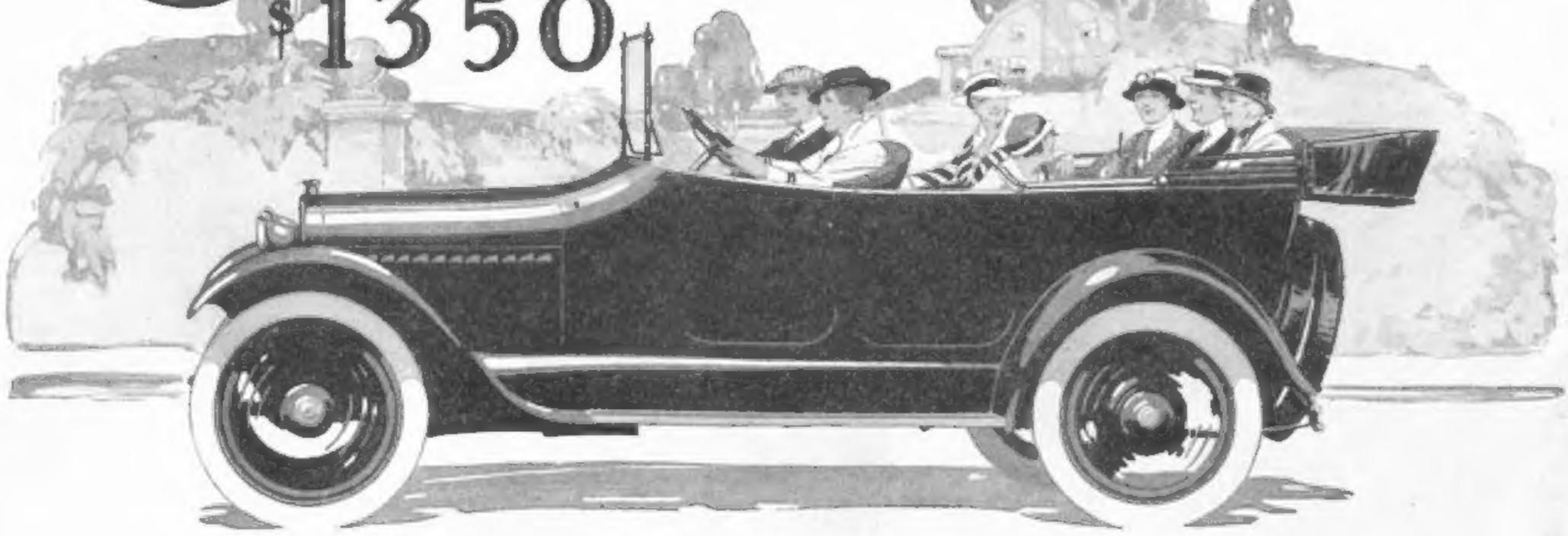
"Sylvester B. Washburn!" repeated Professor Reese.

And the stranger answered:

"Here!"

Chalmers Six-40

$1350



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The first car of this model was delivered to the Sales Department by the factory on July 28th.

When this advertisement was written (August 6th) we were unable to ship more than one car in every four ordered.

This was in spite of the fact that we were making several times as many cars as in the corresponding period a year ago.

The Season's Motor Sensation

Other manufacturers are announcing new motor types to be available some time in the future. But the Chalmers Motor Company is selling daily *NOW* more than 100 cars equipped with a type of motor which has been *proved* in the gruelling test of the greatest speedway races in the world.

This motor has been built into a bigger, roomier, more luxurious seven-passenger touring car, which is sold at the lowest price ever placed on any Chalmers car.

The motor is a valve-in-head with overhead camshaft—identically the same type as the motor which won all places and all records at the Indianapolis and Chicago Speedway races, traveling at the remarkable speed of 90 to 100 miles per hour for 500 miles.

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We consider it the most wonderful motor ever built. Practically all racers have been using it for two years.

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The valve-in-head motor has been proved by several American cars, but it remained for the Chalmers Motor Company to add the advantages of the overhead camshaft.

The car gets away like a racer or it can creep along at a snail's pace. In either case you are conscious only of a motion that is velvety smooth like that of the high speed electric elevators in the Woolworth Tower.

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It is as comfortable as a rocker or a big leather library chair.

And for the same reasons: the leather upholstered seats are deep and luxurious; the sides of the tonneau are built on the "arm chair" principle.

The leg room was calculated for an Abraham Lincoln; the springs are longer than any other car in its class.

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In appearance it is an aristocrat—as it must be, for Chalmers owners make up the Blue Book of Motordom.

Its lines are those of the masterpiece among Chalmers' great triumphs in design.

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Our $90,000 machines for making Chalmers oval fenders still protect the exclusiveness of these fenders for Chalmers owners.

The master touch of its beauty is in the wonderful "coach" finish which all owners of vehicles are taught to know as the last word in paint.

We carefully prepare the body for finish by sand blasting. The colors are then laid on by skilled painters—artists who love their work.

Chalmers bodies are neither sprayed, dipped nor baked.

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Our cars are made in our own shops under the most exacting standards.

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As one dealer said who recently discontinued another line and took on the Chalmers: "The car that can dominate the medium-priced motor car field must be a *manufactured* product with *quality* as its backbone."

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Every Chalmers dealer gives to every buyer of a Chalmers car a Service Coupon Book, each coupon good for a definite amount of service at any Chalmers dealer's anywhere.

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—and Every Child's Delight

Raisins are the fruit-food of millions because they are concentrated nutriment

In bread they form one of the most economical foods that any home can serve.

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You can *buy* such bread now—ready-baked and fresh. It is called California Raisin Bread. It is perfect in flavor—rich in food value—one of the most healthful foods you know.

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This is the bread the whole family likes, and the bread that's good *for* them. It adds zest to otherwise plain meals at a trifling cost.

Why go without it? Get the flavor and benefits that now hundreds of thousands daily are finding in this bread. Let the little and *big* folk in your home know *real* raisin bread.

This label marks the genuine California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins.

California Raisin Bread

Made with

Sun-Maid Raisins

is sold by your baker or grocer

If he hasn't it, send us his name and address. He'll be glad to supply you when he knows Sun-Maid quality.

1 lb. of Raisins Contains 1635 Energy Units—1 lb. of Eggs 720

Raisins excel eggs in food value by more than twice over when it comes to producing energy. Mutton leg compared in the same way falls short 730 points. Lean beef scores 1,055 points less than raisins. Milk fails to equal them by 1,310 points.

Thus you know the value of raisins, and there are hundreds of uses for them. We will send you a beautiful free book if you send your grocer's name and address. It contains 179 suggestions and recipes, showing how to use Sun-Maid Raisins—in cereals, sandwiches, salads, pies, puddings, cookies, cakes, sweetmeats and frozen desserts. Just send a post card to this address, being sure to give your dealer's name.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.

815 Madison St., Fresno, California

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Sun-Maid Raisins are luscious *white* California grapes—kinds too delicate to ship fresh to markets. We sun-cure them in the open vineyards until they taste like confections—tender, plump and sweet.

They are packed in these cartons in California and sold by good grocers for not over 15c per lb.

Three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted), Seedless (made from seedless grapes), Cluster (on stems, not seeded).

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$1500
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Any woman can drive this car.

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The production on this model is limited. Orders placed immediately will receive preference.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 380.

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$1500
f. o. b. Toledo

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